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PRESENTED
TO
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
BY
Prof. W. H. Vanderbuiren

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FAUST,

VON

J. W. GOETHE.

WITH

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

BY

G. G. ZERFFI, PH. DR.

PROFESSOR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
AT THE ROYAL MEDICAL COLLEGE. EPSOM,
THE CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE,
THE ELMS AND PARK HOUSE LADIES' COLLEGES,
ETC., ETC.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
DAVID NUTT, 270, STRAND.

1862.

41406
18/4/98

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. WERTHEIMER AND CO.,
CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY CIRCUS.

TO THE

Rev. Charles Mackenzie,

A.M., PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD, PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S,

HEAD-MASTER OF WESTBOURNE COLLEGE,

HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE METROPOLITAN EVENING CLASSES

AT CROSBY HALL, &c., &c.,

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF GRATITUDE

FOR HIS KINDNESS,

AND OF ESTEEM

FOR HIS EMINENT LABOURS IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION,

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS

OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

G. G. ZERFFI.

Dear Sir,

During my residence in England I have received from you so much kindness and encouragement that I only perform an agreeable duty in dedicating this work to you.

My object in this edition of Goethe's Masterpiece has been to promote a greater appreciation of the Language and immortal Classics of Germany. Such an aim, I am sure, you will approve, well disposed as you always are to take the will for the deed. The will has certainly been good, but the deed will require, I know, the indulgence of so kind and lenient a critic as you have always proved to

Yours most obediently,

G. G. ZERFFI.

16, Westbourne Gardens, Bayswater,
June, 1859.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

WITH real pleasure and satisfaction I lay this Second Edition of my Commentaries on Goethe's "Faust" before the English public. Whatever was to be said on this master-piece of German Literature, I endeavoured to say in my Preface to the First Edition. The quick sale of the work, considering the number of other Foreign and English Editions, shows, that anything earnestly undertaken, will satisfy critics as well as the public.

This Second Edition may be considered also, a proof of the continually increasing demand for the works of Germany's greatest author, and is sufficient evidence, that prejudices which have hitherto obstructed the path of genius, are being gradually cleared away, and the high-roads of intellectual tolerance opened to the thinking mind.

Although some critics have reproached me with filling up too much space with easy grammatical explanations, I have not thought it necessary to cut them out of the present Edition. Ten years' experience, as Professor of

the German Language in London, have shown me how often scholars are puzzled by idioms, abbreviations, dialectical expressions, and metaphors. A pupil of mine spent once a great deal of valuable time, turning over several dictionaries to find the root of the diminutive "Gretchen" (Gret), an abbreviation of "Margarethe." I intended my Commentaries for students; and I shall feel amply rewarded, if I have spared them the trouble of looking into our defective German Dictionaries, and thus saved them more time to meditate on the deep meaning of the poem.

G. G. ZERFFI.

London, March, 1862.

PREFACE.

It seemed so presumptuous an act on the part of a foreigner to appear before the English public as editor of a work of which there already exist no less than two and twenty English translations, every one with notes more or less copious, that it was not till after a most careful perusal of the whole of the different editions, and a conscientious study of our most celebrated German commentators,* that I was convinced that I should not be altogether guilty of carrying "owls to Athens" in bringing before the public another annotated edition of so celebrated a work as "Faust." It is, however, usual for a foreigner to excuse himself when writing in a language which he has scarcely acquired; in making my apology, I feel that I shall place myself on the safest ground in claiming the indulgence of the reader in Goethe's own words. He demands, in the notes to his „Weſtöſtliche Divan," "to be placed on the same footing as a traveller, of whom it is praiseworthy if he accommodate himself to the manners of the country he visits, appropriate its language, share its views and adopt the style of their inhabitants; when he has done his best to master all these, he is sure to be excused though his accent may still be

* I must mention especially the works of Rosenkranz, Düntzer, Schubart, Gervinus, Leutbecher, Weisze, Rötsher, Carus, &c.

peculiar, and though an unconquerable nationality may every now and then betray his foreign extraction." This indulgence I feel will not be denied to me by any, for scholars will forgive, because I know them to be judicious, and amateurs, less disturbed by faults and peculiarities, will accept what is offered to them without prejudice.

To give a biographical sketch of Goethe would be altogether superfluous, when England possesses so excellent a "Life" as that written by Lewes; and it may here be remarked without flattery, that the English being of a more objective nature are undoubtedly far superior as Biographers to the Germans, who, with their placid subjectivity, are more apt to put forward their individual views of an object than to give the reader a clear, simple notion of the object itself. Any one who wishes to become acquainted with this part of the subject cannot do better than peruse Lewes' "Life of Goethe," where he will find all the information he can desire.

We have selected the first part of Faust as the subject of our comments, as being decidedly the finest of Goethe's poetical compositions. Its beauties certainly surpass everything we have met with in modern literature, the mystery of its variegated allusions, the stern morality of its didactic poetry, the fervour of its dithyrambic effusions, the bitter mockery of its satire, and the deep feeling of its lyric songs are as yet unequalled. Under the ablest symbols the various philosophical systems are introduced and their tenets commended or exposed; Idealism, Realism, Spiritualism, and the rest are exhibited in their true colours; and though the whole abounds with apparent anomalies and paradoxes, yet we can always readily set our

feet on the firm ground of truth; though we may at first feel ourselves lost in a very ocean of metaphysical speculation, yet we have but to look steadily around us to discover that the simple and impressive tone of the work has in reality been wafting us safely to the haven of the purest Christianity. But it is to the great scope—the universality we might say of the subject, that this dramatic poem owes the irresistible fascination which it has always exercised on those who have not contented themselves with a mere superficial reading, but have studied it thoroughly and so appreciated its general as well as particular meaning.

We must look on poetry as we look on the productions of nature; for, like them, poetry is but the outgrowth of climate, time, religion, nationality, civilization, and so many outward and inward influences. Works of poetry must therefore be considered with pure objectiveness as organic wholes entirely as they present themselves; and each observer must be allowed to draw from them what conclusions may seem to him the fairest.

To one man, a piece of chalk is merely a means of joining stones—a cement; to another it is a part of those tertiary rocks of the flœtz-formation, that carry back the mind to the antediluvian period; a third observer sees the same chalk hardened into the calcareous spar, whose countless crystallisations are so many proofs of the powers of an Almighty. So it is with every poetical work; we must not be surprised, therefore, that in Faust one man should see the most dangerous tendencies, a second a harmless effort of speculation, while another may feel convinced that it is a work likely to exert the most bene-

ficial influence on mankind, as a thoroughly Christian book; — and did we dare to flatter ourselves that there is any merit in our notes, we feel that it must arise from our having taken this latter view, and having attempted throughout to show how the various characters, their sayings and their doings are calculated to conduce to the enlargement of our mind, the improvement of our morals; in a word, to the elevation of our whole nature.

It is certainly a most extraordinary feature in the history of European literature, that in Germany, above all other countries, every poetical composition should not only serve as a landmark on the road of civilization, but also exercise a very decided influence on progress: this being the case we must expect to find this peculiarity more than usually prominent in Faust, which is but a dramatic representation of Humanity itself: and in fact we find that while representing humanity as the battle-field of the hostile inclinations of our divided nature—the evil and the good, it is placed as a mirror, in which may be seen reflected the period when it was conceived, and has always exerted the most beneficial influence on Germany's civilization.

We shall endeavour before pointing out the general features of the poem, to glance briefly at the times and circumstances under which it was composed.

From the earliest ages of German poetry, we find that one of its constant features is the conflict of two opposing principles. These antagonistic elements vary in different epochs. In the times of Heathen Mythology—Day and Night are the opponents; each is represented as a deity, the one the source of joy, the other of sorrow; the one sends

forth the cheering morning-star as the herald of joyous tidings, the other wraps the whole of nature in the sable cloak of mystery and gloom. In the Edda, Night appears as the first originating power, and Light, or Day, is the offspring of Night. First, the mystery, then the truth. But truth, once engendered, is the constant enemy of mystery.

Again, Summer and Winter are often the opposing powers. Summer, as the fructifying productive agent, Winter, as its blighting and destructive adversary.

This feature in German poetry was not obliterated by the introduction of Christianity, though a considerable change is to be observed in it at that period—for then, Light became by far the superior power of the two; being regarded as the emblem of reason, goodness, perfection, it gradually assumes the upperhand; while Night, as the symbol of ignorance and evil, becomes simultaneously more and more degraded. Similarly, Summer, with its genial warmth, gradually thaws the icy coldness of her foe, typifying of course the victory of good over evil, of reason over passion, of spirit over flesh—in one word, of God over Satan.

In process of time this dualism ceased to be represented by the outward phenomena of Nature—civilization and progress began to be expressed in superstitious personifications, then in allegories, though of the roughest and most palpable application; these were gradually improved till they gave rise to the sublime impersonation of our spiritual and earthly natures which we meet with in the poem before us.

In the German drama as well as in the poem, though the figures and emblems may be varied, the same feature is

always to be found—war waged and carried on between evil and good Similar to the ancient drama, which was but the offspring of the symbolical rites performed annually in honour of Bacchus and Demeter, the origin of our modern drama is to be found in the "Mysteries" of our early church; these, as the reader is probably aware, were religious pieces, representing various scenes from Scripture, such as the birth, baptism, or sufferings of our Saviour; they probably were originally an invention of the priesthood for influencing the senses of the masses. Thus in the oldest of these representations, the Archfiend is introduced opposing God and destroying the happiness of mankind by his temptation of Eve, thus acquainting the people not only with the two opposing, conflicting forces in actual life, but also with the great spiritual powers which are in perpetual opposition to save or to destroy mankind. Under these circumstances Faust may be considered as the outgrowth of the past, and the solution, so to speak, of those riddles which have occupied the metaphysical nature of the Germans from the days of Wolf von Eschenbach to the present century.

We must point out too, that even in the midst of the greatest coarseness and vulgarity (for these "mysteries" are little better than the grossest blasphemy) traces of the symbolical abound. Beings, which must remain invisible to earthly eyes, are there impersonated and embodied, frequently in the roughest manner, yet still in forms which correspond to the character in which they exhibit themselves to mankind. This love of the symbolical insinuated itself deeper and deeper into the German mind, till at last their paintings and their architecture, as well

as their poetry, were impregnated with it; thus Gothic architecture abounds in crosses and roses, the former the emblem of salvation, the latter of love. The whole building is to represent the idea of eternity, or, as others maintain, the idea of death. The altar placed at the east, and the three entrances on the north, south, and west, are to show that Christ will receive worshippers from every land. The three lofty towers pointing towards heaven are to remind us of the holiest mystery of our Faith—the Triune God!—

Cabbalists, Necromancers, Magicians, Philosophers, Metaphysicians, had all been working in the same direction, all had been seeking to unveil the positive and negative, that is the creative and destructive powers of nature, and all had hidden their mysterious researches under the still more mysterous cloak of symbolism. Numbers, signs, letters, were turned into so many emblems; an incoherent formula was considered powerful enough to open the gate of Hell, and summon forth its king to the aid of man. The very Heavens, with its fair sun, its planets and countless stars, were regarded as so many symbols in which it was supposed the human eye could read the secrets of fate, and unveil the mysteries of the dualism which each felt to exist throughout nature, which creates on one side, destroys on the other, and though subjected to a continual change is continually fixed—fixed precisely in this flux and reflux of growing and withering, of producing and annihilating *change*. The tendency to give to everything a symbolical form certainly reached its height in the Middle Ages, and hence it was that Goethe in coupling the leading ideas of that age with

the scepticism of his own times, has been enabled to give us the only possible means of harmonizing the contradictory mysteries of human nature.

That the Roman Catholic creed did much to promote these tendencies is beyond all doubt; its church seemed to glory in throwing the veil of symbolism over philosophy and art. By these strong means she continually reminds her members of those blessed times when revelation came to the aid of the limited faculties of the human intellect; and the marvellous was found to work most efficiently on an ignorant people: but in mingling with Christianity too much of the heathen mythology which loved to personify every power of nature, and ascribed everything that was beyond their comprehension to the agency of some particular god or goddess; in introducing the mystic ceremonies of an idolatrous Polytheism, the poetical Mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans was turned into a dark mysterious Demonology, and the whole tissue of superstitious credulity with its witchcraft, sorcery, incantations, ghosts, spectres, roots, draughts, and the rest was step by step developed. The higher regions of our earth were peopled with phantoms, the lower with good and bad spirits, and the earth itself was considered totally under the influence of the devil as the impersonation of *matter*.

As a counterpoise to this sad tendency, light was beginning to be shed upon the world by a succession of literary celebrities. Dante (1265—1321) had given to the world his inspired "Divina comedia." Wickliffe (1324—1384) had attempted by a translation of the Bible to refute some of the dangerous misrepresentations of the

Romish Church, and to cast a ray of truth into the dark vault of superstition. Huss (1373—1415) had in another part of Europe expounded the gospel in its true simplicity and restored Faith to her original purity. Luther (1483—1546) "who stood based on the Spiritual world of man, and only by the footing and miraculous power he had obtained there, could work such changes in the Material World; Luther, who showed himself as a participant and disperser of divine influences, a true connecting medium and visible messenger between Heaven and Earth"* had given to the German nation in the language of the people the word of God in all its holiness and simplicity, in spite of Popes, Imperial Diets, Conclaves, hosts and nations. Calvin (1509—1564) with all the fervour of an inspired believer, hurled his thunderbolts against Romanism; Bacon (1561—1626) in publishing his Novum Organum led many to a contemplation of nature which did much to check, if it did not eradicate their dim prejudices. Kepler (1571—1631) raising his eyes to the heavens, assigned, as it were, a path to the sun, moon, and planets by his three celebrated laws (known as Regulæ Kepleri), the study of which in after years led Newton (1642—1727) to his miraculous discoveries. Descartes (1596—1650) had drawn a distinct line of demarcation between matter and spirit, with his indisputable "Cogito, ergo sum." But the discovery which perhaps effected more than all the labour of these celebrated men was the art of printing, which had been invented by

* See T. Carlyle's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," pages 178 and 179, on "Luther's Psalm."

Guttenberg, Faust (or Fust)* and Schoeffer (1400—1463), in Mayence, and it is from this discovery that we must date the commencement of the era of modern progress and civilization. A new world too had been discovered (1492), opening out to Europe immense sources of wealth and a boundless field for enterprise in art, industry and science. Shakespeare had in his admirable plays granted men a clear insight into the secrets of the human breast: still, though an entire change had come over Europe in consequence of all these powerful influences and discoveries, yet we see in philosophy and in religion, in society and in the individual the same two antagonistic principles —good and evil, spirit and matter, everywhere in close and deadly conflict. All the splendid array of wealth and genius, knowledge and enterprise, only served to give more bitterness, more animosity to the strife. What once appeared as a battle waged between Day and Night, Winter and Summer, destruction and creation, now became a war between opposing philosophical systems, between realism and idealism, between superstition and stern religious feeling.

It was at this juncture that Faust, the hero of the present drama, is supposed to have been born.

We have now taken a very cursory glance both at the dark and at the bright side of the picture; but looking at the superstitions that thwarted the march of progress,

* This Faust or Fust must not be taken for the hero of our drama. He was a silver-smith at Mayence, and it was his money that enabled Guttenberg to carry out his invention and to publish the first Bible in 1450. The psalms appeared seven years later. It may be interesting to mention that the first book in the English language was printed by Caxton at Cologne, 1471, being a translation of the celebrated "Recueils des histoires des Troyes."

we have not seen the full extent of the difficulties with which it had to combat. Civilization makes its way bu slowly; at its very outset it provokes an outcry from the foolish and ignorant, who seem, like owls, to delight in darkness and to shun the light. Germany, during the times of which we speak, could scarcely be said to have acquired any degree of civilization; the highest classes were depraved; and though in the middle orders there might be a general willingness for improvement, the great bulk of the people was no farther advanced than the Universities themselves, where the only knowledge to be obtained consisted of a dry, superficial study of Latin, Greek and Hebrew; and a still more superficial acquaintance with a few logical or metaphysical axioms. The secluded monks, who were the only men with any pretension to learning, were not unnaturally looked upon by the ignorant masses as men under the influence of the evil spirit, and this idea was at times fostered by some "charlatans" who, by imposing upon the credulity of their less learned fellow-beings, found means to turn this superstitious belief to their personal advantage.

Germany, at this period, swarmed with a class of men known as Scholastici vagantes (Fahrende Schüler), members of the Universities, but a set of rogues and vagabonds, who travelled through the country pretending to lay ghosts, conjure spirits, to predict the future, and to cure every kind of disease: they professed to be able by their incantations to avert hailstorms and similar calamities; they sold salves and pastes, concocted from enchanted herbs, as a defence against charms, and also curious little images cut from the roots of the mandrake, to which they

ascribed the power of foretelling events. These wanderers were the more formidable as they formed among themselves a sort of corporation, while their power and influence were held in equal estimation with that of their sisters *the witches.*

This profound ignorance of the Germans may appear less astounding to the reader, when he is reminded that in England, even after so enlightened a reign as that of Elizabeth, her successor, James I., discussed seriously the existence and criminality of witches, and the power of magicians, whom he believed "to be able to cause suddenly to be brought unto them all kinds of dainty dishes and wine out of the wall by their familiar spirit." He will remember too that it is not many years since a case was brought before the Leeds justices, in which a "wizard" was shown even now to have many believers in his powers, and those not of the lowest classes. Such instances will show the reader that our picture of German superstition is not an exaggerated one. Superstition forms the Night, in the contest with the Day of progress. The struggle of civilization with this ignorance and bigotry is but the strife of Day and Night, Summer and Winter, of idealism and realism, of good and bad, only in another form, under another prospect.

Bacon fought the same battle with the masses of the seventeenth century, yet from the field of battle sprang Spinoza, called by Novalis "the God-intoxicated man," for, intoxicated with that sublime power of reasoning which had been poured into his fragile frame by an Almighty Creator, Spinoza mistook the frame for a God—and thus deified matter. The same conflict was carried

on by Copernicus and Kepler against astrologers and a prejudiced priesthood, yet from the contest there arose Newton and Leibnitz, and from them our improved system of Astronomy. The tendency of Humanity, since Christianity turned our eyes upwards to that Creator who shows Himself great in inanimate no less than in animate nature, in the wild strife of the elements no less than in the still activity of organic development,* has been directed towards the infinite—the spirit would soar aloft but is chained down within the walls of its earthly prison.

In the play before us the two opposing principles of our nature are embodied in the two graphic dramatical conceptions, Faust and Mephistopheles; they are engaged in perpetual conflict, and though represented as *two* distinct individualities form in reality only *one* Being. The one (Faust) exhibits the spiritual, better part of our nature, ever striving with incomprehensible restlessness towards the invisible world, and ever trying to grasp the first great cause of all things; the other (Mephistopheles) represents the grosser, evil part of our system, the part that cares for mere worldly or sensual pleasures, and delights only in whatever can stifle and stupify the spirit. In the play before us we shall see Faust, the great Metaphysician, by overrating the purest, brightest light of our nature—REASON—fall into a degrading worship of the lowest element of our nature—MATTER; and it is by this character that Goethe impresses upon us the great truth, that an unguided course on the field of speculation will always lead man to the verge of ruin if not to eternal

* Humboldt's "Cosmos," page 392.

destruction itself; that a mere worship of matter must lead to the most fatal results; and that reason and body must alike submit to the guidance of the bright star of Religion: indeed the object of the whole drama is to show that the dark spectre of Atheism, the tottering skeleton of materialism, and the incomprehensible phantom of supernaturalism, must one and all vanish into nothingness before the impressive doctrines and practices of the true religion. We know that our view is not that of the many commentators on Faust, but feel assured that it is the right one, and shall not, therefore, in the following notes fail to notice any single link in the chain of proofs which has made us feel so confident in the justice of our conclusion.

After these general remarks, which may serve to make the reader acquainted with the object of Goethe's Faust, it may be equally interesting to know the elements from which the poem has been taken.

The "Faust-Saga," or the miraculous stories concerning Faust which have been current throughout Europe since the sixteenth century, always excited the deepest interest, from the mystery in which the fate of their hero is involved. It is pretty certain that Faust was an actual personage, and that he belonged to the higher class of Scholastic or rather Professores vagantes, who without any other aim than a vain desire for earthly distinction, strolled through Germany, performing astounding feats of magic, and draining the purses of the superstitious.

Seven towns contended for the honour of being the birth-place of Homer, more than a dozen profess to have given birth to the necromancer (Schwarzkünstler) Faust, and as many claim to be the scene of his last struggle

with the infernal spirit; Maulbronn, Cologne, the castle of Waerdenberg, near Bommel, in Holland, are the principal rivals for this last mysterious combat.

The first account of Faust's violent death is to be found in the "Sermones conviviales" of the theologian John Gast, where we meet with the following passage: "When I once dined with Faust at the great College Hall at Basle, he gave the cook a variety of birds, his possession of which I was much supprised at, as they were different from any I had ever seen in our country, and could not be purchased at Basle at that time. He had also a dog and a horse with him, both of which were, in my opinion, devils, for they could do anything. Several persons told me that the dog had sometimes assumed the appearance of a servant, and brought his master food. But the wretch, Faust, came to a frightful end, for the devil strangled him. His corpse was always lying on its face, although it had been turned five times."

We find a somewhat similar account in Melanchthon who in talking to one of his disciples, Meunel (about 1550—1560) says: "Some years ago this John Faust on the very last day of his life, was sitting sorrowfully in a village inn, in the Duchy of Wurtemberg. The host asked him the cause of his melancholy, as he was usually so cheerful, being always a wild scamp, who would even endanger his life in the pursuit of an intrigue. To this he replied by warning the host not to be frightened at anything which might happen that night. At midnight the house was shaken as if by an explosion, and the next day, as Faust had not made his appearance by noon, the host went to his room, and found him by the side of his

bed, with his face turned down, and dead. The devil had strangled him."

In the records of the two authors just quoted, who seem to be perfectly in earnest about what they say, is concentrated the moral of Goethe's conception. Both accounts describe Faust as an ungodly theorist, who by his doubts and discontent, and by the absence of all true religion, was driven to commit with his own hand the act of destruction which has been attributed to the devil.

The person and life of Faust were of peculiar interest to the German nation, inasmuch as they saw impersonated in them the whole of their metaphysical inclinations. Such indeed was the delight she took in the history of his adventures and fate, that like "Punch and Judy" in England, "Faust and Mephistopheles" has been for the last two centuries the favorite "puppet-show" in Germany; where the representation of Faust's life, and subsequent removal to the infernal regions is interspersed with a number of metaphysical remarks on nature, mankind, spirits and ghosts.

Faust is represented in this "puppet-show" as a man, who had dared to overleap those limits which an Almighty power has assigned to reason; dissatisfied with this life and its limited knowledge he wishes to know something of the next, and thus becomes an easy prey to the devil. To show how the serious has been coupled with ridicule, we may mention that in this puppet-show we find introduced the jester Caspar, Kasperle, or Käsperl, who plays in Germany the part of the Italian Arlequino, the French Palaisse, the Spanish Grazioso, and the English Punch.

The oldest book on Faust appeared in 1587, at Frank-

fort on Maine, and was edited by John Spiess. In this edition the daring Philosopher is represented as borrowing the wings of an eagle in his desire to become omniscient, on these he visits every part of earth and heaven, but in his desire to obtain everything, he gives himself up to the devil, and is annihilated. In the same year a transcription of the tale in the form of an epic poem was commenced, though it was not concluded till the following year (1588) when there were also published two translations in the Danish and Lower German. Two years later the first English version appeared, and in 1597 and 1602, Marlow published an edition under the title "Life and Death of Dr. Faustus," whose history now appears for the first time in a pure dramatic form. Marlow's tragedy certainly has great poetical power, but is entirely devoid of every loftier or higher tendency. Faust is exhibited as a mere sensualist; he has studied Necromancy and uses his secret knowledge only to gratify his passions. The last scene (in which he repents) is of terrific grandeur; his repentance however, the consequence of fear and not of love to God—is of no value, and the unhappy hero is carried off by Lucifer and Mephistopheles.

Of a deeper meaning is a sketch from the pen of Germany's greatest critic—Lessing. Faust is there depicted as a youth in all the vigour of life, anxious to know and to enjoy everything; in his speculations on a mysterious future he falls asleep, and in his slumber becomes the hero of his tragedy. He barters away his soul to the Infernal spirit, and goes through a life of revelry, crime, and debauchery. At the very moment that his soul is to be handed over for ever to the devil he starts up in

the wildest agony, and finds that the whole has been but a warning dream. The youthful philosopher then thanks Providence for his escape, and for ever renounces his presumptuous and vain desires. It is to be lamented that so beautiful and poetical an idea should be an unfinished sketch; but that the reader may be enabled to judge for himself of the deep meaning and the true philosophy contained in the "Faust-Saga" we quote a most interesting scene from Lessing's sketch, in which (in accordance with the popular legend) Faust interrogates the seven spirits on the subject of their power.

Faust and the Seven Spirits.

Faust. You then are the swiftest spirits of hell?

All the Spirits. That we are.

Faust. All the seven of equal swiftness?

All the Spirits. No!

Faust. And which is the swiftest of all?

All the Spirits. It is I!

Faust. What a wonder that amongst seven devils there should be only six liars. I must know you better.

First Spirit. That you will surely by and bye!

Faust. By and bye! What doest thou mean? Do devils also preach repentance?

First Spirit. Certainly, to a hardened sinner. But do not detain us.

Faust. What is thy name, and how swift art thou?

First Spirit. Thou couldst have a proof sooner than an answer.

Faust. Well then—look here, what am I doing?

First Spirit. Thou passest thy finger quickly through the flame of the light.

Faust. And do I burn myself? Well then pass as quickly seven times through Hell, and do not burn thyself! Thou art silent! Thou lingerest? Do devils also boast? Indeed! no sin is so small that you should slight it.—Second, what is thy name?

Second Spirit. Chil; that is in your tiresome language "Arrow of plague."

Faust. And how quick art thou?

Second Spirit. Doest thou think that I am but an empty name? As the arrows of plague.

Faust. Well then go and try to serve a physician. Thou art too slow for me. Thou third one, what is thy name.

Third Spirit. My name is *Dilla;* and I am carried on the wings of the wind.

Faust. Thou fourth one?

Fourth Spirit. My name is *Jutta;* and I travel on the beams of light.

Faust. O you wretched ones—whose swiftness can be reckoned in definite numbers!

Fifth Spirit. They do not deserve thy wrath, they are Satan's messengers in a material world. We are of the spiritual world —thou wilt find us quicker.

Faust. How quick art thou?

Fifth Spirit. As quick as human thoughts.

Faust. That is something!—But human thoughts are not always quick—not always, when truth and virtue require them. How slow they are then! Thou canst be quick if thou wilt; but who assures me that thou wilt always choose to be quick? No, I shall trust thee as little as I ought to have trusted my own self, Helas! (to the sixth spirit) Tell me how quick thou art.

Sixth Spirit. As quick as the revenger's revenge!

Faust. The revenger's? which revenger's?

Sixth Spirit. Of that allpowerful, terrible One who kept revenge for himself—for revenge is so gratifying.

Faust. Devil! thou blasphemest! I see thou tremblest. Say quick as the revenge of—I was about to name him—no, his name must not be pronounced amongst us—His revenge quick? Swift his revenge? And I still alive, and still sinning!

Sixth Spirit. Thy being allowed to sin is already revenge!

Faust. And that a devil must teach me this! To day,—No, no his revenge is not swift—and if thou art not quicker than his revenge—go—(to the seventh) How swift art thou?—

Seventh Spirit. Discontented mortal, if I too should not be swift enough for thee—

Faust. Speak, how swift art thou?

Seventh Spirit. Not quicker and not slower than the transition from good and evil!

Faust. Ha! Thou art my devil! As quick as the transition from good to evil! Yes! Indeed! that is quick—there is nothing quicker than that! Away from here, ye terrors of Hell! Away! Than the transition from good to evil! I have experienced how quick this is—I have experienced.

In addition to Lessing's sketch we possess two dramatic pieces on Faust by the celebrated painter, engraver, and poet, Frederic Müller, the first of which appeared 1776, at Mannheim, under the title „Situationen aus Fauſt's Leben;" the second „Fauſt's Leben" was published 1778. In these pieces, Faust is represented as a man of too gigantic genius to be content to tread the same path as ordinary men; his breast is filled with hatred and contempt for everything around him; though capable of great love, an intense pride has made him weary of a world whose horizon limits his sight and whose "Matter" clogs the flight of his thoughts; he cannot brook the scanty knowledge which men can acquire on earth, and in his disgust he sells himself to the devil, who on witnessing his wretchedness sympathizes with him as a being more unhappy than his own accursed self. The moral is that a desire for unlimited knowledge and power must cause our ruin, and we are impressively warned never to overleap the boundaries of pious humility and contentment.

Augustus Klingemann next attempted to write a tragedy on the same subject, and free from all allegorical or mystical allusions; but notwithstanding its great poetical merits, the drama has little or no interest in consequence of the rough blunt manner in which the scenes are written, and from the entire absence of all philosophical

meaning; it represents the deadly consequences of a life of licentiousness, as Faust is at the end carried off by the devil.

Far grander and wilder is Grabbe's „Fauſt und Don Juan." This unhappy author, in consequence of a habit of intemperance inherited from his mother, became, in spite of his wonderful abilities, the antitype of the two principal characters of his play; he united in himself all the sensuality of Don Juan with the spiritualism of Faust. These two characters are painted in the most dazzling colours. Faust's burning thirst for knowledge is a kind of exaggeration of Goethe's picture, which it seems to have been Grabbe's aim to eclipse; but Grabbe's poetry was like his private life—aimless and hopeless; there runs through the whole a vein of scepticism and materialism, the only effect of which is to shock and terrify the reader.

We may next mention Byron's "Manfred," which has been said to bear some resemblance to Goethe's Faust; but Manfred is rather a melancholy misanthrope than an audacious doubter; dissatisfied with everything, he buries himself among the glaciers of the Alps in order to give himself up to boundless despair.

We find in Manfred a blind fate, a sort of Nemesis, led on by which the hero is influenced, and which is said to be an imitation of Mephistopheles; here, however, all similarity ceases. Manfred interests us only as far as the greatness of his sufferings calls forth our sympathy. Byron's poetry is grand, and the misery of Manfred is exquisitely described, but there is an immense difference between "Manfred" and "Faust;" for Manfred's sufferings are merely those of one solitary fanciful individual

man while in Faust we see condensed all the sufferings errors, yearnings and delusions of Humanity itself. Manfred is the prototype of a romantic drama, but Goethe united all the elements of the ancient Greek tragedy into perfect harmony with the modern romantic drama.

Another highly interesting poem on the same subject is that by Lenau, undoubtedly one of the greatest German poets of our age, though an *Hungarian* by birth; as lyric poet he is unsurpassed in depth and warmth of feeling, in beauty of expression, richness of simile, originality of metaphors and fluency of rhymes. Lenau, himself an unhappy and unsettled character, with a heart too great and too noble for the country in which he lived, and who was doomed to end his days in madness, wrote his Faust by painting his own desolate feelings and insatiable yearnings after knowledge; the hero resembles "Manfred" more than the "Faust" of Goethe; he is dissatisfied with the world, and, feeling utterly lonely, gives himself up to the Devil; but he is represented as an extreme *Idealist*, everything is to him a mere delusion—all around him is a dream; the Devil is a mere phantom; grief, happiness, guilt, and the like are the creatures of an excited imagination. The impression left upon us by the poem is most painful, as in this conception the cheering element of trust, the last refuge against doubt, is never introduced; the modern Hegelista, with his metaphysical sophistry, is personified, ending his wretched sceptic existence by suicide, and boasting with his last breath of that unlimited freedom of his 'Ego,' which makes him Lord of himself—nay, of the Evil Spirit too!

We may, as a finale, mention that a French writer has lately exerted his powers on the same subject and has brought out a piece, which appeared on the Parisian stage towards the close of last year (1858). The author, however, being unable to enter into the philosophical and moral meaning of the fable, has plundered Goethe of his ideas to murder them; Faust is turned into a Voltariian fop, Mephistopheles into a diabolical "commis voyageur," and the gentle, poetical Margaret into a sighing, virtuous grisette. Unlike the English, who have, as stated above, twenty-two translations of Faust (some of which, as Hayward's, have reached a *sixth* edition), the French seem to take no great interest in the subject, as there exist but four noticeable translations in that language; they are all, with the exception of that by Henry Blaze, of a very indifferent stamp. That by St. Aulaire is brilliant but not faithful; to anything he could not understand he gave his own arbitrary interpretation. Stapfer's translation is so faithful as to be in many parts utterly incomprehensible, for, not understanding the idiomatic phrases, he has translated them literally, instead of by corresponding French expressions, thus rendering here and there whole passages totally unintelligible. As to Gerard's translation, its preface is the best portion of the work.

By the „Fauſtſage," whether as puppet-show, biographical sketch, or in a dramatic form, in remote as well as in recent times, with all its allegories, mysteries and superstitions, the object with the Germans has always been to discover and support truth; and certainly this object has been best attained in the work before us. Goethe, though

adhering closely to the original idea of the Faust-tale, has included in his work not only those general truths to which we have already referred in the earlier part of our preface, but also a faithful picture of his own times, when was commencing the reformation of German literature, its emancipation from a contemptible mimicry of the French, and the self-imposed oppression of an antiquated and unnatural style. Lessing, who expelled the false idols of French literature from the temple of German poetry, was the father of Klopstock and Herder, and Luther was the child of the expiring days of chivalry and Romish credulity. In both instances we see superstition, ignorance and progress mixed in the same cup: Tetzel and Luther, Kant and Lavater, Rousseau and Cagliostro, seemed to have combined to bewilder the world with their heterogeneous theories; so that uncompromising scepticism was marching side by side with the most childish belief in spectres and ghosts, charms and incantations. The presumption which leads men to ask questions far beyond their reach, and which *must* remain unanswered, and then to plunge into the grossest licentiousness because they do remain unanswered, the gradual development of truth from error, the overstrained endeavours of the reason, and the coarse degradation of humanity, are all concentrated in the single character of Faust. He shows us plainly that the attempted analysis of our spiritual nature, the ruminating over useless metaphysical problems, and the pompous verbosity assumed by many to conceal their real ignorance, are the destruction of science and a deathblow to knowledge. He hates the empty formalities of life, the jingle of words, and

the caricature of science,—and to a certain extent he is right,—for human knowledge is limited enough. But Faust goes further; he is discontented with his religion, with his God; he has lost all faith in the truths of the Bible, and gives himself up, body and soul, to the powers of Hell, determined to enjoy the bodily pleasures of life, and to stifle the outcryings of his spiritual nature by sensuality. But human nature is twofold; to cultivate one part exclusively and to disregard the other lead to crime against God and nature; Faust's character shows that it is only in a harmonious union of the two that we can discover the solution of the great problem of human happiness.

Goethe has more eloquently than any other poet excited humanity to solve the holy problem of the universe, and to renew the bond which in the dawn of mankind united together philosophy, physics and poetry — he has drawn us with powerful attraction to that land, the home of his intellect, where knowledge rests on faith, and faith guides the whole life!

Throughout the following notes it has been our aim to justify and promote these general ideas, but we have endeavoured at the same time to explain each grammatical or idiomatic difficulty; we have tried to point out the many hidden allusions with which the work abounds, and which render it at first sight obscure and unintelligible; sketches are given here and there of German life in its different phases; I have tried to draw the attention of the scholar to the meaning, origin and history of many a word—for "language is fossil history," and in *one* word we often find petrified the historical develop-

ment of long-perished races, tribes with their half-forgotten views, customs, &c.; in short my intention has been to leave nothing unnoticed that might perplex the reader. I have also introduced, and briefly noticed several of Germany's poets and historians in the hope of drawing the attention of the scholar to these modern classics, a deeper study of which tends to cement that feeling of brotherhood between England and Germany by which alone we can hope to see established the universal dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race, under which the celebrated brothers, Grimm, foresaw the universal spread of civilization.

In the second part of "Faust" the spiritual nature of the hero regains its mastery over his rebellious passions, and we see him, after passing through a wild and adventurous life, entering at last into eternal peace. The allegories and philosophy of the second part are even finer, and its political allusions more interesting than those of the first; and we hope at some future day to be able to offer to the public this part of the poem in a form similar to the present.

London, May, 1859.

Der Tragödie

erster Theil.

Nacht.

Faust.

(In einem hochgewölbten, engen, gothischen Zimmer unruhig auf seinem Sessel am Pulte.)

Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,
Juristerei [1] und Medicin,
Und, leider! auch Theologie
Durchaus studirt, mit heißem Bemühn.
Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Thor!
Und bin so klug, als wie zuvor; [2]
Heiße Magister, heiße Doctor gar, [3]
Und ziehe schon an die zehen Jahr,
Herauf, herab, und quer und krumm, [4]

---

[1] Obsolete form of „Jus" —Law.

[2] Although "glutted now with learning's golden gifts," as Marlow says, and though he has studied with untiring fervour every subject, he has never felt satisfied, and believes himself "just as wise as before" — „bin so klug, als wie zuvor."

[3] An allusion to the fact that Goethe was honoured by different Universities with the degrees of all the four faculties: viz. Philosophy, Law, Medicine and Theology.

[4] Quer und krumm, idiomatic. — Quer means literally, cross, oblique; krumm, crooked, curved, winding; the corresponding translation would be; up and down, to the right and to the left; that is: he has guided his disciples on the cross and winding paths of sophism. Filmore, in his metrical translation of Faust, has "to and fro."

Meine Schüler an der Naſe herum, [5]
Und ſehe, daß wir nichts wiſſen können! [6]
Das will mir ſchier [7] das Herz verbrennen.
Zwar bin ich geſcheidter als alle die Laffen,
Doctoren, Magiſter, Schreiber und Pfaffen; [8]
Mich plagen keine Scrupel noch Zweifel,
Fürchte mich weder vor Hölle noch Teufel.
Dafür iſt mir auch alle Freud' entriſſen,
Bilde mir nicht ein, was Rechts zu wiſſen,
Bilde mir nicht ein, ich könnte was lehren,
Die Menſchen zu beſſern und zu bekehren. [9]
Auch hab' ich weder Gut noch Geld,
Noch Ehr' und Herrlichkeit der Welt;
Es möchte kein Hund ſo länger leben!
Drum hab' ich mich der Magie ergeben, [10]
Ob mir durch Geiſtes Kraft und Mund

---

[5] An der Naſe herumziehen, to lead by the nose; used also in German for, to cheat, to mock, to laugh at; here more in the sense of the same English phrase: "to lead or mislead one, whose opinions are entirely subject to our own."

[6] Confessing, what great men always have confessed, that the deeper they plunge into learning, the more they feel their ignorance.

[7] Schier, nearly, from ſchieren, ſchnell, quickly. Schier Dich, is used in some parts of Germany for—make haste.

[8] Schreiber, lit. writer, clerk, means here students of Theology, corresponding with the English legal name for a clergyman; from the Gr. Κληρικός, Lat. "clericus."—Pfaffen, from the Lower Saxon "Pape," Anglo-Saxon "papa," Wallone "pope," Gr. παππας, Lat. "papa"—lit. priest, used in German contemptuously of such priests as care only for their own interests.

[9] Faust is overcome by despair, because he has missed the comfort of religion.

[10] This is the reason of his having devoted himself to the study of Magic; to learn from ghosts and spirits, by unnatural means, what he has failed to discover in the usual course of study, and on the humble path of religion.

Nicht manch Geheimniß [11] würde kund,
Daß ich nicht mehr, mit saurem Schweiß,
Zu sagen brauche, was ich nicht weiß,
Daß ich erkenne, was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhält,
Schau' alle Willenskraft und Samen,
Und thu' nicht mehr in Worten kramen. [12]

O fähst Du, voller Mondenschein!
Zum letzten Mal auf meine Pein,
Den ich so manche Mitternacht
An diesem Pult herangewacht! [13]
Dann über Bücher und Papier,
Trübsel'ger Freund! erschienst du mir.
Ach! könnt' ich doch auf Bergeshöh'n
In deinem lieben Lichte gehn,
Um Bergeshöhle mit Geistern schweben,
Auf Wiesen in deinem Dämmer weben,
Von Allem Wissensqualm entladen,
In deinem Thau gesund mich baden! [14]

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[11] The mysteries of creation, or the secret working of nature —an allusion to certain philosophers and metaphysicians of whom the proverb says : „Sie hören das Gras wachsen," or according to the English adage, "they make mountains of mole-hills."

[12] Willenskraft—the power, the force of will. Samen, the seed, in an alchemical sense, the elementary matter from which everything is formed.—In Worten kramen, to traffic with words, in order to hide one's ignorance.

[13] Herangewacht, though a subjective intransitive verb, is used here in a transitive sense. Den Mond heranwachen means, to *watch* the moon *on*, that is, as it were to bring her on by watching. A fanciful idea as if the moon hurried on, because the watcher was getting impatient.

[14] The moonlight streaming through the narrow gothic windows of his gloomily vaulted study, excites in him the desire to leave his dry books, to throw himself into the arms of gentle nature, and to dwell on the mountains with the elementary spirits of air, which, according to the superstitious belief of those times,

Weh'! ſteck' ich in dem Kerker noch?
Verfluchtes, dumpfes Mauerloch,
Wo ſelbſt das liebe Himmelslicht[15]
Trüb' durch gemalte Scheiben bricht!
Beſchränkt mit dieſem Bücherhauf,
Den Würmer nagen, Staub bedeckt,
Den bis ans hohe Gewölb' hinauf,
Ein angeraucht Papier umſteckt;
Mit Gläſern, Büchſen rings umſtellt,
Mit Inſtrumenten vollgepfropft,
Urväter Hausrath drein geſtopft—
Das iſt deine Welt! das heißt eine Welt!

Und fragſt du noch, warum dein Herz
Sich bang in deinem Buſen klemmt,
Warum ein unerklärter Schmerz
Die alte Lebensregung hemmt?
Statt der lebendigen Natur,
Da Gott die Menſchen ſchuf hinein,
Umgiebt in Rauch und Moder nur,
Dich Thiergeripp' und Todtenbein![16]

Flieh! Auf! Hinaus ins weite Land!
Und dieß geheimnißvolle Buch,

---

rose just at the moment when the moon was full. Full moon, as possessing magic power, was considered in the Middle Ages as the proper time for conjuration, digging for treasures, or searching for enchanted roots.

[15] By Himmelslicht (heaven's light), the sun is understood. Ovid calls the sun, the eye of the world—mundi oculus; Pliny —the soul: hunc mundi esse totius animum; Milton combines the two ideas:

"Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul!"

[16] These lines must be considered as a beautiful description of the little world—his study—in which he lives, as it really surrounds him, and of that higher world which in his phantastic imagination, he wishes to attain.

Von Noſtradamus [17] eigner Hand,
Iſt dir es nicht Geleit genug?
Erkenneſt dann der Sterne Lauf,
Und wenn Natur Dich unterweiſt,
Dann geht die Seelenkraft dir auf,
Wie ſpricht ein Geiſt zum andern Geiſt.
Umſonſt, daß trocknes Sinnen hier
Die heil'gen Zeichen dir erklärt:
Ihr ſchwebt, ihr Geiſter, neben mir;
Antwortet mir, wenn ihr mich hört!

Er ſchlägt das Buch auf und erblickt das Zeichen des Makrokosmos. [18]

Ha! Welche Wonne fließt in dieſem Blick
Auf einmal mir durch alle meine Sinnen! [19]
Ich fühle junges, heil'ges Lebensglück

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[17] Michel de Nôtre-Dame, called Nostradamus, according to the custom which prevailed in the Middle Ages of giving every name a Latin termination. Nostradamus was born at St. Remy, in Provence, December 14, 1503, and died at Salon, July 2, 1566. He was of Jewish origin, and celebrated as an astrologer and a physician. He published a collection of prophecies in 1555 in rhyming quatrains under the title of: "Les prophecies de Michel Nostradamus." The MS. alluded to in the text is a magico-cabbalistic book, the "Aurea Catena Homeri," which Goethe studied at Frankfort, in which is taught the existence of a secret connection running through all nature; a connection, no longer a secret to those who study Natural Philosophy, as they everywhere observe a gradual, scarcely perceptible transition from one phase or kingdom in nature to another. Many of the prophecies of Nostradamus have been fulfilled; but we must remember that *prophecies* at those times included all mathematical or astronomical calculations, and even political combinations; their fulfilment, as also the extreme depth of Nostradamus' learning, as evinced by these "Prophecies" has been fully shown in the "Etudes sur le seizième siècle en France" of Philarètes Châsles, a learned French critic.

[18] The sign of the Universe, from the Greek *μακρός*, great, and *κοσμός* world.

[19] No longer used with „en" in the plural. This shows that the first monologue was written before 1789.

Neuglühend mir durch Nerv' und Adern rinnen.
War es ein Gott, der diese Zeichen schrieb,
Die mir das inn're Toben stillen,
Das arme Herz mit Freude füllen,
Und mit geheimnißvollem Trieb,
Die Kräfte der Natur rings um mich her enthüllen? [20]

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[20] In the old cabbalistic books (see Note 448) every idea and doctrine had its own peculiar sign. It may be interesting, to know, what these cabbalistic ideas of the secret powers of nature were. As an illustration we give some brief extracts from a work published under the title "Heptaplus," by John Pico di Mirandola* (1463--1494) as a mystic and cabbalistical interpretation of the history of creation, the principle object of which is to reconcile Plato with the Mosaic account. "There are, undoubted-"ly three different worlds; the bodily world, the heavenly world "and the super-heavenly world, this latter comprising the intel-"lectual world, or as Theologians call it: the angelic world. "These three worlds form *One*, not only because they have *One* "originator (creator), but also because they have *One* aim. Any-"thing existing in the inferior world, exists also in greater per-"fection in the higher one. Thus, what in our world is elementary "heat, is in the heavenly world heating power, and in the intellectual "world the abstract idea of heat; therefore in our world elemen-"tary fire only exists; in the heavenly world this fire is ethereal: "—the Sun—and in the super-heavenly world the same element "becomes seraphic fire or pure intellect (ratio, raison, reason, "Verstand); the elementary fire burns, the heavenly fire animates,

* Giovanni Pico of Mirandola was born in 1463, and was the youngest son of a petty Prince of Concordia and Mirandola, by a daughter of the house of Boiardo, the poet. He was sent, when only fourteen, to study common law at Bologna, and actually obtained the rank of a prothonotary Apostolic. But after two years, the burning thirst for knowledge drove him out into foreign lands, to study the mechanical dialects of Lully at Paris, or to write fluent Latin under Baptista Mantuanus. After seven years of restless study, Pico turned his steps towords Rome, and proclaimed a tournament of learning, such as the world has never again witnessed. An unrivalled master of dialectics, he had extracted four hundred theses from the Neo-Platonists, the writers on Magic, and the Talmudists; to these he added five hundred of his own creation, and proposed to defend them against all comers: and in true knightly style, he added that he would defray all the expenses of those who accepted the challenge. At the age of twenty-eight, Pico determined to withdraw from the world. But the student's mode of life never seems to have varied. Twelve hours of the day were spent in reading and writing; the Cabbala had been laid aside for the Bible; the old dialectics were disused—Pico had learned to regard them as learned triflings; and he only sought to finish the great works of his life, a Harmony of Aristotle and Plato, a Commentary on the Bible, and a Defence of the Faith. Always keeping up a liberal hospitality, Pico had practised in secret the most rigid austerities; and an attack of fever, in 1494, found a frame unable to resist disease, and carried him off in the space of a few days. (See for further details an excellent article on Pico of Mirandola in the "Saturday Review," November 6, 1858, page 451.)

Bin ich ein Gott! Mir wird so licht

"and the seraphic fire—is *love*. Again, there is water on earth, "water in heaven, water above the heaven. Water on earth ex- "tinguishes the heat of life; the heavenly water produces and "nourishes it, and the seraphic water—conceives it. In the "first world, the Highest one—God is the supreme Unity, motion- "less himself, all things move *towards* him; in the middle world "the empyrean, the Sun forms that unity; motionless itself, all "other bodies move *round* it; in the elementary world *Matter* is "the fundamental substance surrounded by *nine* circles of tran- "sitory things; three of which are lifeless—the elements; three "—unfinished; three living, as: trees, bushes, plants, animals. "These three worlds form the 'Macrocosm.' Besides them "there is a fourth, including everything that the three others "contain, the 'Microcosm'—MAN. In him is to be found a "body formed of *all* the elements, a heavenly spirit, the vivifying "power of plants, the feeling of an unconscious soul and lastly, "reason as the angelic soul, that is—God's likeness."

The Cabbala on the other hand teaches: that four worlds emanated from the Divinity as the source of all things; the first pure emanation was the world called *Aziluth*—a word then used to designate God's most spiritual productions, (die geiſtigſte Art der göttlichen Production)—which is unchangeable in itself; the second world called *Briah* which changes; the third *Jezirah* (Jehzirah, Jesrahia, Jesraja, meaning: Der Schein des Herrn, the Lord's lustre, that is, the Lord's shining, the Lord's splendour)—was formed by degrees, and contains the souls of the stars, and all pure spirits; the fourth *Asiah* was considered as the elementary world. —The deeper the pure light descends, the more it loses of its spiritual power, the thicker it becomes, till it is at last embodied. The higher world influences the next inferior, and this again aspires to the higher one.

The "Cabbala denudata, seu doctrina Hebræorum Transcendentalis et Metaphisica" (1677) gives the secret doctrine of the Cabbalists on the creation of the world in the following terms:

"Totum mumdum materialem in primævo suo statu aut diaphanum fuisse aut lucidum hoc est, in soles, transparentesque cœlos, Æthereosve *Vortices* fuisse distributum.

"Duo quasi esse præcipua mundi materialis elementa. *Naturale* alterum, alterum *Divinum*.

"Spiritum Naturæ—*Sandalphonem* appellant Cabbalistæ.

Ich ſchau' in dieſen reinen Zügen
Die wirkende Natur vor meiner Seele liegen. [21]
Jetzt erſt erkenn' ich was der Weiſe ſpricht:
„Die Geiſterwelt iſt nicht verſchloſſen;
Dein Sinn iſt zu, dein Herz iſt todt;
Auf! bade Schüler, unverdroſſen,
Die ird'ſche Bruſt im Morgenroth!" [22]

"Elementum Divinum—Ezechielis, sive Mercavam.

"*Solem* in uno quoque vortice et *Medium* esse et *Imum*, sive *Infimum*.

"In quatuor inæquales partes dividi posse *Vorticem* quatuorque inde fingi Mundos, sive Orbes, eorumque supremum vocari *Aziluthicum*, alterum *Briathicum*, tertium *Jezirathicum*, et ultimum denique *Asiathicum*.

"Orbis sive Mundus *Aziluthicus* extendatur ab margine Vorticis Solis ad Orbitam Saturni.

"*Briathicus* ab Orbita Saturni ad Orbitam Martis.

"*Jezirathicus* ab Orbita Martis ad orbitam Mercurii.

"*Asiathicus* ab Orbita Mercurii ad corpus solis jam frigescentis.

"Duplicem enim Parmenides posuit, et calidum et frigidum Solem, qui primo *Cometa* factus mox Planeta fit seu *Terra*."

Wagner in his celebrated "People's Book" (Volksbuch) speaks of six different worlds comprised in the "Macrocosmos." Man forms, according to his doctrine, the fifth world, or the "Microcosmos." — Many interesting passages concerning the above mentioned worlds are to be found in Agrippa's well-known work "De occulta Philosophia," a book which Goethe appears to have studied thoroughly.

[21] Faust fancies, he has discovered the connecting link between the elementary and intellectual world.

[22] Morgenroth, morning dawn, stands for the whole of nature. The more we make ourselves acquainted with nature, the more capable does our heart become of appreciating the greatness of its Creator. The word Schüler, by which Faust addresses himself, is used in a sense taken from cabbalistic works, the writers of which addressed their readers as their disciples or sons. Although it is denied by the celebrated Düntzer in his work on Faust, that the last lines are a rhythmical condensation of Nostradamus' preface to his son Cæsar, the sign of quotation shows, that Goethe has quoted from some author, and as Nostradamus addresses his son

Er beſchaut das Zeichen.

Wie alles ſich zum Ganzen webt,
Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt!
Wie Himmelskräfte auf- und niederſteigen
Und ſich die goldnen Eimer reichen,
Mit ſegenduftenden Schwingen
Vom Himmel durch die Erde dringen,
Harmoniſch all das All durchklingen! [23]

Welch Schauſpiel! aber ach! ein Schauſpiel nur!
Wo faſſ' [24] ich dich, unendliche Natur?
Euch, Brüſte, wo? Ihr Quellen alles Lebens,
An denen Himmel und Erde hängt,
Dahin die welke Bruſt ſich drängt—
Ihr quellt, ihr tränkt, und ſchmacht' ich ſo vergebens? [25]

---

in a similar strain, there is no reason against our accepting the above lines as taken from Nostradamus.

[23] Scarcely ever has been described more powerfully and graphically the continual motion of nature's forces. These lines show us, how our intellectual powers are constantly acting upon the elementary or earthly substances within us, and how a union of the two produces a longing towards the infinite.

The words „und ſich die goldnen Eimer reichen" are an allusion to the creed of the Manichæans (the followers or disciples of Mani or Manicheus, who founded a religious sect that flourished in the third century after Christ), who believed that the souls of the dead are retaken in golden vessels through the moon to the eternal light,—the Sun, whence they had emanated.

[24] Faſſen, to seize, here to understand; exactly like the English "grasp;" — faßlich, intelligible, Faſſungskraft, the intellect or power of understanding.

[25] These lines, often objected to as unpoetical, must be considered as personifying nature. In the bold figure of heaven and earth hanging on Nature's bosom, like a child on its mother's breast, there is nothing common place. Besides its metaphorical beauty, this passage also contains the confession, that all he sees is still incomprehensible to him, as his limited intellect is too weak to understand the real source of nature.

Er schlägt unwillig das Buch um, und erblickt das Zeichen des Erdgeistes. [25]

Wie anders wirkt dies Zeichen auf mich ein!
Du, Geist der Erde, bist mir näher;
Schon fühl' ich meine Kräfte höher,
Schon glüh' ich wie von neuem Wein;
Ich fühle Muth, mich in die Welt zu wagen,
Der Erde Weh, der Erde Glück zu tragen,
Mit Stürmen mich herumzuschlagen,
Und in des Schiffbruchs Knirschen nicht zu zagen.
Es wölkt sich über mir—
Der Mond verbirgt sein Licht—
Die Lampe schwindet!—
Es dampft!—Es zucken rothe Strahlen
Mir um das Haupt!—Es webt
Ein Schauer vom Gewölb' herab,
Und faßt mich an!
Ich fühl's, du schwebst um mich, erflehter Geist!
Enthülle dich!
Ha! wie's in meinem Herzen reißt!
Zu neuen Gefühlen
All' meine Sinne sich erwühlen!
Ich fühle ganz mein Herz dir hingegeben!
Du mußt! du mußt! und kostet' es mein Leben!

Er faßt das Buch und spricht das Zeichen des Geistes geheimnißvoll aus. Es zuckt eine röthliche Flamme, der Geist erscheint in der Flamme. [27]

Geist.

Wer ruft mir?

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[25] Erdgeist—the spirit of earth. Archeus—an obscure term used chiefly among ancient chemists, to express some occult principle of life, or the cause of all the effects which we observe in nature; derived from αρχη, principle; it is also used in the sense of the spirit of this elementary world. According to Paracelsus—Archeus is that power, which separates the elements and forms and changes them into the various forms they assume. Faust must feel himself more at ease on looking upon this sign.

[27] The spirit conjured by Faust is supposed to appear in a reddish flame; flames being always considered as emblems of *earthly* intellect.

Faust (abgewendet).

Schreckliches Gesicht?

Geist.

Du hast mich mächtig angezogen,
An meiner Sphäre lang gesogen,
Und nun—

Faust.

Weh; ich ertrag' dich nicht!

Geist.

Du flehst erathmend mich zu schauen,
Meine Stimme zu hören, mein Antlitz zu sehen;
Mich neigt dein mächtig Seelenflehn,
Da bin ich!—Welch erbärmlich Grauen
Faßt Uebermenschen [23] dich! Wo ist der Seele Ruf?
Wo ist die Brust, die eine Welt in sich erschuf?
Und trug und hegte, die mit Freudebeben
Erschwoll, sich uns, den Geistern, gleich zu heben?
Wo bist du, Faust, deß Stimme mir erklang,
Der sich an mich mit allen Kräften drang?
Bist du es, der, von meinem Hauch umwittert,
In allen Lebenstiefen zittert,
Ein furchtsam weggekrümmter Wurm!

Faust.

Soll ich dir, Flammenbildung weichen?
Ich bin's, bin Faust, bin deines Gleichen?

Geist.

In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm
Wall' ich auf und ab,
Webe hin und her!
Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben,

---

[23] "Upperman," supernatural man, one whose ideas are capable of higher flight than those of ordinary men.

So ſchaff' ich am ſauſenden Webſtuhl der Zeit,
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

Fauſt.

Der du die weite Welt umſchweifſt,
Geſchäftiger Geiſt, wie nah fühl' ich mich dir!

Geiſt.

Du gleichſt dem Geiſt, den du begreifſt,
Nicht mir![30]

Verſchwindet.

Fauſt (zuſammenſtürzend).

Nicht dir?
Wem denn?
Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit!
Und nicht einmal dir![31]

Es klopft.

O Tod! — ich kenn's — das iſt mein Famulus![2]

---

[29] In floods of life, in storms of deeds
I wander up and down,
I weave hither and thither,*
Birth and grave,
An eternal ocean,
A changing weaving,
A glowing life—
Thus I create on the rattling loom of time,
And work the living garments of God!

There is scarcely anything to be compared with these few lines of Goethe in modern poetry, not only for brevity of expression, and purity of versification, but also for intensity of meaning. Nature in its eternal changes creates only the outward forms of Divinity, but not Divinity itself. Thus the visible creation represents, as it were, the *garments* of Divinity, which in itself must remain invisible to our earthly eye.

[30] Man is man, and nothing else, he cannot rise above his human nature. The secret working of nature must remain for ever an incomprehensible riddle to him.

[31] Ashamed of his pride and conceit, Faust breaks down under the consciousness of his failing.

[32] By this title were distinguished all those elder students in the Universities who had been intrusted with the special atten-

* That is: now to produce, now to destroy.

Es wird mein ſchönſtes Glück zu nichte!
Daß dieſe Fülle der Geſichte
Der trockne Schleicher[33] ſtören muß!

Wagner, im Schlafrocke und der Nachtmütze, eine Lampe in der Hand. Fauſt wendet ſich unwillig.[34]

Wagner.

Verzeiht, ich hör' euch declamiren;
Ihr laſ't gewiß ein griechiſch Trauerſpiel?[35]

---

dance on the person of a professor; they had to copy the MSS. of their learned master, to collect fees, to take down the names of the students, and to superintend the classes, for which services they enjoyed free board and lodging in the house of the professor. —Famulus Wagner is the personification of pedantry, of that book-learning that deals only in words, in sentences, in grammatical subtilities, without ever penetrating into the spirit of the subject.

[33] Der trockne Schleicher, the groveller unconscious of his higher human dignity, wanting in inspiration for anything better, an automaton looking out at his ease for his own profit.

This first monologue of Faust is full not only of poetical beauty, but also of truth. There is no man of intellect who has not felt in a greater or less degree all the despair by which Faust's soul is tormented in his yearning to penetrate the mysteries of nature. The natural philosopher seeking on the heights of the Antilles and in the depths of the earth to discover its age, by means of strata, and the different formations of coals, clay, &c.; the astronomer calculating the course of some mysterious star; the poet living in the empire of thoughts; the investigator of ocean's hidden paths; the analytical chemist surrounded by his retorts— must one and all have felt in certain hours like Faust. Nay! even those, who have devoted themselves to branches of science more tangible and apparently less abstruse, must have shared with Faust the same feelings of hopelessness, and have been humbled by the same despair. Men may always find in religion, in the confiding trust in an Almighty Being a clear solution to their inquiries, and avoid the risk of falling a prey to the demon of doubt.

[34] In Wagner's dressing gown, night-cap and lamp we see before us emblematically the dry pedant.

[35] A Greek tragedy seems to him all that could disturb the night's rest of a learned man, and in that tragedy not the horrors

In dieser Kunst möcht' ich was profitiren;
Denn heut zu Tage wirkt das viel.
Ich hab' es öfters rühmen hören,
Ein Komödiant könnt' einen Pfarrer lehren.[36]

Faust.

Ja, wenn der Pfarrer ein Komödiant ist;[37]
Wie das denn wohl zu Zeiten kommen mag.

Wagner.

Ach! wenn man so in sein Museum gebannt ist,
Und sieht die Welt kaum einen Feiertag,
Kaum durch ein Fernglas, nur von weiten,
Wie soll man sie durch Ueberredung leiten?[38]

Faust.

Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werdet's nicht erjagen,
Wenn es nicht aus der Seele dringt,
Und mit urkräftigem Behagen
Die Herzen aller Hörer zwingt.[39]

---

of an inexorable fate, driving men to unnatural crimes, but the difficulties of a declension or a conjugation, the critical use of a subjunctive or optative mood, the mode of scanning a doubtful verse.

[36] That is, to teach him, how to profess feelings when there are none in his breast; how to feign belief, when there is no faith in his bosom; in one word, how to play the hypocrite successfully. Wagner, who is not inspired by any higher thoughts, wishes at least to know, how to become a teacher of words—of great, sounding words.

[37] That is: if the preacher does not believe what he teaches, he is nothing but a comedian.

[38] Here Wagner humbly confesses, how difficult it is for us to govern mankind by mere persuasion, whilst we look on the world from our studies, and see it only at a distance as through a telescope.

[39] If there is no higher inspiration, you will never learn to move the hearts of your hearers. „Was nicht vom Herzen kömmt, bringt nicht zum Herzen,"—"what does not come from your own heart, does not touch another's heart"—says the German adage; that is, if we are not ourselves convinced we never can convince others.

Sitzt ihr nur immer, leimt zusammen,
Braut ein Ragout von andrer Schmaus, [40]
Und blast die kümmerlichen Flammen
Aus eurem Aschenhäufchen 'raus! [41]
Bewund'rung von Kindern und Affen,
Wenn euch [42] darnach der Gaumen steht;
Doch werdet ihr nie Herz zu Herzen schaffen,
Wenn es euch nicht von Herzen geht.

Wagner.

Allein der Vortrag [43] macht des Redners Glück;
Ich fühl' es wohl, noch bin ich weit zurück.

Faust.

Such' Er den redlichen Gewinn!
Sei Er kein schellenlauter [44] Thor!

---

[40] What a deep satire is contained in these few lines. Men who gather the ideas of others, to cook, as Faust says, a stew from them, or who endeavour to shine only with borrowed flames of inspiration, can never persuade.

[41] Aschenhäufchen, our body— lit. a little heap of cinders; as in the words: "ashes to ashes." Asche, obsolete for dust; a dusty ground is still called in many parts of Germany Asche—aschicht. The word itself is derived from the Greek ἀζα—dust; in *Notker* and *Ottfried* we find Ascu, and Asgu. Gothic: Azgo, Anglo-Saxon, Acse, English, Ashes, Swed: Aska. This word occurs also in the following idiomatic expressions: Es glimmt Feuer unter der Asche —there is some danger; Im Sack und der Asche Buße thun —to be sorrowful— to mourn—to be grieved—referring to the Jewish custom, pouring ashes on their heads when in great distress. Ungebrannte Asche means a stick;— in the comic style, Jemanden mit ungebrannter Asche bestreuen— is to beat somebody.

[42] By addressing Wagner here in the second person plural, Faust addresses in him all those, who, incapable of all deeper feeling, are mere "every-day-men."

[43] The delivery, the diction is all that he cares for.

[44] Die Schelle, the little bell; schellenlaut, noisy like the jingling of a foolscap. An allusion to the words of the Apostle: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling *cymbal*" (the German version reads "*little bell*").

Es trägt Verstand und rechter Sinn
Mit wenig Kunst sich selber vor;
Und wenn's euch Ernst ist was zu sagen,
Ist's nöthig Worten nachzujagen?
Ja, eure Reden, die so blinkend sind,
In denen ihr der Menschheit Schnitzel kräuselt,
Sind unerquicklich, wie der Nebelwind,
Der herbstlich durch die dürren Blätter säuselt![45]

Wagner.

Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang,
Und kurz ist unser Leben.[46]
Mir wird bei meinem kritischen Bestreben
Doch oft um Kopf und Busen bang.
Wie schwer sind nicht die Mittel zu erwerben,
Durch die man zu den Quellen steigt!
Und eh' man nur den halben Weg erreicht,
Muß wohl ein armer Teufel sterben.[47]

Faust.

Das Pergament,[48] ist das der heil'ge Bronnen,

---

[45] He advises Wagner, to use his own reason; this, he says, does not require any ornament, but readily adapts itself to any style and can always express itself clearly; he then points out the "errors of the word-makers" and compares their florid speeches to shreds of paper in which they twist humanity, and again, to a cheerless, damp wind blowing through dry autumnal leaves.—Herbst—autumn, herbstlich, autumnal.

[46] „Lang ist die Kunst — kurz ist das Leben" one of those epigrammatical observations in which Goethe is so rich and striking—its meaning is: that the brevity of man's life never allows him to become perfect in any branch of science or art.

[47] Wagner realises only the outward difficulties of study, the *grammatical* knowledge, which is so difficult to obtain. Die Mittel, refers to the necessity of acquiring the language, before any real use can be made of the original authors: die Quellen.

[48] Faust expresses his utter contempt for critical and historical commentaries, as, by their dry treatment of the living book of history, those matters are frequently made most prominent which are in reality of only secondary importance. Faust knew that there is a logic in events as well as in reasoning.

Woraus ein Trunk den Durſt auf ewig ſtillt?
Erquickung haſt du[49] nicht gewonnen,
Wenn ſie dir nicht aus eigner Seele quillt.

Wagner.

Verzeiht! es iſt ein groß Ergetzen,[50]
Sich in den Geiſt der Zeiten zu verſetzen,
Zu ſchauen, wie vor uns ein weiſer Mann gedacht,
Und wir wir's dann zuletzt ſo herrlich weit gebracht.

Fauſt.

O ja, bis an die Sterne weit!
Mein Freund, die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
Sind uns ein Buch mit ſieben Siegeln;[51]
Was ihr den Geiſt der Zeiten heißt,
Das iſt im Grund der Herren eigner Geiſt,
In dem die Zeiten ſich beſpiegeln.[52]
Da iſt's denn[53] wahrlich oft ein Jammer!

---

[49] The Du is here taken in a general sense, as the two last lines are a general observation rather than an address to Wagner individually.

[50] Or Ergötzen—an amusement.

[51] An allusion to Revel. V. 1-3.

"And I saw on the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals.

"And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof.

"And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon."

[52] Faust breaks out into bitter satire as he thinks how historians substitute their own narrow thoughts for the spirit of bygone times, and how apt they are to lay down their own biassed views as historical facts. Goethe aimed in these lines more particularly at the well-known historian Luden. Are not his words applicable to many modern writers?

[53] Dann is found in the *old* editions, and agrees better with the general sense of the speech, as this exclamation should simply be united by a copulative conjunction to the preceding sentences. Denn, as a causal conjunction, would imply a conclusion from ar-

Man läuft euch, bei dem ersten Blick davon.
Ein Kehrichtfaß[54] und eine Rumpelkammer,[55]
Und höchstens eine Haupt- und Staatsaction,[56]
Mit trefflichen pragmatischen[57] Maximen,
Wie sie den Puppen wohl im Munde ziemen!

Wagner.

Allein die Welt! des Menschen Herz und Geist!
Möcht' jeglicher doch was davon erkennen.[58]

Faust.

Ja, was man so erkennen heißt!
Wer darf das Kind beim rechten Namen nennen?
Die wenigen, die was davon erkannt,
Die thöricht g'nug ihr volles Herz nicht wahrten,
Dem Pöbel ihr Gefühl, ihr Schauen offenbarten,
Hat man von je gekreuzigt und verbrannt.[59]

---

guments, which does not exist in the simple exclamation — "Da ist's dann wahrlich oft ein Jammer!"

[54] The dust-bin.

[55] Lumber-room.

[56] The name given to dramatical representations of events, taken from the old Testament, and from the histories of Greece, Rome, Turkey or other countries. They were first introduced into Germany by Magister *Velthem* at the end of the seventeenth century; the pieces were generally bad translations from the Spanish, and a clown or other comic character always took a prominent part in the performance. Lessing intended to publish a collection of these „Haupt- und Staatsaktionen" but left the work unfinished.

[57] With "pragmatical maxims," because the principal characters of these „Haupt- und Staatsaktionen" had to utter vague political doctrines. The term "pragmatical" was first used by the Greek historian Polybius for the doctrinal part of the historical narrative.

[58] Goethe puts the word "knowledge" in the mouth of Wagner merely as a contrast to his pedantry.

[59] Faust alludes not to the outward formal learning which Wagner considers knowledge, but to the true inward knowledge

Ich bitt' euch, Freund, es ist tief in der Nacht;
Wir müssen's dießmal unterbrechen.[60]

Wagner.

Ich hätte gern nur immer fortgewacht,
Um so gelehrt mit euch mich zu besprechen.[61]
Doch morgen, als am ersten Ostertage,
Erlaubt mir ein' und andre Frage.
Mit Eifer hab' ich mich der Studien beflissen;
Zwar weiß ich viel, doch möcht' ich alles wissen.[62]

Ab.

Faust (allein).

Wie nur dem Kopf nicht alle Hoffnung schwindet,
Der immerfort an schalem Zeuge klebt,
Mit gier'ger Hand nach Schätzen gräbt,
Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet![63]

---

of those reformers, who wished to draw the masses from erroneous religious views, and who generally had to suffer for their noble intentions on the cross or on the stake, as the martyrs, Huss, Giordano Bruno, Savanarola, and others.

[60] It is impossible for Faust to put up any longer with Wagner's shallow speeches, and he begs him to postpone the conversation till another day.

[61] How conceited and self-engrossed this narrow-minded pedant is! He has observed nothing of the painful excitement under which Faust suffers during the whole colloquy.

[62] What contrast is here! Wagner indeed pretends to know much, and would fain know *all*, but how widely does the "*All*" of the Famulus differ from the metaphysical "*All*" of Faust! These two plastic characters represent *Genius* in opposition to formal *knowledge*, (a word which must be taken in the sense in which Aristotle uses it, namely as a demonstrative habit, by which we acquire the science of things necessary and eternal. See sixth book of the Nicomachæan Ethics.) We see here the *machine* put in opposition to its *inventor!*

[63] Faust feels himself thoroughly depressed and unhappy. Wagner has shown him the utter nullity of human knowledge, and in him Faust sees his whole species degraded — he is justly

Darf eine ſolche Menſchenſtimme hier,
Wo Geiſterfülle mich umgab, ertönen?[64]
Doch ach! für dießmal dank' ich dir,
Dem ärmlichſten von allen Erdenſöhnen.
Du riſſeſt mich von der Verzweiflung los,
Die mir die Sinne[65] ſchon zerſtören wollte.[66]
Ach! die Erſcheinung war ſo rieſengroß,[67]
Daß ich mich recht als Zwerg empfinden ſollte.

Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit,[68] das ſich ſchon

---

disgusted with a race that professes to search after *treasures*, and yet is contented on merely finding a *rain-worm !*

With these lines ended the first fragment of this immortal poetry; it was sketched in February, 1788, and published as a fragment in 1789 in the midst of those eventful times, in which the attention of the whole of Europe was directed towards the convulsions in France, and when all minds were filled with hopes, as a new era in continental life dawned upon them. How many Fausts did not France produce! How few have survived their times so gloriously as this poetical creation of Germany's master-mind!

[64] The second monologue did not appear in the fragment published in 1789. That it was written much later is beyond all doubt, and it is thought to have been composed in 1799 or 1800. Not only the versification, but also the orthography is much altered: thus Goethe in the first monologue uses „Sinnen" for the plural of „Sinn," while he now has „Sinne." There is too a deeper feeling, a greater intensity of passion in the second monologue, though it is not written quite in accordance with the spirit and style of the first.

[65] Sinne—vide preceding note.

[66] He thanks Wagner for having saved his soul from utter despair by such shallow and limited reasoning.

[67] Not to be taken literally. Rieſengroß, refers to the intellectual superiority of the spirit of earth.

[68] In the first monologue, Ebenbild der Gottheit, is taken in its usual sense, as in Genesis I. 27. " So God created man *in his*

Ganz nah gedünkt dem Spiegel ew'ger Wahrheit,
Sein selbst genoß,[69] in Himmelsglanz und Klarheit,
Und abgestreift den Erdensohn;
Ich, mehr als Cherub,[70] dessen freie Kraft
Schon durch die Adern der Natur zu fließen
Und, schaffend, Götterleben zu genießen
Sich ahnungsvoll vermaß, wie muß ich's büßen
Ein Donnerwort[71] hat mich hinweggerafft.

Nicht darf ich dir zu gleichen mich vermessen.
Hab' ich die Kraft dich anzuziehn besessen,
So hatt' ich dich zu halten keine Kraft.
In jenem sel'gen Augenblicke[72]
Ich fühlte mich so klein, so groß;
Du stießest grausam mich zurücke,
Ins ungewisse Menschenloos.[73]

---

own image, in the image of God created he him"; but here „Ebenbild Gottes" refers to the *godly* power of acting with consciousness.

[69] "Enjoying *my ownself*"—he would have felt the fullest satisfaction in looking with spiritual purity into the mirror of eternal truth—in which his own self would be reflected.

[70] "I more than Cherub." Allusion to Ezekiel XXVIII, 14, vide also Note 51. "Thou art the annointed *Cherub* that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire." I more than Cherub—meaning: I standing nearer to the Almighty—like a Seraph!

[71] That thundering word „Donnerwort" viz: that he is equal only to the spirit which he is able to conceive.

[72] Faust distinguishes here between two moments, the moments of appearance and disappearance of the ghost: the demonstrative pronoun „jener, e, es," is therefore perfectly correct. Many commentators took it as referring to the remoter period at which the first monologue had been written by Goethe.

[73] The antithesis—so klein—so groß, refers to the dualism in our human nature; *little* in consequence of our being earth-born, yet

Wer lehret mich? was ſoll ich meiden?
Soll ich gehorchen jenem Drang?[74]
Ach! unſre Thaten ſelbſt, ſo gut als unſre Leiden,
Sie hemmen unſres Lebens Gang.[75]

Dem Herrlichſten, was auch der Geiſt empfangen,
Drängt immer fremd und fremder[76] Stoff ſich an;
Wenn wir zum Guten dieſer Welt gelangen,
Dann heißt das Beſſre Trug und Wahn.
Die uns das Leben[77] gaben, herrliche Gefühle
Erſtarren in dem irdiſchen Gewühle.
Wenn Phantaſie ſich ſonſt mit kühnem Flug
Und hoffnungsvoll zum Ewigen erweitert,
So iſt ein kleiner Raum ihr nun genug,
Wenn Glück auf Glück im Zeitenſtrudel ſcheitert.
Die Sorge niſtet gleich im tiefen Herzen,[78]

---

great as regards the power we possess in the world of thoughts; and as Faust reflects on the power of the earthly part of man's nature, he is again thrown back upon, and overwhelmed by the recollection of his *fettered* existence.

[74] After the highest knowledge! That is, to pluck the *forbidden fruit* from the tree of knowledge.

[75] „Gang"—used for the *flight* of our spirit.

[76] A poetical license very often used by Goethe in connecting two comparatives by the conjunction und, and omitting the termination er of the former: the words should be: „fremder und fremder Stoff"—(matter); that is, However high our spirit may fly, there is gross matter enough in us to drag us downwards to earth.

[77] Leben—life, in the sense of consciousness, knowledge, understanding. What gave us life, and developed in us the faculty of thinking? and why is this faculty continually checked by earthly bonds?

[78] Every man, who has been visited by misfortune ceases to a certain extent to delight in life, and care nestles in his heart, creating in him secret sorrows; but such extreme disquietude and despair, as is here painted, is the fate only of one who is without faith.

Dort wirket sie geheime Schmerzen,
Unruhig wiegt sie sich und störet Lust und Ruh'
Sie deckt sich stets mit neuen Masken zu,
Sie mag als Haus und Hof, als Weib und Kind erscheinen,[79]
Als Feuer, Wasser, Dolch und Gift;
Du bebst vor allem, was nicht trifft,
Und was du nie verlierst, das mußt du stets beweinen.[80]

Den Göttern gleich' ich nicht! Zu tief ist es gefühlt;
Dem Wurme gleich' ich, der den Staub durchwühlt,
Den, wie er sich im Staube nährend lebt,
Des Wand'rers Tritt vernichtet und begräbt.[81]

Ist es nicht Staub, was diese hohe Wand,
Aus hundert Fächern, mir verenget,
Der Trödel, der, mit tausendfachem Tand,
In dieser Mottenwelt mich dränget?[82]
Hier soll ich finden, was mir fehlt?

---

[79] To such a man, *everything* becomes a source of fear: house, wife, children, fire, water, dagger, poison — *all* excite in him the feeling of suspicious dread.

[80] Beweinen, designates the anxiety that a man without faith is constantly suffering in his fear of losing something dear to him.

The part of this monologue, commencing at "Ich Ebenbild der Gottheit"—to the words "das mußt du stets beweinen" is too plaintive, too like an elegy in its composition, and therefore not quite in accordance with Faust's active, dramatic character.

[81] Expressing the nullity, the utter impotence of our nature, the vanity of our existence. Cf. the following passage from Werther:—"Der harmlose Spaziergang kostet tausend armen Würmchen das Leben, es zerrüttet ein Fußtritt die mühseligen Gebäude der Ameisen und stampft eine kleine Welt in ein schmähliches Grab."

[82] Everything surrounding us is but dust. "Mottenwelt" world of moths.—The word "Staub" is in German often used for body; thus,

Unsterblich, doch des Todes Raub
Sind wir halb Engel und halb Staub.

Cronegk.

Soll ich vielleicht in tausend Büchern lesen,
Daß überall die Menschen sich gequält,
Daß hie und da ein Glücklicher gewesen?[83]
Was grinsest du mir, hohler Schädel,[84] her,
Als daß dein Hirn, wie meines, einst verwirret,
Den leichten Tag gesucht und in der Dämm'rung schwer,
Mit Lust nach Wahrheit, jämmerlich geirret![85]
Ihr Instrumente freilich[86] spottet mein,
Mit Rad und Kämmen, Walz und Bügel.
Ich stand am Thor, ihr solltet Schlüssel sein;
Zwar euer Bart ist kraus, doch hebt ihr nicht die Riegel.
Geheimnißvoll am lichten Tag,[87]

In this sense it is also used in the plural, thus:

..... Wenn
Ein Stein sich wölbet über beide Staube,
Dann wird der Fluch entwaffnet sein. Schiller.

[83] In a conversation with the celebrated historian *Luden*, Goethe once said — "Even were you able to unveil and scrutinize all "the sources of history, what would you discover? nothing but "one great truth, which was known long ago ..... "..... viz. that everything, in every age and in every land "has been miserable enough, that men have tortured themselves, "and have schemed, have tormented and harassed each other, "and that but very few have enjoyed comfort and happiness." — The confession that here and there has been seen a happy man does not quite agree with the dark despair under which Faust labours.

[84] Compare these lines with Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act V., Sc. I. "Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

[85] „Jämmerlich," wretchedly, miserably, implies the idea of „schwer" in a higher degree. „Der leichte Tag" the day's clear light.

[85] „Freilich"—indeed — forsooth! — making a strong contrast between his actual despair, and his former confidence in the success of his philosophical inquiries.

[87] Nature is described as a "*dark* secret in the *open* day."

Läßt sich Natur des Schleiers nicht berauben,
Und was sie deinem Geist nicht offenbaren mag,
Das zwingst du ihr nicht ab mit Hebeln und mit Schrauben.[88]
Du alt Geräthe, das ich nicht gebraucht,
Du stehst nur hier, weil dich mein Vater brauchte.
Du alte Rolle, du wirst angeraucht,
So lang an diesem Pult die trübe Lampe schmauchte.
Weit besser hätt' ich doch mein Weniges verpraßt,
Als, mit dem Wenigen belastet, hier zu schwitzen!
Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen!
Was man nicht nützt, ist eine schwere Last;
Nur was der Augenblick erschafft, das kann er nützen.[89]

Doch warum heftet sich mein Blick auf jene Stelle?
Ist jenes Fläschchen dort den Augen ein Magnet?
Warum wird mir auf einmal lieblich helle,
Als wenn im nächt'gen Wald uns Mondenglanz umweht?

She lies before us, yet none of us is able, in spite of all our metaphysical hypotheses, to draw the bolt that guards her mysteries.

[88] Compare these lines with Haller's version;

In's Innre der Natur
Dringt kein erschaffner Geist;
Glückselig, wenn sie nur
Die äußre Schale weist.

Or with Lessing's transcription of the same idea;

In's Innre der Natur
Dringt nie dein kurzer Blick,
Dein Wissen ist zu leicht
Und nur des Pöbels Glück.

the two last lines meaning that all our knowledge may be sufficient indeed to please the generality of men, but cannot really penetrate the secrets of nature.

[89] The lines „Du alt Geräth".....„Das kann er nützen" repeat the idea of general disgust with everything around him, contained in the first monologue. The sense of the last two lines is, that anything which cannot be used, anything not *practical*, is a bur-

Ich grüße dich, du einzige Phiole,
Die ich mit Andacht nun herunterhole!
In dir verehr' ich Menschenwitz und Kunst.
Du Inbegriff der holden Schlummersäfte,
Du Auszug aller tödtlich feinen Kräfte,
Erweise deinem Meister deine Gunst![91]
Ich sehe dich, es wird der Schmerz gelindert;
Ich fasse dich, das Streben wird gemindert,
Des Geistes Fluthstrom ebbet nach und nach,
Ins hohe Meer werd' ich hinausgewiesen,
Die Spiegelfluth[92] erglänzt zu meinen Füßen,
Zu neuen Ufern lockt ein neuer Tag.[93]

Ein Feuerwagen schwebt auf leichten Schwingen
An mich heran![94] Ich fühle mich bereit,

---

den to us, and that only that is useful which the present moment demands.

[90] Faust's mind is wholly given up to the one daring dream of seeing *clearly* into the dark night of our earthly existence. Having failed to penetrate this darkness, alike by the beaten track of study, and the mysterious paths of magic, he concludes that the only remaining road to success is *Suicide*—he determines therefore to free his soul from its *bodily* burden, in the hope of beginning a fresh unfettered existence, in the anticipation of which he feels himself already surrounded by a glorious flood of light.

[91] Compare these lines with Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, Act. V., Sc. I. where Romeo asks for the phial that contains the means of procuring eternal slumber. Goethe calls the poison, "the essence of gentle lulling juices—an extract of all deadly refined strengths."—Romeo speaks of it as a *Cordial.*

[92] Spiegelfluth—the glassy waters.

[93] Ein neuer Tag—a new day, a newly beginning life.

[94] Ein Feuerwagen—may be an allusion to the "chariot of fire" in which Elijah was translated to heaven. Faust in his excited imagination continually compares himself to those more highly gifted spirits, which in sacred as well as in profane history he sees selected to shine above the vulgar crowd.

Auf neuer Bahn den Aether zu durchdringen,
Zu neuen Sphären reiner Thätigkeit.[95]
Dieß hohe Leben, dieſe Götterwonne!
Du, erſt noch Wurm, und die verdieneſt du?
Ja, kehre nur der holden Erdenſonne
Entſchloſſen deinen Rücken zu!
Vermeſſe dich, die Pforten aufzureißen,[96]
Vor denen jeder gern vorüberſchleicht!
Hier iſt es Zeit, durch Thaten zu beweiſen,
Daß Manneswürde nicht der Götterhöhe weicht,

---

[95] Zu neuen Sphären reiner Thätigkeit—of a pure activity; i.e. an activity no longer clogged by earthy matter.

[96] Compare this and the following lines with Shakespeare's Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. I.

"..... To die,—to sleep;—
"To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
"When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
"Must give us pause; there's the respect
"That makes calamity of so long life—"

What a difference between the two characters. There the wavering, undecided, terrified philosopher—here the daring, fiery doubter, who is continually wishing, like the fallen angels, to prove himself equal to that eternal source from which he inherits his intellectual powers. Hamlet bears a much closer resemblance to Werther, who with his weak and womanish character, is too great a coward to bear misfortune, and exclaims despairingly:

Den Vorhang aufzuheben und dahinter zu treten! Das iſt Alles! Und warum das Zaudern und Zagen? Weil man nicht weiß wie es dahinter ausſieht? und weil man wiederkehrt? Und daß das nun die Eigenſchaft unſeres Geiſtes iſt, da Verwirrung und Finſterniß zu ahnen, wo wir nichts Beſtimmtes wiſſen.

We see Faust at the very beginning of the tragedy wishing to put an end to his existence, from a desire of unriddling his dreams of the future life—of discovering the after-state of his spirit when freed from all its bodily fetters. Unable to bear his *ignorance* of things that are beyond the reach of *human* knowledge, and to free himself from his unhappy state of fear, of doubt and of despair, he would risk the awful step of self-destruction, "a path whose narrow portal is wreathed around with flames of hell."

Vor jener dunkeln Höhle nicht zu beben,
In der sich Phantasie zu eigner Qual verdammt,
Nach jenem Durchgang hinzustreben,
Um dessen engen Mund die ganze Hölle flammt;
Zu diesem Schritt sich heiter zu entschließen,
Und wär' es mit Gefahr, ins Nichts dahin zu fließen. [97]

Nun komm' herab, krystallne, reine Schale,
Hervor aus deinem alten Futterale,
An die ich viele Jahre nicht gedacht!
Du glänztest bei der Väter Freudenfeste,
Erheitertest die ernsten Gäste,
Wenn einer dich dem andern zugebracht.
Der vielen Bilder künstlich reiche Pracht,
Des Trinkers Pflicht, sie reimweis zu erklären,
Auf einen Zug die Höhlung auszuleeren, [98]
Erinnert mich an manche Jugendnacht.
Ich werde jetzt dich keinem Nachbarn reichen,
Ich werde meinen Witz an deiner Kunst nicht zeigen:
Hier ist ein Saft, der eilig trunken macht;
Mit brauner Fluth erfüllt er deine Höhle.
Den ich bereitet, den ich wähle,

---

[97] In this last line he clearly discloses his character as a doubter, and is ready to destroy himself "even at the risk of vanishing into nothingness."

[98] The Germans introduced into their feasts a kind of poetical system, exercised principally during the free libations after dinner, when the cup of fraternity was passed round. Every one present was obliged on such occasions to recite some rhymes; if he made a mistake in his delivery, or failed to finish his cup at one draught, he was obliged as a punishment to drink off a second bumper. These drinking-cups were of the most extraordinary shapes; very often in the form of horns, boots, &c., the latter with the inscription:

Der ist kein deutscher Mann,
Der nicht seinen Stiefel trinken kann.

A most curious collection of cups of every variety of device is to be found at Hanover in the King's treasury.

Der letzte Trunk sey nun mit ganzer Seele,
Als festlich hoher Gruß, dem Morgen— [99]

Er setzt die Schale an den Mund.

Glockenklang und Chorgesang.

Chor der Engel.

Christ ist erstanden! [100]
Freude dem Sterblichen,
Den die verderblichen,
Schleichenden, erblichen
Mängel umwanden.

Faust.

Welch tiefes Summen, welch ein heller Ton
Zieht mit Gewalt das Glas von meinem Munde?
Verkündiget ihr dumpfen Glocken schon
Des Osterfestes erste Feierstunde?
Ihr Chöre, singt ihr schon den tröstlichen Gesang,
Der einst um Grabesnacht von Engelslippen klang,
Gewißheit einem neuen Bunde? [101]

Chor der Weiber.

Mit Spezereien
Hatten wir ihn gepflegt,

---

[99] "A festal high greeting to the morn!" — the dawning of a new life. At the very moment he puts the cup to his lips the Easter chant is heard from an adjoining church.

[100] This chant is what the Roman Catholics call a *sequence*, a song sung between the Hallelujah and the reading of the Evangelium. It was introduced in the ninth century.

[101] The chorus of angels announces the victory gained by Christ over sin and death; a victory by which men have received the clearest proof of a new covenant. The associations called up in Faust's mind by the song which of old pealed from the lips of angels amid the darkness of the sacred tomb, draws down the cup from his lips, and he is at once seized with all the terrors of that destructive and all pervading inherited *evil*, from which Christ redeemed mankind — he begins at once to feel the whole weight of his criminal intention.

Wir ſeine Treuen
Hatten ihn hingelegt;
Tücher und Binden
Reinlich umwanden wir;
Ach! und wir fanden
Chriſt nicht mehr hier.

Chor der Engel.

Chriſt iſt erſtanden!
Selig der Liebende,
Der die betrübende,
Heilſam' und übende
Prüfung beſtanden. [102]

Fauſt.

Was ſucht ihr, mächtig und gelind,
Ihr Himmelstöne, mich am Staube?
Klingt dort umher, wo weiche Menſchen ſind.
Die Botſchaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube;
Das Wunder iſt des Glaubens liebſtes Kind.
Zu jenen Sphären wag' ich nicht zu ſtreben, [103]
Woher die holde Nachricht tönt;
Und doch, an dieſen Klang von Jugend auf gewöhnt,
Ruft er auch jetzt zurück mich in das Leben.
Sonſt ſtürzte ſich der Himmelsliebe Kuß
Auf mich herab in ernſter Sabbathſtille: [104]

---

[102] The angels praise those who in their love for the Lord have gone through the trials of sorrow. These trials, heavy though they be, are yet wholesome, as they purify us, and make us the more fit for salvation.

[103] Having forfeited the purity of his *faith*, though he knows the happy tidings they tell, yet he does not dare to raise his thoughts to those spheres of bliss; he does not indeed *believe* now, but he remembers those happy, innocent days of his youth, in which he could share the deep enjoyment of a prayer.

[104] The calm of piety amidst the solemn silence of the Sabbath is here described as a kiss of heavenly love, imprinted on our innermost soul.

Da klang so ahnungsvoll des Glockentones Fülle,
Und ein Gebet war brünstiger Genuß;
Ein unbegreiflich holdes Sehnen
Trieb mich, durch Wald und Wiesen hinzugehn,
Und unter tausend heißen Thränen
Fühlt' ich mir eine Welt entstehn.
Dieß Lied verkündete der Jugend muntre Spiele,
Der Frühlingsfeier freies Glück;
Erinn'rung hält mich nun, mit kindlichem Gefühle,
Vom letzten, ernsten Schritt zurück.
O tönet fort, ihr süßen Himmelslieder!
Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder![105]

Chor der Jünger.

Hat der Begrabene
Schon sich nach oben,
Lebend Erhabene,
Herrlich erhoben;[106]
Ist er in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude[107] nah;
Ach! an der Erde Brust
Sind wir zum Leide da.
Ließ er die Seinen
Schmachtend uns hier zurück,
Ach! wir beweinen,
Meister, dein Glück!

---

[105] The fiery man who but a few moments ago resolved to throw his life as a burden from him, is now withheld from perdition by the sweet remembrance of his early childhood, and a tear again gives him back to earth.

[106] The inversion in the first part of the whole period is against all grammatical rules. It seems to have been Goethe's intention, to mark out forcibly the antitheses „Der Begrabene"—„nach oben." „Erhabene"—„erhoben."

[107] Quite right, and not as in many modern editions „schaffende Freude," which would mean, the joy of creating.

Chor der Engel.

Christ ist erstanden
Aus der Verwesung Schooß.
Reißet von Banden
Freudig euch los!
Thätig ihn preisenden, [108]
Liebe beweisenden,
Brüderlich speisenden,
Predigend reisenden,
Wonne verheißenden, [109]
Euch ist der Meister nah,
Euch ist er da! [110]

Vor dem Thor. [111]

Spaziergänger aller Art ziehen hinaus.

Einige Handwerksbursche.

Warum denn dort hinaus?

---

[108] Thätig — through good deeds! that is, let your good deeds be his praise.

[109] Wonne—for eternal salvation. That is, "preach the Gospel, and save all believers."

[110] Thus Faust has been given back to life by a pure human feeling, by a child-like emotion, which was not extinguished even in this doubting bosom. — As Faust's glowing spirit cannot fall into a dead resignation, he intends to satiate his aspiring nature in a whirl of sensual pleasures. Goethe prepares the reader for this entire change in Faust's life in the following scenes.

[111] The German commentators differ in their opinions as to the town at which this scene is supposed to take place: some contend for Strasburg, others for Frankfort. The lively genial description, the true and characteristic sketch of the lower classes of German society drawn here, affords by its epigrammatical shortness a striking proof of Goethe's power of producing a finished picture by a few bold touches. From the dark room of a philosopher we are at once taken into the open air on an Easter-day's after-

Andere.

Wir gehn hinaus aufs Jägerhaus.

Die Ersten.

Wir aber wollen nach der Mühle wandern.

Ein Handwerksbursch.

Ich rath' euch, nach dem Wasserhof zu gehn.

Zweiter.

Der Weg dahin ist gar nicht schön.

Die Zweiten.

Was thust denn du?

Ein Dritter.

Ich gehe mit den andern.

Vierter.

Nach Burgdorf kommt herauf! Gewiß dort findet ihr
Die schönsten Mädchen und das beste Bier,
Und Händel von der ersten Sorte.

Fünfter.

Du überlustiger Gesell,
Juckt dich zum drittenmal das Fell?
Ich mag nicht hin, mir graut es vor dem Orte.

Dienstmädchen.

Nein, nein! ich gehe nach der Stadt zurück.

Andre.

Wir finden ihn gewiß bei jenen Pappeln stehen.

Erste.

Das ist für mich kein großes Glück;
Er wird an deiner Seite gehen,

---

noon in a thoroughly Roman Catholic town; a great feast is being celebrated in the usual Romish method, by walking, drinking and courting. Artisans begin the conversation, one of whom expresses a wish to go to the Burgdorf, as *there* are to be found those greatest inducements, the prettiest of girls, the best of beer, and a first-rate fight! Some maid-servants are next introduced, indulging in *their* usual topics.

Mit dir nur tanzt er auf dem Plan.
Was gehn mich deine Freuden an!

Andre.

Heut ist er sicher nicht allein;
Der Krauskopf,[112] sagt' er, würde bei ihm sein.

Schüler.

Blitz, wie die wackern Dirnen schreiten!
Herr Bruder, komm'! wir müssen sie begleiten.
Ein starkes Bier, ein beißender Toback,[113]
Und eine Magd im Putz, das ist nun mein Geschmack.

Bürgermädchen.

Da sieh mir nur die schönen Knaben!
Es ist wahrhaftig eine Schmach;
Gesellschaft könnten sie die allerbeste haben,
Und laufen diesen Mägden nach!

Zweiter Schüler (zum ersten).

Nicht so geschwind! dort hinten kommen zwei!
Sie sind gar niedlich angezogen.
's ist meine Nachbarin dabei;
Ich bin dem Mädchen sehr gewogen.
Sie gehen ihren stillen Schritt,[114]
Und nehmen uns doch auch am Ende mit.

Erster.

Herr Bruder, nein! Ich bin nicht gern genirt.
Geschwind! daß wir das Wildpret[115] nicht verlieren.
Die Hand, die Samstags ihren Besen führt,

---

[112] A person with curly hair.

[113] Instead of the modern word „Tabak" from the Spanish "Tabaco," Goethe, like Adelung, uses the more English and older form, "Tobacco;" the name as well as the *use* of which plant was introduced into Germany from England.—In speaking of tobacco-smoking in the times of Faust, Goethe commits an innocent anachronism.

[114] They walk with "prim step."

[115] "That we do not lose our game."

Wird Sonntags dich am beſten careſſiren. [116]

Bürger.

Nein, er gefällt mir nicht, der neue Burgemeiſter! [117]
Nun, da er's iſt, wird er nur täglich dreiſter.
Und für die Stadt was thut denn er?
Wird es nicht alle Tage ſchlimmer?
Gehorchen ſoll man mehr als immer,
Und zahlen mehr als je vorher. [118]

Bettler (ſingt).

Ihr guten Herrn, ihr ſchönen Frauen,
So wohlgeputzt und backenroth,
Belieb' es euch, mich anzuſchauen,
Und ſeht und mildert meine Noth!
Laßt hier mich nicht vergebens leiern!
Nur der iſt froh, der geben mag.
Ein Tag, den alle Menſchen feiern,
Er ſey für mich ein Erntetag.

Anderer Bürger.

Nichts Beſſers weiß ich mir an Sonn- und Feiertagen,
Als ein Geſpräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeſchrei,

---

[116] A germanized form of the French verb "caresser," only used in a low style of writing.

[117] An obsolete form for „Bürgermeiſter."

[118] In these lines is sketched a discontented townsman, one of the class known as "*Philisters*," a word nearly corresponding to the English "*cockney!*" — Philister is a corruption of the Latin word "Balistarii" or "Balistæi," as the militia in small towns was called, from the cross-bows (Armbrüſte, Balistii) which they generally used. In later times the corrupted derivative was used in the sense of vulgar, low, common people, unlearned men, pedants, government officials, &c. In German Universities the name "Philister" is applied by the students to all who are not at the time members of their body, whether they have previously studied at Alma Mater or not. Many commentators derive the word from the "Philistines;" the students, considering themselves as the "*chosen people* of Apollo and the Muses," look upon every "non-reading" man as a hostile Philistine.

Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,
Die Völker auf einander schlagen.
Man steht am Fenster, trinkt sein Gläschen aus,
Und sieht den Fluß hinab die bunten Schiffe gleiten;
Dann kehrt man Abends froh nach Haus,
Und segnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten. [119]

Dritter Bürger.

Herr Nachbar, ja! so laß ich's auch geschehn:
Sie mögen sich die Köpfe spalten,
Mag alles durch einander gehn,
Doch nur zu Hause bleib's beim Alten.

Alte (zu den Bürgermädchen).

Ei! wie geputzt! das schöne junge Blut!
Wer soll sich nicht in euch vergaffen?
Nur nicht so stolz! Es ist schon gut!
Und was ihr wünscht, das wüßt' ich wohl zu schaffen. [120]

Bürgermädchen.

Agathe, fort! ich nehme mich in Acht,
Mit solchen Hexen öffentlich zu gehen;
Sie ließ mich zwar in Sanct Andreas Nacht, [121]
Den künft'gen Liebsten leiblich sehen.

---

[119] In this character we see a good specimen of the "pot-house politician," who does not care what goes on in remote countries, as long as he can drink his glass in peace at home.

[120] The fortune-teller may be considered as a humorous allusion to Faust. She also occupies herself with the study of magic. The great metaphysician and the old woman meet on the same field of superstitious research; the only difference between the two being that *she* makes a sordid business of her pretended secret lore, while *Faust* is driven to it by an instinctive and irresistible yearning for knowledge.

[121] On St. Andrew's eve she showed her her future lover; — „leiblich"—in body — really — living. — St. Andrew is considered among the lower classes of Roman Catholics in Germany as the patron-saint of all the girls, who pray to him for a husband. If on the eve of his festival a girl implores the saint, she is sure to have her wish gratified in her dreams. Again, if at midnight

Die Andre.

Mir zeigte sie ihn im Krystall,[122]
Soldatenhaft, mit mehreren Verwegnen;
Ich seh' mich um, ich such' ihn überall,
Allein mir will er nicht begegnen.

Soldaten.

Burgen mit hohen
Mauern und Zinnen,
Mädchen mit stolzen
Höhnenden Sinnen
Möcht' ich gewinnen!
Kühn ist das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn!

Und die Trompete
Lassen wir werben,

---

she melts some lead, and pours it through the open parts of a key, (the wards of which must form a cross), into water drawn the same night between eleven and twelve o'clock, the metal will infallibly take the form of the tools used in her future lover's craft; a third method is to lay a table for two persons, carefully omitting forks, the presence of which would destroy the spell, she is then sure to meet her future husband in propria persona; anything that he might leave behind on such occasions was to be kept and carefully concealed from the lover in the visits which, before long, he was sure to pay her—but woe to her if the lost article was discovered: the certain consequence was death! The custom of melting lead is still preserved in many parts of Germany on St. Thomas's eve and on the eves of Christmas and the new year. For a fuller account of these quaint but interesting superstitions of Germany, see Grimm's „Deutsche Mythologie" or „Deutsche Sagen" Vol. I. p. 171, &c.

[122] And mine (lover) she showed me in a crystal glass. The superstitious belief in the power of revealing the future by means of crystal is very ancient and general. The crystal-spirit used to exhibit, to those who wished it, persons as well as objects. It is said that Christopher Haylinger instructed Faust in the art of prophesying by means of crystal-glasses. Vide Grimm as above.

Wie zu der Freude,
So zum Verderben.
Das ist ein Stürmen!
Das ist ein Leben!
Mädchen und Burgen
Müssen sich geben.
Kühn ist das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn!
Und die Soldaten
Ziehen davon.[123]

Faust und Wagner.

Faust.

Vom Eise befreit sind Strom und Bäche
Durch des Frühlings holden, belebenden Blick;
Im Thale grünet Hoffnungsglück;
Der alte Winter, in seiner Schwäche
Zog sich in rauhe Berge zurück.[124]

---

[123] This song of the soldiers must be considered as the expression of a bold and reckless mirth.—The „und" at the beginning of the second strophe is used without any idea of *connection*. In the modern German style it is not unusual to begin a sentence with „und" without any idea of coupling it to what has gone before.

[124] According to the ancient mythology of the Germans, winter and spring were *persons*. It may be noticed as a peculiarity of northern as well as German mythology that everything has reference to humanity itself, as the originating power of the whole creation.—Thus the earth is looked upon as a living creature, its blood is the water, its hair, flowers and trees, while rocks are the bones and teeth; and the general belief was that the earth contained in itself the vital principle. — The first *human* being was the giant Ymir or Aurgelmir, that is Uralter (old age) — the second was Bury, the father of Bor, whose three sons, Odin, Wili, and We, killed the giant Ymir, and formed of his flesh the earth, of his bones the rocks, heaven of his skull, and seas and rivers of his blood. The sun and the moon were regarded as fiery sparks, wandering at random in the sky. The whole tendency of the Scandinavian and German mythology was to attri-

Von dorther sendet er, fliehend, nur
Ohnmächtige Schauer körnigen Eises
In Streifen über die grünende Flur.
Aber die Sonne duldet kein Weißes;
Ueberall regt sich Bildung und Streben,
Alles will sie mit Farben beleben;[125]
Doch an Blumen fehlt's im Revier,
Sie nimmt geputzte Menschen dafür.
Kehre dich um, von diesen Höhen
Nach der Stadt zurückzusehen.
Aus dem hohen, finstern Thor
Dringt ein buntes Gewimmel hervor.
Jeder sonnt[126] sich heute so gern;
Sie feiern die Auferstehung des Herrn:
Denn sie sind selber auferstanden;[127]
Aus niedriger Häuser dumpfen Gemächern,
Aus Handwerks- und Gewerbesbanden,

---

bute life and consciousness to lifeless objects. This led to those poetical superstitions of the Middle Ages, which, with their gnomes and elves, ghosts and spirits, dwarfs and devils, now frightened, now cheered the lower classes, and gave rise to those varied and interesting fairy tales and sagas, which not only amuse children, but supply even philosophers with ample matter to explain much of the dreamy and mystical nature of the German mind.

[125] On this view is founded the theory of *colours*. The first natural philosopher who attempted to explain the *origin* of colour was *Newton*. Goethe differed widely from Newton in many points, and tried to demonstrate that colour is but a greater or less intensity of light. Thus the sun at its highest position in the heavens appears *white*, but as it descends it assumes a yellowish and at last a reddish tint—a phenomenon, which Goethe attributes to the fact that we receive less and less of the sun's light as he descends towards the horizon; the colour of perfect light being, in his opinion, *white*.

[126] A reflective verb formed from „Sonne."

[127] Considering spring as the resurrection of nature from winter's death.

Aus dem Druck von Giebeln und Dächern,
Aus der Straßen quetschender Enge,
Aus der Kirchen ehrwürdiger Nacht
Sind sie alle ans Licht gebracht.[128]
Sieh nur, sieh! wie behend[129] sich die Menge
Durch die Gärten und Felder zerschlägt,
Wie der Fluß, in Breit' und Länge,
So manchen lustigen Nachen bewegt;
Und, bis zum Sinken überladen,
Entfernt sich dieser letzte Kahn.
Selbst von des Berges fernen Pfaden
Blinken uns farbige Kleider an.
Ich höre schon des Dorfs Getümmel;
Hier ist des Volkes wahrer Himmel,
Zufrieden jauchzet Groß und Klein:
Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein.[130]

Wagner.

Mit euch, Herr Doctor,[131] zu spazieren
Ist ehrenvoll und ist Gewinn;
Doch würd' ich nicht allein mich her verlieren,
Weil ich ein Feind von allem Rohen bin.[132]

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[128] The beauty and force of the epithets in these descriptive lines should be observed.

[129] Handy—behend—from Hand—hand.

[130] *Here* I am a man—a human being—equivalent to the Latin: homo; — "*here* I may feel like all other beings." Faust confesses that in this gay and cheerful simplicity exists real contentment.

[131] Wagner addresses Faust by the title of Doctor, and not Professor, which last is a much higher distinction. In the "puppet-show" (see preface) Wagner addresses him by the title due to a Rector, viz. Magnificenz (Magnifice.)

[132] Wagner really detests coarseness, and as he is unable to see in the boundless joy of his fellow-creatures any of the better purer feelings that exist in it, he sets down all their natural cheerfulness as coarseness.

Das Fiedeln, Schreien, Kegelschieben
Ist mir ein gar verhaßter Klang;
Sie toben, wie vom bösen Geist getrieben,[133]
Und nennen's Freude, nennen's Gesang.

Bauern unter der Linde.

Tanz und Gesang.

Der Schäfer putzte sich zum Tanz,[134]
Mit bunter Jacke, Band und Kranz;
Schmuck war er angezogen.
Schon um die Linde war es voll,
Und alles tanzte schon wie toll.
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
So ging der Fiedelbogen.

Er drückte hastig sich heran,
Da stieß er an ein Mädchen an,
Mit seinem Ellenbogen.
Die frische Dirne kehrt' sich um,
Und sagte: Nun, das sind' ich dumm!
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Seid nicht so ungezogen!

Doch hurtig in dem Kreise ging's,
Sie tanzten rechts, sie tanzten links,
Und alle Röcke flogen.
Sie wurden roth, sie wurden warm,
Und ruhten athmend Arm in Arm,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Und Hüft' an Ellenbogen.

---

[133] As if possessed by an evil spirit.

[134] An old German song quoted by Goethe in his celebrated, enchanting novel „die Lehrjahre," published 1795. This song first appeared in its present form in the complete edition of the first part of Faust in 1808.

Und thu' mir doch nicht so vertraut!
Wie mancher hat nicht seine Braut
Belogen und betrogen!
Er schmeichelte sie doch bei Seit',
Und von der Linde scholl es weit,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Geschrei und Fiedelbogen. [135]

Alter Bauer.

Herr Doctor, das ist schön von euch,
Daß ihr uns heute nicht verschmäht,
Und unter dieses Volksgedräng',
Als ein so Hochgelahrter [136] geht.
So nehmet auch den schönsten Krug,
Den wir mit frischem Trunk gefüllt.
Ich bring ihn zu und wünsche laut,
Daß er nicht nur den Durst euch stillt;
Die Zahl der Tropfen, die er hegt,
Sey euren Tagen zugelegt. [137]

Faust.

Ich nehme den Erquickungstrank,
Erwiedr' euch allen Heil und Dank.

Das Volk sammelt sich im Kreis umher.

Alter Bauer.

Fürwahr, es ist sehr wohlgethan,

---

[135] This song is a humorous warning to young girls not to give themselves up to voluptuous dancing, which amusement was considered in many parts of Germany as of demoniacal origin. The moral of the song is: "Enjoy life, but do not allow passion to become your master, for the careless, unfeeling crowd shout alike during the miseries of the fallen and the enjoyments of the innocent."

[136] An expression common in the Middle Ages for gelehrt!

[137] A very usual wish among the lower classes in drinking a health: "May you live as many years as there are drops in my bumper of wine."

Daß ihr am frohen Tag erscheint ;
Habt ihr es vormals doch mit uns
An bösen Tagen gut gemeint!
Gar mancher steht lebendig hier,
Den euer Vater noch zuletzt
Der heißen Fieberwuth entriß,[138]
Als er der Seuche Ziel gesetzt.
Auch damals ihr, ein junger Mann,
Ihr gingt in jedes Krankenhaus ;
Gar manche Leiche trug man fort,
Ihr aber kamt gesund heraus,
Bestandet manche harte Proben ;
Dem Helfer half der Helfer droben.[139]

Alle.

Gesundheit dem bewährten Mann,[140]
Daß er noch lange helfen kann!

Faust.

Vor jenem droben steht gebückt,
Der helfen lehrt und Hülfe schickt.[141]

Er geht mit Wagnern weiter.

Wagner.

Welch ein Gefühl mußt du, o großer Mann,
Bei der Verehrung dieser Menge haben!
O glücklich, wer von seinen Gaben

---

[138] Referring to the great plague that raged throughout Germany in the sixteenth century, which visited Nuremberg in 1533, Augsburg in 1535, Dresden in 1540, Vienna in 1541, Ulm in 1547, &c.

[139] Helfen, used both as a verb and a substantive—the Helper helped the helper, i.e. God assisted those who assisted others.

[140] Bewährt—proved, tried men.

[141] Faust speaks here as a believer to a believing people, and touched by their hearty kindness and gratitude, which he cannot but feel unmerited, repays them with words of truly pathetic fervour.

Solch einen Vortheil ziehen kann![142]
Der Vater zeigt dich seinem Knaben,
Ein jeder fragt und drängt und eilt,
Die Fidel stockt, der Tänzer weilt.[143]
Du gehst, in Reihen stehen sie,
Die Mützen fliegen in die Höh';
Und wenig fehlt, so beugen sich die Knie,
Als käm' das Venerabile.[144]

Faust.

Nur wenig Schritte noch hinauf zu jenem Stein! —[145]
Hier wollen wir von unsʼrer Wandʼrung rasten.
Hier saß ich oft gedankenvoll allein,
Und quälte mich mit Beten und mit Fasten.
An Hoffnung reich, im Glauben fest,
Mit Thränen, Seufzen, Händeringen
Dacht ich das Ende jener Pest
Vom Herrn des Himmels zu erzwingen.
Der Menge Beifall tönt mir nun wie Hohn.
O könntest du in meinem Innern lesen,
Wie wenig Vater und Sohn
Solch eines Ruhmes werth gewesen!
Mein Vater war ein dunkler[146] Ehrenmann,
Der über die Natur und ihre heil'gen Kreise,

---

[142] Wagner again thinks only of the *material* advantages which Faust has gained by his great learning.

[143] Weilen—to stop, to stay (intransitive and transitive).

[144] A fine double sense. "Venerabile" also used for the Host, which the Roman Catholics keep in peculiarly shaped vessels, called "Monstrantiæ," from monstrare, to show.

[145] An elliptical sentence in which both verb and subject are omitted; „Wir haben nur noch wenige Schritte zu jenem Stein hinauf."

[146] Dunkel—a simple, humble, obscure man; not, as Filmore translates it, a *sombre* man. Dunkel is used in exactly the same sense as the English, or rather Latin word "obscurus," obscure.

In Redlichkeit, jedoch auf seine Weise,
In grillenhafter Mühe sann,
Der, in Gesellschaft von Adepten,
Sich in die schwarze Küche [147] schloß,
Und, nach unendlichen Recepten,
Das Widrige, [148] zusammengoß.
Da ward ein rother Leu, ein kühner Freier,
Im lauen Bad der Lilie vermählt [149]
Und beide dann, mit offnem Flammenfeuer, [150]

---

[147] The laboratory was called in the language of the German Alchemists the "Black kitchen."

[148] Das Widrige—opposing forces.

[149] From the eighth century of the Christian era the endeavours of all alchemists were exerted to find by their secret arts a mixture which would bestow not only riches, by turning anything whatever into gold and silver, but also health, and a long or even endless life. The alchemists, according to Goethe's description given in 1807, wished to represent emblematically the *three* ideas, God, Virtue and Immortality, by the philosopher's stone with its *three* creations (gold, health and eternal life); they also generally believed that the philosopher's stone could be produced by an unknown mixture of metallic "seeds." According to Paracelsus, „ein rother Leu" is the seed of gold; a lily is the seed of silver; „Das laue Bad" is the first fire to which gold and silver were exposed; the vessel in which this was done was called the "ovum philosophicum," and the alchemist himself obtained the name of a fire or coal-philosopher (philosophus per ignem). From the first fusion (technically called the putrefaction) was obtained a black substance, which, by a continuation of the fusion (distinguished as albification) turned into a white one, called the white swan or lily; the heat being again increased the matter changed into a yellowish, and finally into a reddish substance, and this last was the philosopher's stone in its highest perfection!

[150] By an open flaming fire, i.e. the most intense heat. Compare Milton's Paradise Lost. Book V.

".....nor wonder, if by fire
"Of sooty coal th'empirick alchemist
"Can turn, or hold it possible to turn
"Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
"As from the mine....."

Aus einem Brautgemach [151] ins andere gequält.
Erschien darauf mit bunten Farben [152]
Die junge Königin im Glas: [153]
Hier war die Arzenei, die Patienten starben,
Und niemand fragte: wer genas?
So haben wir, mit höllischen Latwergen,
In diesen Thälern, diesen Bergen,
Weit schlimmer als die Pest getobt.
Ich habe selbst den Gift [154] an Tausende gegeben;

---

[151] The different vessels.

[152] In allusion to the above-mentioned succession of colours, black, yellow and red.

[153] Die junge Königin is here the philosopher's stone, to which numerous names were given. In the old alchemical book, "Donum Dei Samuelis Baruch," we read the following: —

"Put the *royal maiden* or hermaphrodite into an oblong vessel "of "acures" (glass), and that into a sand chapel "alazabus," and "this again into an oven, if thou appliest such algir (the four "degrees of heat) as Termon, Hervo, Humor, Algir, then will "arise the 'anima regis,' or lilium album, which is also called "draco volans!"

Wieland in his "Amadis" Vol. X, 29, describes the fabrication of the philosopher's stone in the following charming lines:

Schon badet sich im Morgenroth der kadmeische Drache,
Nachdem es ihn zahm zu machen Dianens Tauben gelang;
In wenig Tagen, vielleicht in wenig Stunden,
Wird ihres astralischen Sohns das mystische Weib entbunden.

The white and red doves of Diana, and the dragon of Cadmus are often mentioned in alchemical operations. The story concerning Cadmus is, after killing the dragon that guarded the fountain of Ares, he sowed its teeth, from which immediately sprung up armed men; these turning their arms against each other, all fell with the exception of five, who afterwards assisted him in founding the city of Thebes.

The "bathing in the morning" refers to the change into the red colour.

[154] Der Gift — in conformity with some old authors as Canitz, Günther, &c. Modern writers always use „das Gift." Opitz even

Sie welkten hin, ich muß erleben
Daß man die frechen Mörder lobt.

Wagner.

Wie könnt ihr euch darum betrüben!
Thut nicht ein braver Mann genug,
Die Kunst, die man ihm übertrug,
Gewissenhaft und pünktlich auszuüben!
Wenn du, als Jüngling, deinen Vater ehrst,
So wirst du gern von ihm empfangen;
Wenn du, als Mann, die Wissenschaft vermehrst,
So kann dein Sohn zu höherm Ziel gelangen. [155]

Faust.

O glücklich, wer noch hoffen kann,
Aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen!
Was man nicht weiß, das eben brauchte man,
Und was man weiß, kann man nicht brauchen.
Doch laß uns dieser Stunde schönes Gut
Durch solchen Trübsinn nicht verkümmern!
Betrachte, wie in Abendsonnegluth [156]
Die grünumgebnen Hütten schimmern!
Sie rückt und weicht, der Tag ist überlebt,
Dort eilt sie hin und fördert neues Leben.
O, daß kein Flügel mich vom Boden hebt,
Ihr nach und immer nach zu streben! [157]

---

makes it feminine, but „die Gift" like Mitgift, is now exclusively used in the sense of a dowry.

[155] Wagner is incapable of appreciating Faust's remorse; he thinks every one has done his duty who has acted according to the wisdom and will of his father; but Faust, convinced that we are ourselves answerable for our doings, is not contented with the vulgar consolation of his disciple, though he wishes not to disturb this pleasing moment with gloomy reflections.

[156] A compound of three substantives, Abend, Sonne and Gluth—the glowing of the setting sun.

[157] Expressing his infinite longing to struggle for light.

Ich sah' im ewigen Abendstrahl
Die stille Welt zu meinen Füßen,
Entzündet alle Höh'n, beruhigt jedes Thal,
Den Silberbach in goldne Ströme fließen.
Nicht hemmte dann den göttergleichen Lauf
Der wilde Berg mit allen seinen Schluchten;
Schon thut das Meer sich mit erwärmten Buchten
Vor den erstaunten Augen auf.
Doch scheint die Göttin endlich wegzusinken;
Allein der neue Trieb erwacht,
Ich eile fort, ihr ew'ges Licht zu trinken,
Vor mir den Tag und hinter mir die Nacht,
Den Himmel über mir und unter mir die Wellen
Ein schöner Traum, indessen sie entweicht!
Ach! zu des Geistes Flügeln wird so leicht
Kein körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen.[158]
Doch ist es jedem eingeboren,
Daß sein Gefühl hinauf und vorwärts dringt,
Wenn über uns, im blauen Raum verloren,
Ihr schmetternd Lied die Lerche singt,
Wenn über schroffen Fichtenhöhen
Der Adler ausgebreitet schwebt,
Und über Flächen über Seen
Der Kranich nach der Heimath strebt.

Wagner.

Ich hatte selbst oft grillenhafte Stunden,
Doch solchen Trieb hab ich noch nie empfunden.
Man sieht sich leicht an Wald und Felsen satt,
Des Vogels Fittig werd' ich nie beneiden.
Wie anders tragen uns die Geistesfreuden
Von Buch zu Buch, von Blatt zu Blatt!
Da werden Winternächte hold und schön,
Ein selig Leben wärmet alle Glieder,

---

[158] There is no "*bodily*" wing to help our spirit in its flight, still it is our nature to strive upwards.

Und ach! entrollst du gar ein würdig Pergamen, [159]
So steigt der ganze Himmel zu dir nieder [160]

Faust.

Du bist dir nur des einen Triebs bewußt;
O lerne nie den andern kennen!
Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust, [161]
Die eine will sich von der andern trennen;
Die eine hält, in derber Liebeslust,
Sich an die Welt, mit klammernden Organen;
Die andre hebt gewaltsam sich vom Dust [162]
Zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen. [163]
O gibt es Geister in der Luft,
Die zwischen Erd' und Himmel herrschend weben,
So steiget nieder aus dem goldnen Duft, [164]
Und führt mich weg, zu neuem, buntem Leben!

---

[159] An older form for Pergament.

[160] Here we again find the dry learned pedant considering only the outward comfort which study affords, unable to appreciate the higher range of Faust's thoughts.

[161] Faust avers openly that Wagner is impressed by the one impulse of bodily comfort, while in his own heart, alas! there are *two souls*. We find the same view in Xenophon, where Arespes says that he has two souls, a good one and a bad one. Pythagoras also spoke of *two* souls, of which one had its seat in the heart, the other in the brain.

[162] Dust—a provincialism of Frankfort and its neighbourhood for „Staub." In English this word is still used in the sense before us.

[163] Used of the higher beings with whom men are connected by their superior mental capacities.

[164] *Golden* is not to be taken literally in this passage. It is very frequently used in German for excellent, distinguished, brave, sweet; thus Goethe says: goldener Junge, goldene Früchte, goldene Sprüche, goldene Tage, goldene Ruhe u. s. w. — Here golden atmosphere stands for the higher atmosphere, as opposed to the lower and less pure air near the surface of the earth.

Ja, wäre nur ein Zaubermantel mein,
Und trüg' er mich in fremde Länder,
Mir sollt' er um die köstlichsten Gewänder,
Nicht feil um einen Königsmantel seyn. [165]

Wagner.

Berufe nicht die wohlbekannte Schaar,
Die strömend sich im Dunstkreis überbreitet, [166]
Dem Menschen tausendfältige Gefahr,
Von allen Enden her, bereitet.
Von Norden bringt der scharfe Geisterzahn
Auf dich herbei, mit pfeilgespitzten Zungen;
Von Morgen ziehn, vertrocknend, sie heran,
Und nähren sich von deinen Lungen;
Wenn sie der Mittag aus der Wüste schickt,
Die Gluth auf Gluth um deinen Scheitel häufen,
So bringt der West den Schwarm, der erst erquickt,
Um dich und Feld und Aue zu ersäufen. [167]

---

[165] In the time of the "Fathers" it was the general belief that demons in the service of sorcerers lived in the lower regions of the atmosphere: it is these demons that Faust here invokes.

[166] Ueberbreitet, in the sense of "pervading all space"—„überall hin sich verbreiten." Goethe also uses „überbringen" instead of „durchbringen."

[167] The superstitious, narrow-minded Wagner with all his learning still believes in the existence of these spirits of the elements, and even ascribes to them the several destructive characteristics of the four winds. The sharpness of the north wind, the dryness of the east, the burning of the south, and the obnoxious rains brought by the west, are (he thinks) so many attributes of these spirits. Angelo Manzolli, better known as Marcellus Palingenius, published in 1527 a poem with the title: "Zodiacus Vitæ, or the four kings of ghosts," in which he describes very circumstantially all the demons which torment humanity. In spite of all the apparent folly which seems to have dictated these visions, there is much truth allegorically hidden in them, discernible in the names given by Manzolli to his demons; for instance: Typhurgus (the preparer of vapours), Aplestus (the insatiable), Phi-

Sie hören gern, zum Schaden froh gewandt,
Gehorchen gern, weil sie uns gern betrügen,
Sie stellen wie vom Himmel sich gesandt,
Und lispeln englisch,[168] wenn sie lügen.
Doch gehen wir! Ergraut ist schon die Welt,
Die Luft gekühlt, der Nebel fällt!
Am Abend schätzt man erst das Haus. —
Was stehst du so, und blickst erstaunt hinaus?
Was kann dich in der Dämmrung so ergreifen?

Faust.

Siehst du den schwarzen Hund durch Saat und Stoppel streifen?

Wagner.

Ich sah ihn lange schon; nicht wichtig schien er mir.

Faust.

Betracht' ihn recht! Für was hältst du das Thier?

Wagner.

Für einen Pudel, der auf seine Weise
Sich auf der Spur des Herren plagt.

Faust.

Bemerkst du, wie in weitem Schneckenkreise
Er um uns her und immer näher jagt?[169]

---

lokreus (the friend of flesh), and Miastor (the avenger). These again are all subject to the great Sarkotheus (the god of flesh or lust).

[168] They speak "angelically" — like angels—and not as Lord Gower wrote in his translation of Goethe's Faust, published 1823, page 46:

"They feign their native home the sky,
Assume a false gentility,
And lisp in *English* when they lie."

Englisch stands for engelhaft, derived from Engel, and is not here the contraction of engelländisch, derived from England.

[169] Alluding to the seducer's closer and closer approach as he encircles his victim.

Und irr' ich nicht, so zieht ein Feuerstrudel
Auf seinen Pfaden hinterdrein. [170]

Wagner.

Ich sehe nichts als einen schwarzen Pudel;
Es mag bei euch wohl Augentäuschung seyn.

Faust.

Mir scheint es, daß er magisch leise Schlingen
Zu künft'gem Band um unsre Füße zieht.

Wagner.

Ich seh' ihn ungewiß und furchtsam uns umspringen,
Weil er, statt seines Herrn, zwei Unbekannte sieht.

Faust.

Der Kreis wird eng, schon ist er nah!

Wagner.

Du siehst, ein Hund, und kein Gespenst, ist da!
Er knurrt und zweifelt, legt sich auf den Bauch,
Er wedelt — alles Hundebrauch! [171]

Faust.

Geselle dich zu uns! Komm' hier! [172]

---

[170] Whenever we look at a dark object moving quickly in the twilight, the spaces successively left by the body seem brighter than the surrounding gloom; an optical delusion which makes us believe that dark objects are followed by a luminous train in the night. But here the word Feuerstrudel (a whirlpool of fire) is to be taken in its literal sense, as an actual attribute of the evil spirit.

[171] Wagner sees in the apparition nothing but a dog. Hundebrauch—just like all other dogs in all his ways. The power of the German language is especially shown in such compound words, which in a few syllables convey the meaning of whole sentences.

[172] The proper word is her, and not hier. We say: komm hierher or hieher, but not komm hier, which is only used by a poetical license, as it confounds the interrogatives wohin, woher (whence or whither) with wo (where); a similar confusion occurs in such English phrases as "come here" (instead of hither), "where are you going?" phrases which *in English* seem sanctioned by custom.

Wagner.

Es ist ein pudelnärrisch Thier.
Du stehest still, er wartet auf;
Du sprichst ihn an, er strebt an dir hinauf;
Verliere was, er wird es bringen,
Nach deinem Stock ins Wasser springen.

Faust.

Du hast wohl Recht; ich finde nicht die Spur
Von einem Geist, und alles ist Dressur. [173]

Wagner.

Dem Hunde, wenn er gut gezogen,
Wird selbst ein weiser Mann gewogen.
Ja, deine Gunst verdient er ganz und gar
Er, der Studenten trefflicher Scolar. [174]

Sie gehen in das Stadtthor.

Studirzimmer.

Faust (mit einem Pudel, hereintretend).

Verlassen hab' ich Feld und Auen,
Die eine tiefe Nacht bedeckt,
Mit ahnungsvollem, heil'gem Grauen
In uns die bess're Seele weckt.
Entschlafen sind nun wilde Triebe,
Mit jedem ungestümen Thun;
Es reget sich die Menschenliebe,
Die Liebe Gottes regt sich nun. [175]

---

[173] Wherever we find but a superficial polish we may well employ these words of Faust: "There is no reality but only an outward training!"

[174] Instead of „Scholar," Goethe here uses the Italian form.

[175] Faust seems to have been subdued and calmed by his walk through the fields. — Love to *man*, and even love to *God* now moves his heart, though the feeling perhaps is more deceptive than real, as it springs merely from the recollection of happier days.

Sey ruhig, Pudel! renne nicht hin und wieder!
An der Schwelle was schnoberst du hier? [176]
Lege dich hinter den Ofen nieder!
Mein bestes Kissen geb' ich dir.
Wie du draußen auf dem bergigen Wege
Durch Rennen und Springen ergetzt uns hast,
So nimm nun auch von mir die Pflege,
Als ein willkommner, stiller Gast. [177]

Ach, wenn in unsrer engen Zelle
Die Lampe freundlich wieder brennt,
Dann wird's in unserm Busen helle,
Im Herzen, das sich selber kennt.
Vernunft fängt wieder an zu sprechen,
Und Hoffnung wieder an zu blühn;
Man sehnt sich nach des Lebens Bächen, [178]
Ach! nach des Lebens Quelle hin. [179]

Knurre nicht, Pudel! Zu den heiligen Tönen,
Die jetzt meine ganze Seel' umfassen,
Will der thierische Laut nicht passen.
Wir sind gewohnt, daß die Menschen verhöhnen,
Was sie nicht verstehn,

---

[176] Schnobern, old form for schnoppern, or in modern German schnuppern. Schnobern seems to be derived from schnoben or schnauben, words used rather of horses than of dogs.

As soon as Faust occupies his mind with ideas of the "Love of God" the poodle begins to be restless.

[177] After this invitation to become his *welcome*, quiet guest the poodle again lies down.

[178] Faust would persuade himself that he is a trusting, hoping man; he longs to drink of the stream of life. Des Lebens Bäche, meaning life in its quiet active flow.

[179] "The fount of life" is used for divinity, the real source of life; this allusion to God is the reason of the poodle's again beginning to growl.

Daß sie vor dem Guten und Schönen,
Das ihnen oft beschwerlich ist, murren;
Will es der Hund, wie sie, knurren? [180]

Aber ach! schon fühl' ich bei dem besten Willen,
Befriedigung nicht mehr aus dem Busen quillen.
Aber warum muß der Strom so bald versiegen,
Und wir wieder im Durste liegen?
Davon hab' ich so viel Erfahrung!
Doch dieser Mangel läßt sich ersetzen;
Wir lernen das Ueberirdische schätzen,
Wir sehnen uns nach Offenbarung,
Die nirgends würd'ger und schöner brennt,
Als in dem neuen Testament.
Mich drängt's den Grundtext aufzuschlagen,
Mit redlichem Gefühl einmal
Das heilige Original
In mein geliebtes Deutsch zu übertragen. [181]

Er schlägt ein Volum auf und schickt sich an.

Geschrieben steht: „Im Anfang war das Wort." [182]

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[180] In this black poodle Faust's own rebellious temper is symbolically represented; he endeavours to pacify *his own* growling and snarling, but in vain; the more anxious he is to quiet his discontent the more unruly does it become.

[181] Faust stretches his hand towards the Book of books, but he does it without faith; he wishes to translate the holy writ from the original text into his darling German, that he may find comfort for his disturbed mind; but alas! there is no comfort for one who believes not; the Bible affords no consolation to those who attempt to criticise what should, and must, be taken as the word of God. It is not without design that Faust is made to open the Bible at the commencement of St. John's Gospel. It was this very portion of Scripture which principally occupied the learned in the Middle Ages, and which was made the subject of the most contradictory commentaries from the pens of those who trusted too much to the power of their own scrutinizing wisdom.

[182] The spirit of doubting criticism rises in Faust's mind at the very first line. "In the beginning was the *word*."

Hier ſtock' ich ſchon! Wer hilft mir weiter fort?
Ich kann das Wort ſo hoch unmöglich ſchätzen,
Ich muß es anders überſetzen,
Wenn ich vom Geiſte recht erleuchtet bin.
Geſchrieben ſteht: „Im Anfang war der Sinn."[183]
Bedenke wohl die erſte Zeile,
Daß deine Feder ſich nicht übereile!
Iſt es der Sinn, der alles wirkt und ſchafft?
Es ſollte ſtehn: „Im Anfang war die Kraft."[184]
Schon warnt mich was, daß ich dabei nicht bleibe.
Mir hilft der Geiſt! Auf einmal ſeh' ich Rath,
Und ſchreib getroſt: „Im Anfang war die That."[185]

Soll ich mit dir das Zimmer theilen,
Pudel, ſo laß das Heulen,
So laß das Bellen!
Solch einen ſtörenden Geſellen
Mag ich nicht in der Nähe leiden.
Einer von uns beiden
Muß die Zelle meiden.
Ungern heb' ich das Gaſtrecht auf;
Die Thür iſt offen, haſt freien Lauf.

---

[183] The *thought*, or rather the *meaning* or *sense;* trying to demonstrate that before there was a word, there must have been a *meaning* to require that word.

[184] He doubts still; he thinks the *power* which could supply the *meaning*, or invent and pronounce the word, must have existed before either.

[185] Not yet contented, he thinks himself suddenly aided by the spirit, and writes: "In the beginning was the *deed*." Superior and previous to the power, the sense, the word, must have been the *deed*, which used the *power* in order to bring *sense* into the *word*, and to pronounce it. Thus Faust, instead of gaining comfort, loses his last support, and entangles himself more and more with contradictions till at last he doubts in revelation itself. At this point the growling of the poodle becomes louder than ever.

Aber was muß ich ſehen!
Kann das natürlich geſchehen?
Iſt es Schatten? iſt es Wirklichkeit?
Wie wird mein Pudel lang und breit!
Er hebt ſich mit Gewalt!
Das iſt nicht eines Hundes Geſtalt!
Welch ein Geſpenſt bracht' ich in's Haus![186]
Schon ſieht er wie ein Nilpferd aus,
Mit feurigen Augen, ſchrecklichem Gebiß.
O! du biſt mir gewiß!
Für ſolche halbe Höllenbrut[187]
Iſt Salomonis Schlüſſel gut.[188]

Geiſter (auf dem Gange.)

Drinnen gefangen iſt einer!
Bleibet haußen, folg' ihm keiner!
Wie im Eiſen der Fuchs,
Zagt ein alter Höllenluchs.[189]
Aber gebt Acht!

---

[186] He sees before him his own incredulity embodied as an awful spectre.

[187] He mistakes the poodle for one of the spirits of the four elements.

Halbe Höllenbrut, half-hellish brood.

[188] Salamonis Schlüſſel. In the works of Flavius Josephus (who wrote in the first century of the Christian era), is mentioned king Solomon's power over ghosts, and the same power is spoken of in a well-known conjuring book ascribed to Origen (A.D. 185.) — There appeared at a later period another conjuring book in Hebrew which has been attributed to Solomon, and which was translated into Latin, French, Italian, German and Spanish. The best known German edition has the title: "Clavicula Salomonis et Theosophia pneumatica." The book contains different forms of conjuring spirits, and it is to these that Goethe alludes.

[189] The old lynx of hell—Mephistopheles—whom the chorus of spirits promise, if possible, to set free.

Schwebet hin, schwebet wieder,
Auf und nieder,
Und er hat sich losgemacht.
Könnt ihr ihm nützen,
Laßt ihn nicht sitzen!
Denn er that uns allen
Schon viel zu Gefallen.

Faust.

Erst zu begegnen dem Thiere,
Brauch' ich den Spruch der Viere:[190]
Salamander soll glühen,[191]
Undene sich winden,[192]

---

[190] Der Spruch der Viere—against the different spirits of the four elements.

[191] According to the Cabbala there are four classes of spirits, or middle beings (i.e. beings of a nature intermediate between God and man) residing between heaven and earth, called "*Shedims*," all subject to one chief, Asmodeus. These spirits were composed of fire; fire and air; or fire, air and water; or again of fire, air, water and a fine earthly matter. Those of the first two classes, (and therefore the *Salamandri*, spirits exclusively of fire) were invisible and benevolent; those on the other hand, into whose composition water or earthy matter entered, were visible and mischievous.

Empedocles, the Agrigentine philosopher, accepted four elements: fire, air, water and earth, as also two principle faculties or powers, concord and discord, or amity and enmity, of which one had the power of uniting, the other of dissolving. In reference to this hypothesis we find in Plutarch's "Ethica" the following lines personifying (like the Cabbalists,) the several elements:

"Four seeds and roots of all things that you see,
Now listen, first, and hearken what they be.
Lord *Jupiter* with his ignipotence,
And Lady *Junoes* vital influence,
Rich *Pluto*, and Dame *Nestis* weeping ay,
Who, with her tears our seed-source wets alway."

This and similar passages may show how great an analogy exists between the old Jewish traditions and the heathen philosophy.

[192] Nymphæ or Undenæ, the spirits of water, also Naiads.

Sylphe verſchwinden,[193]
Kobold ſich mühen![194]
Wer ſie nicht kennte,
Die Elemente,
Ihre Kraft
Und Eigenſchaft,
Wäre kein Meiſter
Ueber die Geiſter.

Verſchwind' in Flammen,
Salamander!
Rauſchend fließe zuſammen,
Undene!
Leucht' in Meteorenſchöne,
Sylphe!
Bring' häußliche Hülfe,
Incubus! Incubus![195]
Tritt hervor und mache den Schluß!

---

[193] Sylvani, Sylphi, the spirits of air.

[194] Pygmæi, also Gnomes or Cobolds, the spirits of earth. Albert the Great, Count of Bollstaedt * wrote, under the pseudonym "Teutonicus," a very learned treatise on the elementary spirits (i.e. spirits of the elements, water, fire, air, &c.); and we have also from the pen of Paracelsus another essay, "De Nymphis, Sylphis, Pygmæis et Salamandris, et de ceteris spiritibus"; in his "Philosophia Sagax" he investigates the nature of the Nymphæ (water spirits), Gnomi (earth spirits), Vulcanales (fire spirits), and Lemures (wood spirits). We find, however, in these inquiries nothing but the old traditions of Roman and Greek mythology, clothed indeed in a more mystical and more spiritual garb, as they contained a mixture of the then imperfectly understood doctrines of Christianity.

[195] "Incubus" was the name of the house-cobolds — house-spirits—corresponding to the Roman "Lares." There were also

*Born 1195, or according to others 1205, obiit 1280; he was one of the most learned men of the thirteenth century, and the first to treat of the various functions of the brain; a subject which has been advanced to comparative perfection only in the most recent times.

Keines der Viere
Steckt in dem Thiere:
Es liegt ganz ruhig, und grinst mich an
Ich hab' ihm noch nicht weh gethan. [196]
Du sollst mich hören
Stärker beschwören.

Bist du Geselle
Ein Flüchtling der Hölle?
So sieh dies Zeichen,
Dem sie sich beugen,
Die schwarzen Schaaren!

Schon schwillt es auf mit borstigen Haaren.

Verworfnes Wesen!
Kannst du ihn lesen,
Den nie entsproßnen,
Unausgesprochnen,
Durch alle Himmel gegoßnen,
Freventlich durchstochnen?

Hinter den Ofen gebannt,
Schwillt es wie ein Elephant;
Den ganzen Raum füllt es an,
Es will zum Nebel zerfließen.
Steige nicht zur Decke hinan!
Lege dich zu des Meisters Füßen!
Du siehst, daß ich nicht vergebens drohe.
Ich versenge dich mit heiliger Lohe!

---

female house-cobolds, called "Succubæ." Faust finding that the first conjuring formula is too weak uses a stronger form of incantation, and invokes his household-gods.

[196] There is nothing of the four elements in this animal, therefore it is neither an earthly being, nor one of the "middle beings" that dwell between heaven and earth, it must then be an *infernal* spirit.

Erwarte nicht
Das dreimal glühende Licht!
Erwarte nicht
Die stärkste von meinen Künsten![197]

Mephistopheles

tritt, indem der Nebel fällt, gekleidet wie ein fahrender Scholasticus, hinter dem Ofen hervor.

Wozu der Lärm? was steht dem Herrn zu Diensten?

Faust.

Das also war des Pudels Kern![198]
Ein fahrender Scolast? Der Casus[199] macht mich lachen.

Mephistopheles.

Ich salutire[200] den gelehrten Herrn!
Ihr habt mich weiblich schwitzen machen.

Faust.

Wie nennst du dich?

Mephistopheles.

Die Frage scheint mir klein
Für einen, der das Wort so sehr verachtet,[201]

---

[197] The infernal spirit as he is conjured by the various spells increases and expands, and when threatened with the "threefold glowing light" (the Trinity) takes the form of a wandering scholar. (See Preface.)

[198] "This then is the poodle's kernel." Mephistopheles appears to Faust in the form of a wandering scholar, representing thus his Antitype. This is a deep satire on the whole scholastic, spiritless course of study practised in the Middle Ages. In the oldest book on Faust (called „das Faust-Buch" published 1587, by John Spies, at Frankfort), the evil spirit appears to Faust in the form of a *monk*. In Germany whatever troubles visited the people were immediately attributed to the agency of infernal spirits.

[199] A technical word used by scholars for *fact*, "this fact makes me laugh."

[200] "I salute you." The Germanized form of the Latin.

[201] In allusion to his incredulity (vide notes 182-185).

Der, weit entfernt von allem Schein,
Nur in der Wesen Tiefe trachtet.

Faust.

Bei euch, ihr Herrn, kann man das Wesen
Gewöhnlich aus dem Namen lesen,
Wo es sich allzudeutlich weist,
Wenn man euch Fliegengott,[202] Verderber,[203] Lügner[204] heißt.
Nun gut, wer bist du denn?

Mephistopheles.

Ein Theil von jener Kraft,
Die stets das Böse will, und stets das Gute schafft.[205]

Faust.

Was ist mit diesem Räthselwort gemeint?

Mephistopheles.

Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint![206]
Und das mit Recht: denn alles, was entsteht,
Ist werth, daß es zu Grunde geht;

---

[202] Beelzebub, or rather Baalzebub, the idol of Ekron. (II. Kings 1-2.)

[203] Abaddon.

[204] Satan.

[205] Part of that power which though willing *evil* continually produces *good*. No evil spirit can succeed in anything against God, but rather promotes, by its very wickedness, the aims of an infinitely good power. Milton's Beelzebub makes the same confession:

> ".....for He, be sure
> In height or depth, still first and last will reign
> Sole king—and of his kingdom lose no part
> By our revolt: but over *hell* extend
> His, and with iron sceptre rule
> Us here." *Paradise Lost, Bk.* 2.

[206] "I am the spirit that "*dènies*" (opposes). Having rebelled against his Creator, his perverted mind no longer acknowledges or values virtue, and consequently his only pleasure consists in opposing and thwarting everything that tends to *good*.

Drum beſſer wär's, daß nichts entſtünde.
So iſt denn alles, was ihr Sünde,
Zerſtörung, kurz das Böſe nennt,
Mein eigentliches Element. [207]

Fauſt.

Du nennſt dich einen Theil, und ſtehſt doch ganz vor mir? [208]

Mephiſtopheles.

Beſcheidne Wahrheit ſprech' ich dir.
Wenn ſich der Menſch, die kleine Narrenwelt, [209]
Gewöhnlich für ein Ganzes hält:
Ich bin ein Theil des Theils, der anfangs alles war, [210]
Ein Theil der Finſterniß, die ſich das Licht gebar,

---

[207] Mephisto finds his real element, and his sole happiness in *opposition* and the consequent destruction of the beautiful harmony that exists throughout all God's works; he delights in *wrong* as the opposite of *right*, in *sin* as the annihilator of *virtue*, he revels in the *demolition* of everything existing, in one word his sphere is *evil*, as the enemy of everything that can develope the glory of the Creator.

[208] Einen Theil, part of that power! yet thou art standing here as a *whole*, a total, a totality, that is a being "in se et per se."

[209] Alluding to *man*, who is in fact a world in miniature — a microcosmos (vide note 20).

[210] "I am a part of that part which first was all" — meaning *darkness*, the universal darkness which in the beginning was upon the face of the deep. The old heathen mythology taught that Erebus was the offspring of Chaos, and that from the union of Erebus and Night was produced Aether, i.e. light or day; and it is in allusion to these wild myths, that Mephistopheles asserts that light sprang from darkness; he speaks of the proud light contending against mother night, because cut off from his God, he is no longer capable of understanding the universal and harmonious sway of the Creator, and that darkness and light are alike His *creatures*, and alike subject to His will; he cannot grasp the Psalmist words: "The day is thine and the night is also thine." (Psalm 74, 16.)

Das ſtolze Licht, das nun der Mutter Nacht
Den alten Rang, den Raum ihr ſtreitig macht.
Und doch gelingt's ihm nicht, da es, ſo viel es ſtrebt,
Verhaftet an den Körpern klebt;[211]
Von Körpern ſtrömt's, die Körper macht es ſchön,
Ein Körper hemmt's auf ſeinem Gange.
So, hoff' ich, dauert es nicht lange,
Und mit den Körpern wird's zu Grunde gehn.

Fauſt.

Nun kenn' ich deine würd'gen Pflichten!
Du kannſt im Großen nichts vernichten,
Und fängſt es nun im Kleinen an.[212]

Mephiſtopheles.

Und freilich iſt nicht viel damit gethan.
Was ſich dem Nichts entgegenſtellt,
Das Etwas, dieſe plumpe Welt,
So viel als ich ſchon unternommen,
Ich wußte nicht ihr beizukommen,
Mit Wellen, Stürmen, Schütteln, Brand;
Geruhig bleibt am Ende Meer und Land!
Und dem verdammten Zeug, der Thier- und Menſchenbrut
Dem iſt nun gar nichts anzuhaben.
Wie viele hab' ich ſchon begraben!
Und immer cirkulirt ein neues, friſches Blut.
So geht es fort, man möchte raſend werden:
Der Luft, dem Waſſer, wie der Erden
Entwinden tauſend Keime ſich,
Im Trocknen, Feuchten, Warmen, Kalten!

---

[211] "It clings to material bodies (to matter) as if captivated."

[212] Faust laughs at Mephisto's attempts to destroy, as he sees at once how vain and impotent are his efforts to contend on a large scale with Deity; all he can do is to destroy little things, and boast of having achieved something great.

Hätt' ich mir nicht die Flamme vorbehalten,
Ich hätte nichts Aparts für mich. [213]

---

[213] The preceding lines assure us that the negative (destructive) power in the universe (here called "darkness") is by no means all-powerful, as it cannot annihilate *everything*, but is forced to act within certain limits and under certain conditions, and even then only so far as is generally beneficial to the universe; *darkness* has no power of interfering with the positive (creative) power of "*light*."

The word „Nichts" does not mean abstract, absolute "nothing," but only the original chaotic condition of matter, as opposed to its condition after it has been acted upon and arranged by the separating influence of light. The prince of darkness complains that he has tried in vain to overthrow by waves, storms, earthquakes, and thunder-bolts the firmly set land and ocean; that he has endeavoured to root out the race of man and beast, without success, for in all and everything he finds opposed to him an overflowing tide of fresh blood that ceaselessly circulates to preserve and renew the life he would destroy. — Goethe's Mephisto closely resembles Satan as depicted by Milton, though there is evidently the same difference between the two conceptions as there is between the *poems* themselves, one character being epic, the other dramatic. Each of them represents the principle of destruction. Milton's Satan, however, is a colossal figure, the idea of evil in the *abstract*. Mephistopheles is the elaborate personification of evil in the *concrete*. Satan is a fallen angel, there is grandeur in his very wickedness. Mephistopheles is the modern spirit of evil, with all the petty refinements of a cunning world. Satan is capable of reasoning soundly and forcibly. Mephistopheles can only argue like a subtle, well-versed sophist with no other aim than to *confound*. Satan is an enterprising spirit, his ideas are gigantic, he longs to measure his strength with an Almighty God. Mephistopheles though acknowledging his weakness still tries to do evil simply for evil's sake. Satan's greatness lies in the grandeur of his aim. Mephisto is great only in the pettiness which allows him to avail himself of any means whatever of doing mischief.—Satan can still be moved by nobler feelings—*He* declaims. Mephisto scorns every better feeling and throws into his observations a sarcastic venom to poison the holiest ideas. Satan is not yet the accomplished devil. Mephisto is the dry, denying, sarcastic

Faust.

So setzest du der ewig regen,
Der heilsam schaffenden Gewalt
Die kalte Teufelsfaust entgegen,
Die sich vergebens tückisch ballt! [214]
Was anders suche zu beginnen,
Des Chaos wunderlicher Sohn!

Mephistopheles.

Wir wollen wirklich uns besinnen;
Die nächstenmale mehr davon!
Dürft' ich wohl dießmal mich entfernen?

Faust.

Ich sehe nicht, warum du fragst.
Ich habe jetzt dich kennen lernen;
Besuche nun mich, wie du magst.
Hier ist das Fenster, hier die Thüre;
Ein Rauchfang ist dir auch gewiß. [215]

Mephistopheles.

Gesteh' ich's nur, daß ich hinausspaziere,
Verbietet mir ein kleines Hinderniß,
Der Drudenfuß auf eurer Schwelle. [216]

---

devil that opposes or destroys everything in a world which he believes to be going to perdition.

[214] Faust immediately fathomed the real depth of his power, and discovered that Mephisto can "only clench his devil's fist in vain" against a creative, ever-active power.

[215] It was the general belief that witches and evil spirits flew in and out by the window or chimney.

[216] The "wizard's foot." The pentagramma, or pentalpha which is formed by producing all the sides of a Pentagon, in both directions, till they meet.

In German this figure is called „Druden-Fuß," from Drude, or Drut, a witch; also Alp, Alpenfuß, Alpkreuz. The Pythagoreans were acquainted with this sign, and used it to signify health. The superstition of the Middle Ages ascribed to it the power of preserving from ghosts and witches, and even now we find this

Faust.

Das Pentagramma macht dir Pein?
Ei, sage mir, du Sohn der Hölle,
Wenn das dich bannt, wie kamst du denn herein?
Wie ward ein solcher Geist betrogen?

Mephistopheles.

Beschaut es recht! es ist nicht gut gezogen;
Der eine Winkel, der nach außen zu,
Ist, wie du siehst, ein wenig offen.

Faust.

Das hat der Zufall gut getroffen;
Und mein Gefangner wärst denn du?
Das ist von ungefähr gelungen!

Mephistopheles.

Der Pudel merkte nichts, als er hereingesprungen:
Die Sache sieht jetzt anders aus;
Der Teufel kann nicht aus dem Haus.

Faust.

Doch warum gehst du nicht durchs Fenster?

Mephistopheles.

's ist ein Gesetz der Teufel und Gespenster:
Wo sie hereingeschlüpft, da müssen sie hinaus.
Das erste steht uns frei, beim zweiten sind wir Knechte. [217]

---

sign in many parts of Germany painted on cradles to protect children against the influence of bad spirits.

[217] We must observe an allegorical sense in the devil's words, though when taken literally they are in perfect accordance with the superstitious belief of the Middle Ages which taught, that evil spirits and phantoms were obliged to go out the same way as they had entered. But Goethe wishes also to imply that when an evil spirit has found an entrance to the heart of a man through an opening afforded by any passion, he will not leave till he has destroyed him *by means of that very passion.* This allusion raises in Faust's mind the idea, that as there are laws even in hell, it is therefore possible to enter safely into an agreement with one of its inhabitants.

Faust.

Die Hölle selbst hat ihre Rechte?
Das find' ich gut! da ließe sich ein Pact, [218]
Und sicher wohl, mit euch, ihr Herren, schließen?

Mephistopheles.

Was man verspricht, das sollst du rein genießen,
Dir wird davon nichts abgezwackt.
Doch das ist nicht so kurz zu fassen,
Und wir besprechen das zunächst;
Doch jetzo bitt' ich, hoch und höchst,
Für diesesmal mich zu entlassen [219]

Faust.

So bleibe doch noch einen Augenblick,
Um mir erst gute Mähr zu sagen.

Mephistopheles.

Jetzt laß mich los! ich komme bald zurück;
Dann magst du nach Belieben fragen.

Faust.

Ich habe dir nicht nachgestellt,
Bist du doch selbst ins Garn gegangen.
Den Teufel halte, wer ihn hält!
Er wird ihn nicht so bald zum zweitenmale fangen.

Mephistopheles.

Wenn dir's beliebt, so bin ich auch bereit,
Dir zur Gesellschaft hier zu bleiben;

---

[218] "Pactum" a Latin word of common use as a Law-term in Germany.

[219] Mephisto, too well acquainted with the frailties of the human heart, knows that suspense is a sure way of increasing Faust's desire of satisfying himself as to the possibility of entering into an agreement with the powers of hell; he therefore refuses to say more, but hints that all *may* be done, though not quite so quickly as Faust desires.

Doch mit Bedingniß, dir die Zeit
Durch meine Künſte würdig zu vertreiben. [220]

Fauſt.

Ich ſeh' es gern, das ſteht dir frei;
Nur daß die Kunſt gefällig ſei! [221]

Mephiſtopheles.

Du wirſt, mein Freund, für deine Sinnen
In dieſer Stunde mehr gewinnen,
Als in des Jahres Einerlei.
Was dir die zarten Geiſter ſingen,
Die ſchönen Bilder, die ſie bringen,
Sind nicht ein leeres Zauberſpiel. [222]
Auch dein Geruch wird ſich ergetzen,
Dann wirſt du deinen Gaumen letzen, [223]
Und dann entzückt ſich dein Gefühl.
Bereitung braucht es nicht voran;
Beiſammen ſind wir, fanget an!

Geiſter. [224]

Schwindet, ihr dunkeln
Wölbungen droben!

---

[220] He created difficulties, to induce Faust to ask him to remain; and now that he has gained his object, will only consent to stay on the condition of being allowed to beguile Faust's leisure with his skill.

[221] "But let it be something *gay*." This is the only condition Faust asks, and on such terms does he surrender his doubting, weary soul to the influence of the devil.

[222] "The beautiful images are not a mere magic play."

[223] Letzen, to delight — "Smell, taste and touch shall be enchanted, i.e. every sense shall be gratified.

[224] The spirits in the service of the devil. The song which these spirits sing is in its versification, no less than in the sublimity of its ideas, a perfect masterpiece: there is a richness and melody in these short verses, and pure rhymes, in which the mingling of Dactyls with Trochees, is beautifully varied by the oc-

Reizender ſchaue
Freundlich der blaue
Aether herein!
Wären die dunkeln
Wolken zerronnen!
Sternelein funkeln,
Mildere Sonnen
Scheinen darein [225]
Himmliſcher Söhne
Geiſtige Schöne,
Schwankende Beugung
Schwebet vorüber;
Sehnende Neigung
Folget hinüber.
Und der Gewänder
Flatternde Bänder
Decken die Länder,
Decken die Laube,
Wo ſich fürs Leben,
Tief in Gedanken,
Liebende geben. [226]
Laube bei Laube!
Sproſſende Ranken!
Laſtende Traube

---

casional introduction of the lively Choriambic at the rhythmical conclusion of a sentence; the whole is the more pleasing as the regular flow of ideas is never for one moment disturbed by any difficulty or harshness of the construction. Through the intricate web of metaphor we can trace five principal images intended to gratify Faust's five senses.

[225] The dark vault of the gloomy study disappears, and is replaced by the clear blue sky with its myriads of glittering stars, and its beaming suns. The expression dunkle Wolken, is used here for the *vapours* which cause the blue appearance of the sky.

[226] From this pure sky angelic forms descend to unite the happy lovers.

Stürzt ins Behälter
Drängender Kelter,
Stürzen in Bächen
Schäumende Weine,
Rieseln durch reine,
Edle Gesteine,
Lassen die Höhen
Hinter sich liegen,
Breiten zu Seen
Sich ums Genügen
Grünender Hügel.[227]
Und das Geflügel
Schlürfet sich Wonne,
Flieget der Sonne,
Flieget den hellen
Inseln entgegen,
Die sich auf Wellen
Gaukelnd bewegen;
Wo wir in Chören
Jauchzende hören,
Ueber den Auen
Tanzende schauen,
Die sich im Freien
Alle zerstreuen.[228]
Einige klimmen
Ueber die Höhen,

---

[227] What a rich description of nature's sweet and busy life is given in this fantastic picture of a heaven on earth. „Genügen grünende Hügel" — "to the pleasure or satisfaction of blooming hills." A similar use of the abstract for the concrete occurred above in the lines.

Schwankende Beugung
.....
Sehnende Neigung.

[228] From this life the spirits are to fly with the swiftness of birds, to some bright isle where they shall see enraptured dancers and hear enchanting songs.

Andere ſchwimmen
Ueber die Seen;
Andere ſchweben,
Alle zum Leben,
Alle zur Ferne
Liebender Sterne,
Seliger Huld. [229]

Mephiſtopheles.

Er ſchläft! So recht, ihr luft'gen, zarten Jungen!
Ihr habt ihn treulich eingeſungen!
Für dieß Concert bin ich in eurer Schuld.
Du biſt noch nicht der Mann, den Teufel feſtzuhalten!
Umgaukelt ihn mit ſüßen Traumgeſtalten,
Verſenkt ihn in ein Meer des Wahns! [230]
Doch dieſer Schwelle Zauber zu zerſpalten,
Bedarf ich eines Rattenzahns.
Nicht lange brauch' ich zu beſchwören;
Schon raſchelt eine hier, und wird ſogleich mich hören [231]

Der Herr der Ratten und der Mäuſe,
Der Fliegen, Fröſche, Wanzen, Läuſe,
Befiehlt dir, dich hervorzuwagen,
Und dieſe Stelle zu benagen,
So wie er ſie mit Oel betupft. —
Da kommſt du ſchon hervorgehupft!
Nur friſch an's Werk! Die Spitze, die mich bannte,

---

[229] All press on with a perpetual longing towards the far distant joy and happiness.

[230] "Sink him in an ocean of deception." The full meaning of Wahn cannot be rendered by any one English word, it unites in itself the notions of error, delusion, deception, fancy; the expression here means, in a sea of imagined realities, a flood of fancied, unreal pleasures, either spiritual or physical.

[231] Conjuring a rat; to show emblematically how Mephisto delights in anything loathsome, especially if it has at the same time the power or the inclination to destroy.

Sie ſitzt ganz vornen an der Kante.
Noch einen Biß, ſo iſt's geſchehn! —
Nun, Fauſte,[232] träume fort, bis wir uns wiederſehn[233]

Fauſt (erwachend)

Bin ich denn abermals betrogen?
Verſchwindet ſo der geiſterreiche Drang,
Daß mir ein Traum den Teufel vorgelogen,
Und daß ein Pudel mir entſprang?

Studirzimmer.[234]

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.

Es klopft? Herein! Wer will mich wieder plagen?[235]

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich bin's.

Fauſt.

Herein!

Mephiſtopheles.

Du mußt es dreimal ſagen.[236]

---

[231] The Latin vocative of Faustus.

[233] This exclamation of the evil spirit has a deep meaning. The "dream on" with which he addresses Faust, indicates that his victim has been lulled into a dreamlike stupor, in which he has lost the real and true comprehension of his relation to God. Faust is now all but in the power of the demon of doubt and denial. All his conceptions of a divine power are completely deadened, if not for ever destroyed, and he gives himself up, a prey to the delusions of a merely sensual excitement.

[234] This is the famous „Vertragſcene," the scene in which Faust enters into an agreement with the devil. After leaving Faust to brood in solitude over his griefs, and the deceptions practised upon him, Mephisto intrudes upon him as an old acquaintance.

[235] This line shows the continual dissatisfaction under which Faust labours; he finds himself again tormented—„wieder plagen."

[236] Mephisto induces his victim to invite him. He does not wish forsooth to encroach upon anybody, and therefore asks to be called three separate times!

Faust.

Herein denn!

Mephistopheles.

So gefällst du mir.
Wir werden, hoff' ich, uns vertragen!
Denn dir die Grillen zu verjagen,
Bin ich, als edler Junker hier,[237]
In rothem, goldverbrämten Kleide,
Das Mäntelchen von starrer Seide,
Die Hahnenfeder auf dem Hut,
Mit einem langen, spitzen Degen,
Und rathe nun dir, kurz und gut,
Dergleichen gleichfalls anzulegen,
Damit du, losgebunden, frei,
Erfahrest, was das Leben sey.[238]

Faust.

In jedem Kleide werd' ich wohl die Pein
Des engen Erdelebens fühlen.
Ich bin zu alt, um nur zu spielen,
Zu jung, um ohne Wunsch zu seyn.
Was kann die Welt mir wohl gewähren?
Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren![239]
Das ist der ewige Gesang,
Der jedem an die Ohren klingt,

---

[237] German superstition made the devil appear frequently as a fine dashing young man, a fop (Junker—corresponding to the slang word "Swell") — we find him therefore familiarly spoken of as —„Schönhans," "fine Johnny, the gent."

[238] Mephisto intends to seduce Faust by a life of licentiousness, and he therefore entreats him to dress in a manner more suited to his intended character. Fashion and its follies are here distinctly introduced as snares employed by the evil one.

[239] What good advice! "Thou shalt renounce," impressing the duty of self-denial. It is because so many men like Faust, know neither how to renounce nor how to be happy in self-denial, that the devil makes such an easy prey of mankind.

Den, unser ganzes Leben lang,
Uns heiser jede Stunde singt. [240]
Nur mit Entsetzen wach' ich Morgens auf,
Ich möchte bittre Thränen weinen,
Den Tag zu sehn, der mir in seinem Lauf
Nicht Einen Wunsch erfüllen wird, nicht Einen,
Der selbst die Ahnung jeder Lust
Mit eigensinnigem Krittel mindert,
Die Schöpfung meiner regen Brust
Mit tausend Lebensfratzen hindert. [241]
Auch muß ich, wenn die Nacht sich niedersenkt,
Mich ängstlich auf das Lager strecken;
Auch da wird keine Rast geschenkt,
Mich werden wilde Träume schrecken.
Der Gott, der mir im Busen wohnt,
Kann tief mein Innerstes erregen; [242]
Der über allen meinen Kräften thront,
Er kann nach außen nichts bewegen. [243]

---

[240] Compare the following passage in Goethe's „Wahrheit und Dichtung:"

— — — „Unser physisches sowohl, als geselliges Leben, Sitten, Gewohnheiten, Weltklugheit, Philosophie, Religion, ja so manches zufällige Ereigniß, alles ruft uns zu, daß wir entsagen sollen."

In the last line of our text „heiser" does not mean „bis zur Heiserkeit," but designates the disagreeable impression made on those who are obliged to hear this song.

[241] Faust complains of being baffled in all his wishes and endeavours by a thousand set forms and dull realities, which he calls Lebensfratzen, the *deformities* of human life.

[242] The inborn active principle within us is here spoken of as a divine power—a God!

[243] Although this God, this power of imagination is able to create wild wishes and desires *in the heart*, it cannot create the corresponding *external* objects, it cannot render real, or give a form to any one of its imaginary creations.

Und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last,
Der Tod erwünscht, das Leben mir verhaßt. [244]

Mephistopheles.

Und doch ist nie der Tod ein ganz willkommner Gast. [245]

Faust.

O selig der, dem er im Siegesglanze
Die blut'gen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,
Den er, nach rasch durchrastem Tanze,
In eines Mädchens Armen findet.
O wär' ich vor des hohen Geistes Kraft [246]
Entzückt, entseelt dahin gesunken!

Mephistopheles.

Und doch hat jemand einen braunen Saft
In jener Nacht nicht ausgetrunken. [247]

Faust.

Das Spioniren, scheint's, ist deine Lust. [248]

---

[244] At the beginning of our play we saw Faust tormented only by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but now since the evil spirit has kindled his imagination, we find him longing after wordly pleasures, the absence of which makes his life no less burdensome than before. Faust advances one step farther on the path of perdition. Not contented with his wicked resolution of freeing his soul by suicide from its bodily poison, that mingling with the clouds, it may become a part of the ever-thrilling spirit of the universe, and thus learn the essence of things, he wishes to obtain as much sensual enjoyment as possible to gratify his *animal* passions, now that he has failed to find the satisfaction, which his *reason* longed for. Mephisto having dragged his prey thus far into his net enjoys his victim's struggles with a devilish delight.

[245] Alluding to Faust's having contemplated suicide on Easter night.

[246] When the spirit of earth appeared to him and spoke the word of thunder (see note 71). "Thou art equal only to the spirit, &c."

[247] A second and more palpable allusion to the poison which Faust had all but swallowed.

[248] "The devil delights in playing the spy." Faust's answer

Mephistopheles.

Allwissend bin ich nicht; doch viel ist mir bewußt. [249]

Faust.

Wenn aus dem schrecklichen Gewühle
Ein süß bekannter Ton mich zog,
Den Rest vom kindlichen Gefühle
Mit Anklang froher Zeit betrog:
So flucht' ich allem, was die Seele
Mit Lock- und Gaukelwerk umspannt,
Und sie in diese Trauerhöhle [250]
Mit Blend- und Schmeichelkräften bannt!
Verflucht voraus die hohe Meinung,
Womit der Geist sich selbst umfängt!
Verflucht das Blenden der Erscheinung,
Die sich an unsre Sinne drängt!
Verflucht, was uns in Träumen heuchelt,
Des Ruhms, der Namensdauer Trug!
Verflucht, was als Besitz uns schmeichelt,
Als Weib und Kind, als Knecht und Pflug! [251]
Verflucht sey Mammon, [252] wenn mit Schätzen
Er uns zu kühnen Thaten regt,

---

expresses that the whole system of political and social spying is nothing but an invention of the devil.

[249] Here he again acknowledges his inferiority to the all-knowing power, but boasts like a minister of the secret police, of his deep knowledge of everything corrupt and depraved.

[250] Trauerhöhle—here means *life*, to which Faust feels himself "condemned."

[251] Faust curses every better and purer feeling, he laments that he is still a prisoner on earth, and deplores that his hand was ever staid by the recollection of his early innocent days, called up by the long-forgotten song of his childhood.

[252] Mammon — a hebrew word meaning "money." He calls for a curse on this infernal power whenever it may incite to *action* (i.e. to deeds of restless speculation), or again whenever it may serve to procure a couch for *indolent* delights.

Wenn er zu müßigem Ergetzen
Die Polſter uns zurechte legt!
Fluch ſey dem Balſamſaft der Trauben!
Fluch jener höchſten Liebeshuld!
Fluch ſey der Hoffnung! Fluch dem Glauben,
Und Fluch vor allem der Geduld! [253]

Geiſterchor (unſichtbar).

Weh! weh!
Du haſt ſie zerſtört,
Die ſchöne Welt,
Mit mächtiger Fauſt;
Sie ſtürzt, ſie zerfällt!
Ein Halbgott hat ſie zerſchlagen! [254]
Wir tragen
Die Trümmern [255] ins Nichts hinüber,
Und klagen
Ueber die verlorne Schöne.
Mächtiger
Der Erdenſöhne,
Prächtiger
Baue ſie wieder,

---

[253] Patience, endurance, love, hope, faith are one and all accursed by this despairing spirit, and by this fearful curse is destroyed his whole moral and intellectual world; by it too he gives himself up completely to Mephisto.

[254] This chorus of invisible spirits is throughout the voice of sarcasm; the expression of "demi-god" is but an ironical sneer. These infernal spirits mockingly pretend to lament over that beauteous world which Faust has destroyed. The chorus shows us how the devil not only throws the most baneful thoughts, like fiery darts into our minds, but sneers and laughs to see our happiness blighted, and our hopes ruined by his false pretences, and revels in the knowledge that he can make no adequate return for anything we have lost by his means.

[255] Goethe here uses Trümmern for Trümmer, which would be more correct.

In deinem Busen baue sie auf!
Neuen Lebenslauf
Beginne,
Mit hellem Sinne,
Und neue Lieder
Tönen darauf! [256]

Mephistopheles.

Dieß sind die kleinen
Von den Meinen. [257]
Höre, wie zu Lust und Thaten
Altklug sie rathen!
In die Welt weit,
Aus der Einsamkeit,
Wo Sinnen und Säfte stocken,
Wollen sie dich locken.

Hör' auf mit deinem Gram zu spielen, [258]
Der, wie ein Geier, dir am Leben frißt! [259]

---

[256] Now that he has, in consequence of his indomitable pride annihilated as it were his past existence, the spirits advise him to begin a fresh life, to build up a new existence in his own breast, promising that it shall be one of enjoyment and boundless pleasure.

[257] Mephisto in drawing Faust's attention to this song, speaks of the invisible spirits as his "little ones," alluding to the little house-spirits, cobolds, "Heinzelmen," &c.; but there is an allusion also to those bad passions by which Faust's heart is entangled and drawn within the vortex of sensuality. Neither Mephisto nor his "familiar spirits," distrusting as they do the nobler side of man's nature, can conceive that Faust, once made acquainted with "*the world*" can ever rise again to purity or virtue.

[258] The expression „mit dem Gram spielen," refers to the delight that evil spirits take in looking on *grief* — the pleasure they derive from seeking out whatever may occasion *pain*.

[259] Drawing a comparison between Faust and Prometheus. By the "vulture" is to be understood the restlessness and dissatisfaction which gnaws at Faust's soul.

Die ſchlechteſte Geſellſchaft läßt dich fühlen,
Daß du ein Menſch mit Menſchen biſt. [260]
Doch ſo iſt's nicht gemeint,
Dich unter das Pack zu ſtoßen!
Ich bin keiner von den Großen; [261]
Doch willſt du, mit mir vereint,
Deine Schritte durchs Leben nehmen,
So will ich mich gern bequemen,
Dein zu ſein auf der Stelle,
Ich bin dein Geſelle, [262]
Und mach ich dir's recht,
Bin ich dein Diener, bin dein Knecht! [263]

Fauſt.

Und was ſoll ich dagegen dir erfüllen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Dazu haſt du noch eine lange Friſt.

Fauſt.

Nein, nein! der Teufel iſt ein Egoiſt,
Und thut nicht leicht um Gottes willen,

---

[260] Seek society! Be not alone! Even the worst company will remind you that you are a *man*, and amongst *mankind*.

[261] Mephisto here, with well-affected bashfulness, offers Faust his services. In the words "I am not one of the great," he again confesses his inferiority, but in such a way as to mislead Faust, for he immediately afterwards proposes to aid him, and promises to be of great use to him.

[262] „Geſelle"—fellow, companion, mate, in the sense of a *fellow-workman*. He is also willing, if Faust requires it, to be his servant and to work for him.

[263] The evil spirit in order to entice his victim, offers to serve him as a slave, and to stay *at the pleasure* of his future master. We thus see how the devil tries to seduce our Faith, without making any attempt on our Free-will.

Was einem Andern nützlich ist. [264]
Sprich die Bedingung deutlich aus!
Ein solcher Diener bringt Gefahr ins Haus.

Mephistopheles.

Ich will mich hier zu deinem Dienst verbinden,
Auf deinen Wink nicht rasten und nicht ruhn;
Wenn wir uns drüben wiederfinden,
So sollst du mir das Gleiche thun. [265]

Faust.

Das Drüben kann mich wenig kümmern:
Schlägst du erst diese Welt in Trümmern,
Die andre mag darnach entstehn. [266]
Aus dieser Erde quillen meine Freuden,
Und diese Sonne scheinet meinen Leiden; [267]
Kann ich [268] mich erst von ihnen scheiden,
Dann mag, was will und kann, geschehn.

---

[264] One of the most striking characteristics of the evil spirit is selfishness, a feature in direct opposition to the teaching of our Saviour: as selfishness does nothing for God's sake to *benefit others*.

[265] Mephisto is for once quite straightforward and explicit. I will serve thee HERE! Thou shalt serve me THERE. All who surrender themselves during this life to the evil spirit, will have to pay for the pleasures of earth with eternal servitude in another world.

[266] To the devil's great delight, Faust already begins to speak as an unbeliever, as one who cares only for the present world, without a thought or fear for the future.

[267] We are reminded here of Shelley's lines:

"This world is the nurse of all we know;
This world is the mother of all we feel!"

[268] „Können" has here no suitable meaning, as it cannot imply either a doubt as to the natural necessity of death, or any intention on Faust's part of committing suicide, for he can do *this*, whenever he chooses; it must be either a slip of the pen, or a misprint for soll, muß or werd!

Davon will ich nichts weiter hören,
Ob man auch künftig haßt und liebt,
Und ob es auch in jenen Sphären,
Ein Oben oder Unten gibt.

Mephistopheles.

In diesem Sinne kannst du's wagen.
Verbinde dich! du sollst in diesen Tagen
Mit Freuden meine Künste sehn.
Ich gebe dir, was noch kein Mensch gesehn. [269]

Faust.

Was willst du armer Teufel geben?
Ward eines Menschen Geist, in seinem hohen Streben,
Von deines Gleichen je gefaßt? [270]
Doch hast du Speise, die nicht sättigt, hast
Du rothes Gold, das ohne Rast,
Queckſilber gleich, dir in der Hand zerrinnt, [271]
Ein Spiel, bei dem man nie gewinnt,
Ein Mädchen, das an meiner Brust
Mit Aeugeln [272] schon dem Nachbar sich verbindet,
Der Ehre schöne Götterluſt,
Die, wie ein Meteor, verschwindet —
Zeig' mir die Frucht, die fault, eh' man sie bricht,
Und Bäume, die sich täglich neu begrünen! [273]

---

[269] He is now boasting in a spirit quite opposed to his previous tone. (Vide Note 261.)

[270] Faust openly declares that every human being stands far above the reach of the evil one; it is in our power to crush Satan whenever he attempts to shake our faith, or our trust in God.

[271] In accordance with the old adage: „Wie gewonnen, so zerronnen;" everything gained by bad means is the devil's gold, and always changes into dross: for it can never profit us, but tends only to our hurt.

[272] A derivative from ängeln—to leer.

[273] "Trees that bloom anew each coming day."

Mephistopheles.

Ein solcher Auftrag schreckt mich nicht,
Mit solchen Schätzen kann ich dienen;[274]
Doch, guter Freund, die Zeit kommt auch heran,
Wo wir was Guts in Ruhe schmausen mögen.

Faust.

Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen,
So sei es gleich um mich gethan!
Kannst du mich schmeichelnd je belügen,
Daß ich mir selbst gefallen mag,
Kannst du mich mit Genuß betrügen:
Das sei für mich der letzte Tag![275]
Die Wette biet' ich!

Mephistopheles.

Top![276]

---

[274] The devil promises to gratify Faust in his wish for continual change and excitement. It is one of the most striking features in the life of a man under the influence of the evil spirit, that he enjoys no rest, no quiet, no satisfaction. Never contented with his present state, he is ever wishing for change, which in the end, renders him only the more dissatisfied. In such a man body and soul are alike restless and uneasy. Mephisto well knowing this, makes no objection to undertaking what Faust desires.

[275] Faust freely confesses his firm conviction, that Mephisto possesses nothing that can satisfy his glowing desires, and engages that, if ever he enjoy a day, nay a moment of real contentment, that moment shall be his last. Thus does this insatiable spirit, blinded and carried away by pride, abandon himself more and more to the accursed one.

[276] Generally written Topp, from the Italian slang "Topo," Spanish "toppo." In lower Saxon the form used is „Tipp." It means „Schlag ein!" Your hand, done, agreed; and is derived from the Italian "toppare" (to throw a die). Adelung defines the word Topp as an exclamation used in common life, to intimate the conclusion of a wager or of any agreement made merely by a shake of the hand. Grimm in his „Deutsche Alterthümer" has the following remark on this word: »Noch heute wird bei feierlichen Verträgen und Gelübden Hand in Hand geschlagen. Früher geschah auch die Form

Faust.

Und Schlag auf Schlag![277]

Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
Verweile doch! du bist so schön! —
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn!
Dann mag die Todtenglocke schallen,
Dann bist du deines Dienstes frei,
Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen,
Es sei die Zeit für mich vorbei![278]

Mephistopheles.

Bedenk' es wohl! wir werden's nicht vergessen.

Faust.

Dazu hast du ein volles Recht.
Ich habe mich nicht freventlich vermessen;
Wie ich beharre, bin ich Knecht,
Ob dein, was frag' ich? oder wessen.[279]

Mephistopheles.

Ich werde heute gleich, beim Doctorschmaus,[280]

---

durch Berühren oder Anstoßen mit den Fingern (Fingerspitzen), oder dem bloßen Daumen, das hieß: stupfen, stüpfen, stipfen, (oder tupfen, tüpfen, tipfen), whence the interjections: topp, top, tip, are derived."

[277] The compact with Mephisto is now *actually* signed; it has been concluded *morally* ever since Faust's fiery spirit allowed doubt to have the mastery in his mind.

[278] Faust, standing as a human being between his Creator and the Evil one, still trusts in that Spirit which made him aspire to the infinite, and still believes himself superior to the destructive power of the devil, whom he thinks at last to be able to subdue.

[279] To be a slave, to be deprived of freedom, to yield a blind obedience to any being whatever, seems to him as bad as the pains of hell or eternal death. He scorns to serve an Almighty power quite as much as to be subject to the original author of sin.

The expression „wie ich beharre" does not mean "as long as I keep my promise," but "in whatever way I live."

[280] Doctorschmaus—the dinner given to celebrate the admission

Als Diener, meine Pflicht erfüllen.
Nur eins! — Um Lebens oder Sterbens willen
Bitt' ich mir ein paar Zeilen aus.

Faust.

Auch was Geschriebnes forderst du Pedant?
Hast du noch keinen Mann, nicht Manneswort gekannt? [281]
Ist's nicht genug, daß mein gesprochnes Wort
Auf ewig soll mit meinen Tagen schalten?
Rast nicht die Welt in allen Strömen fort,
Und mich soll ein Versprechen halten? [282]
Doch dieser Wahn ist uns ins Herz gelegt;
Wer mag sich gern davon befreien?
Beglückt, wer Treue rein im Busen trägt,
Kein Opfer wird ihn je gereuen! [283]
Allein ein Pergament, beschrieben und beprägt,
Ist ein Gespenst, vor dem sich alle scheuen.
Das Wort erstirbt schon in der Feder,
Die Herrschaft führen Wachs und Leder. [284]
Was willst du böser Geist von mir?
Erz, Marmor, Pergament, Papier?
Soll ich mit Griffel, Meißel, Feder schreiben?
Ich gebe jede Wahl dir frei.

---

of a candidate to the doctor's degree. Why Mephisto should propose to show his powers at the *doctor's-dinner* cannot be explained; the proposal is in direct opposition to the advice he gave to Faust at the beginning of the scene, viz. to lay aside the doctor's gown.

[281] Is it not enough to have my word.

[282] Does not the world rush onward free in all its streams, and shall I be bound by a promise?

[283] By him no sacrifice need be made in order to keep his promise.

[284] Common wax (Bee's-wax) was used for sealing documents previous to the introduction of sealing wax ("Cire d'Espagne," or „spanisches Wachs" as the French and Germans call it) which

Mephistopheles.

Wie magst du deine Rednerei
Nur gleich so hitzig übertreiben?
Ist doch ein jedes Blättchen gut.
Du unterzeichnest dich mit einem Tröpfchen Blut. [285]

Faust.

Wenn dies dir völlig G'nüge thut,
So mag es bei der Fratze bleiben. [286]

Mephistopheles.

Blut ist ein ganz besondrer Saft.

Faust.

Nur keine Furcht, daß ich dies Bündniß breche!
Das Streben meiner ganzen Kraft
Ist grade das, was ich verspreche. [287]
Ich habe mich zu hoch geblähet;
In deinen Rang gehör' ich nur:
Der große Geist hat mich verschmäht, [288]

---

did not take place, till the middle of the sixteenth century. "Leather," meaning "Parchment." Compare Hamlet, Act. V Sc. 1.

"Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?
"Horat. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-skins too.
"Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that."

In Austria doctors' diplomas are still sealed with common wax attached to the document in a wooden case.

[285] This was the usual way of signing a compact with the evil spirit, according to the superstitious belief of the Middle Ages.

[286] Faust sneers ironically at the proposal, calls it "a farce," an "absurd whim," and submits to it as a mere matter of form.

[287] As Faust is determined to give himself up exclusively to the sensual, after having been deceived and disappointed in the pursuit of the spiritual, he can assert with truth that what he now promises is all that his struggling soul can wish for, viz. "to enter into an agreement with the evil spirit."

[288] Ever since he heard those overwhelming words: "Thou art equal only to the spirit thou canst conceive."

Vor mir verſchließt ſich die Natur.
Des Denkens Faden iſt zerriſſen;
Mir ekelt lange vor allem Wiſſen. [289]
Laß in den Tiefen der Sinnlichkeit
Uns glühende Leidenſchaften ſtillen!
In undurchdrungnen Zauberhüllen
Sei jedes Wunder gleich bereit!
Stürzen wir uns in das Rauſchen der Zeit,
Ins Rollen der Begebenheit! [290]
Da mag denn Schmerz und Genuß,
Gelingen und Verdruß,
Mit einander wechſeln, wie es kann;
Nur raſtlos bethätigt ſich der Mann.

Mephiſtopheles.

Euch iſt kein Maß und Ziel geſetzt.
Beliebt's euch überall zu naſchen,
Im Fliehen etwas zu erhaſchen,
Bekomm' euch wohl, was euch ergetzt.
Nur greift mir zu, und ſeid nicht blöde! [291]

Fauſt.

Du höreſt ja, von Freud' iſt nicht die Rede.
Dem Taumel weih' ich mich, dem ſchmerzlichſten Genuß,

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[289] Must not be taken literally: "I have long been disgusted with all knowledge;" here "long" only means the time that has elapsed since he was so deeply humiliated by the spirit of earth.

[290] His restless spirit, ever eager for action, wishes to rush free from restraint into the depths of worldly enjoyment, and in the accomplishment of this desire Mephisto is willing to help him with all his infernal power.

[291] In strict accordance with his general character, Mephistopheles loves to excite the wild passions of his victim still farther by throwing in sarcastic and flippant observations, which from their very coarseness form the strongest contrast to the gigantic conceptions of Faust.

Verliebtem Haß, erquickendem Verdruß.[292]
Mein Busen, der vom Wissensdrang geheilt ist,
Soll keinen Schmerzen künftig sich verschließen,
Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist,
Will ich in meinem innern Selbst genießen,[293]
Mit meinem Geist das Höchst' und Tiefste greifen,
Ihr Wohl und Weh auf meinen Busen häufen,
Und so mein eigen Selbst zu ihrem Selbst erweitern,
Und, wie sie selbst, am End' auch ich zerscheitern.

Mephistopheles.

O glaube mir, der manche tausend Jahre
An dieser harten Speise kaut,
Daß von der Wiege bis zur Bahre
Kein Mensch den alten Sauerteig verdaut!
Glaub' unser einem, dieses Ganze
Ist nur für einen Gott gemacht
Er findet sich in einem ew'gen Glanze,
Uns hat er in die Finsterniß gebracht,
Und euch taugt einzig Tag und Nacht.[294]

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[292] This most painful of enjoyments— this "*enamoured hate*," that we feel when our deepest love is disappointed by any obstacles from without.

[293] Repulsed on the path of knowledge, his expectations from a whirl of enjoyment exhibit the same sanguine temperament as before. "And what was given," he exclaims, "to all mankind to share, *that* will I feel within my inmost heart."

[294] As the Satan of Milton often looking back upon the happy moments he enjoyed in the sight of the Almighty humbly acknowledges his own inferiority: so the Satan of modern times, Mephisto, though speaking in coarse mockery, gives expression to a similar sentiment. The Universe, he means to say, as a whole is only to be understood by God as a being of absolute virtue and omniscience, for the word *light, glory,* (Glanz) is used here figuratively. Satan on the contrary is condemned to eternal *darkness* (allegorically: absolute evil). Man again, who is exposed to the continual change of day and night, light and darkness (that is, good and evil) must be considered as a middle-being

Faust.

Allein ich will! [295]

Mephistopheles.

Das läßt sich hören!
Doch nur vor Einem ist mir bang;
Die Zeit ist kurz, die Kunst ist lang. [296]
Ich dächt', ihr ließet euch belehren.
Associirt euch mit einem Poeten, [297]
Laßt den Herrn in Gedanken schweifen,
Und alle edlen Qualitäten
Auf euren Ehrenscheitel häufen,
Des Löwen Muth,
Des Hirsches Schnelligkeit,
Des Italiäners feurig Blut,
Des Nordens Dauerbarkeit! [298]
Laßt ihn euch das Geheimniß finden,
Großmuth und Arglist zu verbinden,
Und euch, mit warmen Jugendtrieben,
Nach einem Plane zu verlieben!

---

standing between God and Demon, striving after light with his spiritual faculties, but continually dragged down to darkness by his material organization. In the „Bekenntnisse einer schönen Seele" we find a similar idea: „O warum müssen wir, um von solchen (divine) Dingen zu reden Bilder gebrauchen, die nur äußere Zustände anzeigen! Wo ist für Ihm (God) etwas Hohes und Tiefes, etwas Dunkles oder Helles? Wir nur haben ein Oben und Unten, einen Tag und eine Nacht."

[295] But I am decided. "It is my will." Wollen expresses here the moral *determination* or *resolution* to do anything.

[296] "Time is short, but art is long." (Vide Note 46.) To whatever pursuit our spirit turns, we have but little time to exhaust all that may be known of even one single branch.

[297] With voluble impertinence he recommends Faust to get some poet to fit him up with all the qualities befitting a hero of romance.

[298] Dauerbarkeit — durability, fortitude, from dauern *to endure, to last.*

Möchte ſelbſt ſolch einen Herren kennen;
Würd' ihn Herrn Mikrokosmus nennen. [299]

Fauſt.

Was bin ich denn, wenn es nicht möglich iſt,
Der Menſchheit Krone zu erringen,
Nach der ſich alle Sinne [300] dringen? [301]

Mephiſtopheles.

Du biſt am Ende — was du biſt.
Setz' dir Perrücken auf von Millionen Locken,
Setz' deinen Fuß auf ellenhohe Socken, [302]
Du bleibſt doch immer — was du biſt.

Fauſt.

Ich fühl's, vergebens hab' ich alle Schätze
Des Menſchengeiſts auf mich herbeigerafft,
Und wenn ich mich am Ende niederſetze,
Quillt innerlich doch keine neue Kraft;
Ich bin nicht um ein Haar breit höher,
Bin dem Unendlichen nicht näher. [303]

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[299] In the last two lines Mephisto laughs at the presumption of man in thinking that he unites in his own little self all the wonders of the world at large, in other words "that he is a microcosmos." (See Note 20.)

[300] Sinne using here the modern form of the plural.

[301] This should be drängen, as dringen is no longer used in its simple form as a reflective verb.

[302] Disguise yourself as you will; "stand on boots an ell high," referring to the Greek and Roman tragedians, who wore "high heeled" boots when they appeared in public. (Vide Latin, Cothurnus, Soccus.)

[303] Faust now expresses a real hearty disgust at human knowledge. In his researches he has weighed every variety of opinion, he has studied every metaphysical problem, devoured each empty theory of "word-hunters," thinking that "the truth" was thus to be reached—and now he gives himself up to despair; finding how much he has overrated the powers of man's limited reason, he would cast aside his intellectual powers as useless and burdensome;

Mephistopheles.

Mein guter Herr, ihr seht die Sachen,
Wie man die Sachen eben sieht;
Wir müssen das gescheidter machen,
Eh' uns des Lebens Freude flieht. [304]
Was Henker! freilich Händ' und Füße
Und Kopf und H — — die sind dein!
Doch alles, was ich frisch genieße,
Ist das drum weniger mein?
Wenn ich sechs Hengste zahlen kann,
Sind ihre Kräfte nicht die meine?
Ich renne zu, und bin ein rechter Mann,
Als hätt' ich vierundzwanzig Beine. [305]
Drum frisch! Laß alles Sinnen seyn,
Und g'rad' mit in die Welt hinein!
Ich sag' es dir: ein Kerl, der speculirt, [306]
Ist wie ein Thier, auf dürrer Heide
Von einem bösen Geist im Kreis herum geführt,
Und rings umher liegt schöne, grüne Weide.

---

he determines, because unable to attain the "highest," at least to reach the "lowest" secrets of nature, and resolves therefore to plunge into the depths of sensuality.

[304] The evil spirit seeks to keep him in this mood.

[305] Do not expect everything from yourself—make others work for you, the real principle of the selfish. Why, forsooth! the conceptions of *God, Nature, World,* if not to serve one's own whims!

[306] A man who loses himself in intellectual speculation, in fantastic dreams, is like a brute driven round in a circle by some evil spirit, or „Elb" who could, according to German superstitious belief, bewitch cattle by a look or a touch. The devil is excessively practical in expressing his contempt for those who enjoy mental occupations when all around them are "fresh green pastures" (i.e. bodily enjoyments), and assumes the character of a mere *materialist,* in order thus to form the greatest possible contrast to Faust's misguided *idealism.*

Faust.

Wie fangen wir das an?

Mephistopheles.

Wir gehen eben fort.
Was ist das für ein Marterort?
Was heißt das für ein Leben führen,
Sich und die Jungens ennuyiren? [307]
Laß du das dem Herrn Nachbar Wanst!
Was willst du dich, das Stroh zu dreschen, plagen? [308]
Das Beste, was du wissen kannst,
Darfst du den Buben doch nicht sagen. [309]
Gleich hör' ich einen auf dem Gange!

Faust.

Mir ist's nicht möglich, ihn zu sehn.

Mephistopheles.

Der arme Knabe wartet lange;
Der darf nicht ungetröstet gehn.
Komm', gib mir deinen Rock und Mütze!
Die Maske muß mir köstlich stehn.

Er kleidet sich um.

Nun überlaß es meinem Witze!
Ich brauche nur ein Viertelstündchen Zeit;
Indessen mache dich zur schönen Fahrt bereit! [310]

Faust ab.

---

[307] Jungens, school-boys—an expression full of contempt; observe the vulgar plural formed by the addition of „s."

[308] He now ridicules "teaching" as "straw-thrashing."

[309] The devil here derides one of the noblest of God's gifts, the impulse of knowledge that is so deeply implanted in every bosom; he sneers at the learned universities and their systems, in order to make Faust the more disgusted with his academical life.

[310] Faust goes to change his academical dress for that of a nobleman, to be ready for his intended trip.

Mephistopheles.
(in Faust's langem Kleide.)

Verachte nur Vernunft und Wissenschaft,
Des Menschen allerhöchste Kraft!
Laß nur in Blend- und Zauberwerken
Dich von dem Lügengeist bestärken,
So hab' ich dich schon unbedingt. — [311]

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[311] One of the principal peculiarities in Goethe's Mephisto is that he never draws a metaphor from any high or lofty object, but on the contrary from common every-day life; he speaks generally in a drastic and graphic style, though sometimes his remarks are vulgar or coarse. Having taken every pains to increase Faust's disgust at knowledge and science, the devil now sneers at his contempt for man's highest power—reason. Delusions, charms, everything that can subject the soul to the spirit of untruth, he now proclaims as a sure means of making us irrevocably his own, and implies that it is because Faust so overrates his intellectual faculties, and dares to put himself on a level with the Creating Power, that he becomes so easy a prey to the Evil one.

We must observe that it is not without meaning that Mephisto now assumes the black gown of the *professor*. University teaching in Germany at one time (principally towards the end of the last century) took a dry, abstruse, "word-hunting" turn, and some German metaphysicians carried this spirit so far as to criticise God's all-wise creations, and dared to attempt to show as creatures (a posteriori, i.e. by induction) how God ought (a priori) to have done his work. Goethe was one of the chief antagonists of this class, and indeed the principal object of his "Faust" was to overthrow with sarcasm this school of blasphemy, and by showing how his unhappy hero was lost through daring beyond his depth in metaphysical speculation, he dealt a deadly blow on the dreaming idealist as well as those who, in rushing to the opposite extreme of despising the knowledge that *is* permitted to us, give themselves up to mere worldly enjoyments.

In this monologue Mephisto developes his real character; his intention he tells us, is, to drag Faust through all the sordid pleasures of sensuality, and thus to stifle in him any fire for higher and purer intentions that may be still smouldering in his breast.

Ihm hat das Schickſal einen Geiſt gegeben,
Der ungebändigt immer vorwärts dringt,
Und deſſen übereiltes Streben
Der Erde Freuden überſpringt.
Den ſchlepp' ich durch das wilde Leben,
Durch flache Unbedeutenheit,[312]
Er ſoll mir zappeln,[313] ſtarren,[314] kleben,[315]
Und ſeiner Unerſättlichkeit
Soll Speiſ' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen ſchweben;[316]
Er wird Erquickung ſich umſonſt erflehn —
Und hätt' er ſich auch nicht dem Teufel übergeben,
Er müßte doch zu Grunde gehn![317]

---

[312] He intends to lead Faust through a whirlpool of "empty vanities" (Filmore translates "vapidities"); that is, in order to humiliate this enthusiastic dreamer, he will drag him through a course of life's most hollow and unsubstantial frivolities.

[313] To struggle, meaning here, to make *vain* attempts to get rid of a mean and unworthy passion.

[314] To be "spell-bound," fascinated, i.e. without power or wish to extricate himself from the hold of that passion.

[315] To adhere, to cling, expressing the tightness of the devil's grasp.

[316] Like the Tantalus of heathen mythology, every enjoyment shall vanish in the moment he intends to grasp it. Mephisto is especially the spirit that delights in tantalising mankind only for the sake of tormenting. (Vide Note 213.)

[317] Because Faust's restlessness and overbearing pride are in themselves sufficient to lead to his damnation. There is an apparent contradiction in this soliloquy—for the devil's most natural course would be to do the very opposite of what he now proposes, as by his present plan of never satisfying Faust's restless nature, he will never have a right to his soul (according to their agreement); but the evil spirit is sly, he thinks that Faust hurried along this road to ruin, will soon be weary and disgusted with life's more sensual pleasures, and will then be glad to ask for a moment's rest, a request which will make him at once and for ever Satan's prey.

Ein Schüler tritt auf.

Schüler.[338]

Ich bin allhier erſt kurze Zeit,
Und komme, voll Ergebenheit,
Einen Mann zu ſprechen und zu kennen,
Den Alle mir mit Ehrfurcht nennen.[339]

Mephiſtopheles.

Eure Höflichkeit erfreut mich ſehr!
Ihr ſeht einen Mann, wie andre mehr.
Habt ihr euch ſonſt ſchon umgethan?[340]

---

[338] This scene between the Scholar and Mephisto is considered as the finest part of the fragment as it was written in 1775.

[339] The Scholar is of an innocent easy disposition, contented with everything; he serves—like the pedant Wagner, and like the peasants introduced on the Easter-day's walk — as a contrast to Faust's unhappy nature. These *less gifted* characters may show us how unnecessary high attainments are for producing happiness.

[340] Mephistopheles in the professor's long gown, with satire on his lip, scorn in his eye, sarcasm in his smile, bombastic emphasis on his tongue, is a living parody of University teaching as practised in Germany at that time; all and everything was sacrificed to words and forms, and no one asked for the sense, the spirit, or the meaning; Academical vanity and "infallibility" triumphed over common sense and real knowledge. The admission "*you see a man like many more*" shows us the author's object, viz. to ridicule those who were making Universities the very reverse of what they were intended and ought to be. "Knowledge," Bacon says, "whether it descends from divine inspiration, or "springs from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to ob-"livion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, and places "appointed, as Universities, Colleges and Schools." (Bacon, Preliminary, Sect. IV.)—But Bacon did not mean under the word "knowledge" a sophistical and scholastic "word-cramming." — Everything objective may become part of our subjective consciousness, and thus be turned into *knowledge* through which everything *real* or *revealed* is reproduced in our mind as a conception (notion), and becomes an *idea;* that power which endeavours to guide

Schüler.

Ich bitt' euch, nehmt euch meiner an!
Ich komme mit allem guten Muth,
Leiblichem Geld und frischem Blut;[321]
Meine Mutter wollte mich kaum entfernen;
Möchte gern was Rechts hieraußen lernen.

Mephistopheles.

Da seid ihr eben recht am Ort.

Schüler.

Aufrichtig, möchte schon wieder fort;
In diesen Mauern, diesen Hallen,
Will es mir keineswegs gefallen.
Es ist ein gar beschränkter Raum,
Man sieht nichts Grünes, keinen Baum,
Und in den Sälen, auf den Bänken,
Vergeht mir Hören, Seh'n und Denken.

Mephistopheles.

Das kommt nur auf Gewohnheit an.
So nimmt ein Kind der Mutter Brust
Nicht gleich im Anfang willig an,
Doch bald ernährt es sich mit Lust.
So wird's euch an der Weisheit Brüsten
Mit jedem Tage mehr gelüsten.[322]

Schüler.

An ihrem Hals will ich mit Freuden hangen;
Doch sagt mir nur, wie kann ich hingelangen?

---

humanity on this path to truth — is knowledge; the abstract doctrine again of the mode of forming *realities* into *ideas* (that is, things comprehended only by our mental faculty) is *philosophy* in its purest meaning.

[321] Mit frischem Blut, very young. Leiblichem Gelde, money enough, not "little money."

[322] This comparison may seem rather too graphic for the style of the present day.

Mephistopheles.

Erklärt euch, eh' ihr weiter geht,
Was wählt ihr für eine Facultät? [323]

Schüler.

Ich wünschte recht gelehrt zu werden,
Und möchte gern, was auf der Erden
Und in dem Himmel ist, erfassen,
Die Wissenschaft und die Natur. [324]

Mephistopheles.

Da seid ihr auf der rechten Spur;
Doch müßt ihr euch nicht zerstreuen lassen. [325]

Schüler.

Ich bin dabei mit Seel' und Leib;
Doch freilich würde mir behagen
Ein wenig Freiheit und Zeitvertreib
An schönen Sommerfeiertagen.

Mephistopheles.

Gebraucht der Zeit! sie geht so schnell von hinnen;
Doch Ordnung lehrt euch Zeit gewinnen.
Mein theurer Freund, ich rath' euch drum
Zuerst Collegium logicum! [326]

---

[323] Referring to the four faculties from which the Scholar has to choose. (Vide Note 3.)

[324] This innocent youth has scarcely stepped within the gloomy walls of the University, before he too begins to indulge in dreams of at once comprehending science and nature, heaven and earth.

[325] Referring to the midsummer term in which this scene is supposed to take place. "Do not distract yourself by the beauties of blooming nature."

[326] Collegium Logicum. The intention of logic, as the science of thinking, or of thoughts, is to reduce methods of reasoning to certain laws: in this consists the *formal* part of logic; at one time the German Universities were exclusively occupied with the *formal* branch, till at last Kant, Fichte and Krug broke the clouds of scholastic mysticism, and shed a light over a gloom that was a mere imitation of the old Sophists, whose system

Da wird der Geiſt euch wohl dreſſirt,
In ſpaniſche Stiefeln [327] eingeſchnürt,
Daß er bedächtiger ſo fortan
Hinſchleiche die Gedankenbahn,
Und nicht etwa, die Kreuz und Quer,
Irrlichtelire hin und her. [328]
Dann lehret man euch manchen Tag,
Daß, was ihr ſonſt auf Einen Schlag
Getrieben, wie Eſſen und Trinken, frei,
Eins! zwei! drei! dazu nöthig ſei. [329]
Zwar iſt's mit der Gedankenfabrik, [330]
Wie mit einem Webermeiſterſtück,

---

served to confound every clear perception in its attempts to analyse that which should have been assumed as a simple and primary fact of consciousness, to personify and overrate the faculties of the mind, to adopt as facts the mere productions of fiction, in order to support some arbitrary theory, directed often against truth and faith. Well may Goethe condemn this false, pernicious science, so productive of scepticism and infidelity, as the work of an evil spirit.

[327] Spanish boots, an instrument of torture used by the Spanish Inquisition (described in Sir W. Scott's "Old Mortality," Chap. 28); the meaning here is: "they will narrow and cramp your mind."

[328] Irrlichtelire, used as a verb only by comic writers, derived from irrlichteln. Hans Sachs uses ſabathiſiren in the same form. Many Latinisms were introduced into the German language, which indeed still retains a number of verbs in iren, which are one and all of foreign origin, and never take the augment „ge" in the past participle.

[329] Describing the effects of the old and "dead" logic which destroyed the power of thought, while it analysed the faculty of thinking.

"One — two — three," the conjurer's exclamation before performing a trick.

[330] Zwar — though — referring to the antithesis contained in the sarcasm "that no scholar, in spite of all his knowledge, ever yet became a weaver."

Wo Ein Tritt tauſend Fäden regt,
Die Schifflein herüber hinüber ſchießen,
Die Fäden ungeſehen fließen,
Ein Schlag tauſend Verbindungen ſchlägt. [331]
Der Philoſoph, der tritt herein,
Und beweiſt euch, es müßt' ſo ſeyn:
Das Erſt' wär' ſo, das Zweite ſo,
Und drum das Dritt' und Vierte ſo;
Und wenn das Erſt' und Zweit' nicht wär',
Das Dritt' und Viert' wär nimmermehr. [332]
Das preiſen die Schüler aller Orten,
Sind aber keine Weber geworden.
Wer will was Lebendigs [333] erkennen und beſchreiben,
Sucht erſt den Geiſt herauszutreiben;
Dann hat er die Theile in ſeiner Hand,
Fehlt leider! nur das geiſtige Band.
Encheiresin naturae nennt's die Chemie, [334]

---

[331] Every reader must admire the beautiful description these lines contain of the wonderful weaving of thoughts; by a single movement a thousand meshes (of ideas) are struck off.

[332] Alluding to the syllogism; „Erſt' und Zweit' und Drittes," terminus major, minor and medius; Viertes—conclusion; there is a reference also to the four kinds of conclusions: "general, particular, affirmative and negative."

[333] A dialectic elision of the e frequently met with in Goethe's earlier writings—thus we find gut's, unſchuldig's Kind, ärgers, beſſers ꝛc. similar elisions occur also in „Sattyros" or „Pater Brey" and other poems written before 1775.

[334] Goethe himself has explained these lines in a letter to the celebrated chemist Wackenrode:

"Although we willingly accord to nature her secret ἐνχείρησις "(lit. handling, treatment—here obviously 'her producing power,') "by which she brings forth and matures life, and though no "mystics, we *must* in the end recognize an incomprehensible "something—still man, if in earnest, cannot forego the attempt "to *press* this something, till at last he finds himself obliged to "put up with it as it is, and confess himself completely beaten."

Spottet ihrer selbst,[335] und weiß nicht, wie.[336]

Chemistry, even, however advanced in analytical experiments, must at last be driven to the conclusion, that there is a secret, inscrutable working of nature, and that it can as little discover this principle in stones as in fluids, in plants as in animals.

[335] Falk* asserts that Goethe originally wrote bohrt sich Selber Esel (makes himself an ass). The word bohren, stechen (to pierce, to *bore*) means here "to mock at;" the two ideas being connected by the school-boy's pantomimic expression of donkey, by placing the thumb in the ear, and waving the flat hand, a movement that suggests the idea of boring, as well as of long ears.

[336] According to Falk, Goethe gave the following explanation of these words: "Of what use are the elements or their names. "I wish to know what inspires so strongly every single part of "the Universe to seek every other, in order to serve or govern, "according as some inborn law of reason compels it to perform "the one or the other duty: but on this very point we find "everywhere the deepest silence."

We cannot forbear to quote here the analogous words of the great philosopher and moralist, John Feltham, on the limited power of human knowledge:

"Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land is at first rising little and easily viewed: but still as you go it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasant and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the farther you follow it, the deeper and the broader it is, till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore, no end of that liquid vastness. In many things we may sound nature in the shallows of her revelations, we may trace her to her second causes, but beyond them we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes."

* John Daniel Falk, the celebrated Philanthropist and Author, (born 1770 at Dantzig) was the son of a poor hair-dresser. He founded in 1813 at Weimar a "Society of Friends in need," for the benefit of poor fatherless children, and subsequently a school known as "Falk's Institution." The third jubilee of the Reformation was celebrated by him in two beautiful poems entitled "Falk's love, life, and trust in God." No less famous is his work: "The Lord's prayer in connection with the Gospel and old Christian morals."

The work from which we quote above was published 1832, under the title: „Goethe aus näherem persönlichen Umgang dargestellt."

Schüler.

Kann euch nicht eben ganz verstehen.

Mephistopheles.

Das wird nächstens schon besser gehen,
Wenn ihr lernt alles reduciren
Und gehörig classificiren. [337]

Schüler.

Mir wird von alle dem so dumm,
Als ging' mir ein Mühlrad im Kopf herum. [338]

Mephistopheles.

Nachher, vor allen andern Sachen,
Müßt ihr euch an die Metaphysik machen! [339]
Da seht, daß ihr tiefsinnig faßt,

---

[337] Reduciren, classificiren, these words in their latinized form are introduced here to enliven the satire.

[338] A German adage.

[339] Goethe's bitter scorn is here aimed against the philosophers of Wolf's school. Christian Wolf was born at Breslau, A.D. 1679, and was the son of a poor artisan, who sacrificed everything to the education of his son; though he studied theology at the University of Jena, A.D. 1699, he turned his attention principally to philosophy and mathmatics, in which he distinguished himself in 1705 by a disputation entitled: "De philosophia practica universali methodo mathematicâ conscripta." From this title we may easily understand the whole of Wolf's system of Philosophy and Metaphysics, in which he endeavoured to reduce thoughts as well as the secrets of nature to mathematical axioms. Wolf died in 1754. The philosophical school, of which he is looked upon as the founder, sank year by year deeper into dogmatism and a mere system of technical names, till *Kant* put an end to its influence. Goethe had seen, even when a student at Leipsic, the absurdity of metaphysical study; for the attempt to obtain knowledge on matters "which are far beyond the short reach of man's wisdom," seemed to him unreasonable; of "nature's intuition of herself by herself" — "of the world" — and of "an Almighty Power," he felt he knew at least as much as his teacher, Professor Winkler.

Was in des Menschen Hirn nicht paßt;
Für was drein geht und nicht drein geht,
Ein prächtig Wort zu Diensten steht.[340]
Doch vorerst dieses halbe Jahr
Nehmt ja der besten Ordnung wahr!
Fünf Stunden habt ihr jeden Tag;
Seid drinnen mit dem Glockenschlag!
Habt euch vorher wohl präparirt,
Paragraphos wohl einstudirt,
Damit ihr nachher besser seht,
Daß er nichts sagt, als was im Buche steht
Doch euch des Schreibens ja befleißt,
Als dictirt' euch der Heilig' Geist![341]

Schüler.

Das sollt ihr mir nicht zweimal sagen!
Ich denke mir, wie viel es nützt;
Denn, was man schwarz auf weiß besitzt,
Kann man getrost nach Hause tragen.

Mephistopheles.

Doch wählt mir eine Facultät!

Schüler.

Zur Rechtsgelehrsamkeit kann ich mich nicht bequemen.[342]

Mephistopheles.

Ich kann es euch so sehr nicht übel nehmen;
Ich weiß, wie es um diese Lehre steht.
Es erben sich Gesetz' und Rechte

---

[340] Truth, revelation, faith—all and everything consists in mere words, according to the devil; and though words are often understood in a sense entirely opposite to their real meaning, Mephisto advises the young student to stick to words.

[341] Mephistopheles here ridicules those conceited, specious professors who merely retail to their pupils what is contained in their books. Paragraphos, the Latin accusative, is used to give a learned appearance to his words.

[342] Rechtsgelehrsamkeit. Law.

Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort;
Sie ſchleppen von Geſchlecht ſich zum Geſchlechte,
Und rücken ſacht von Ort zu Ort.
Vernunft wird Unſinn, Wohlthat Plage;
Weh dir, daß du ein Enkel biſt!
Vom Rechte, das mit uns geboren iſt,
Von dem iſt, leider! nie die Frage.[343]

Schüler.

Mein Abſcheu wird durch euch vermehrt.
O glücklich der, den ihr belehrt!
Faſt möcht' ich nun Theologie ſtudiren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich wünſchte nicht euch irre zu führen.
Was dieſe Wiſſenſchaft betrifft,
Es iſt ſo ſchwer den falſchen Weg zu meiden;
Es liegt in ihr ſo viel verborgnes Gift,
Und von der Arznei iſt's kaum zu unterſcheiden.[344]
Am beſten iſt's auch hier, wenn ihr nur Einen hört,
Und auf des Meiſters Worte ſchwört.

---

[343] The *Poet* condemns the study of Law in *general*, as if the knowledge of right and wrong could be a curse to humanity; yet the words express these sentiments only as regards the *dead Roman Law*, which, as it was allowed to supersede the once free Saxon institutions of Germany, did in reality, by its forms and ambiguities, prove a curse to that country. Mephisto goes on to speak of Laws, which though no longer suitable, nay, perhaps even in contradiction to the wants and spirit of the age, are nevertheless binding. He means to say that definitions, positions, interpretations, commentaries, and the like, must be waded through, although when learnt they can only show how ill adapted or unjust the whole is, and yet on such matters the scholar has to waste his most precious years. This is especially the case in a country ruled by despotic laws, which ever remain longer in force than those which are made, as in England by the people, to meet the wants and requirements of the day.

[344] Referring to the controversial theology, practised for a long time in German Universities.

Im ganzen — haltet euch an Worte! [345]
Dann geht ihr durch die sichre Pforte
Zum Tempel der Gewißheit ein.

Schüler.

Doch ein Begriff muß bei dem Worte sein.

Mephistopheles.

Schon gut! Nur muß man sich nicht allzuängstlich quälen:
Denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen,
Da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein.
Mit Worten läßt sich trefflich streiten,
Mit Worten ein System bereiten,
An Worte läßt sich trefflich glauben,
Von einem Wort läßt sich kein Jota rauben. [346]

Schüler.

Verzeiht! ich halt' euch auf mit vielen Fragen,

---

[345] Advising his pupil to take refuge in words, not in faith or piety — in fact to follow the old maxim "Jurare in verba magistri." Goethe alludes here to the Roman Catholic Theology, which allowing no scrutiny, requires a blind obedience to mere *words*, while it overlooks any deeper meaning, and is often in opposition to the spirit of the Bible.

[346] We must bear in mind that Goethe in criticising the different branches of study, objects not to the studies themselves, but to that superficial, conceited method of teaching, which stifled every nobler sentiment, and changed the healthy, hoping youth into a pale, despairing dreamer; which created doubts in his mind by grand empty words, destroyed his faith, and raised in him hopes that were never to be fulfilled; which, by its indulgence of an empty phraseology that bore down every nobler and better feeling, produced reasoners, grumblers, infidels, but rarely a free, healthy, happy man. — To appreciate good and sound University education we have but to read Goethe's sarcasms aimed at those profitless studies, that vague and unhealthy system, by which so many sophists were occupied in gathering "philosophical cockle shells and metaphysical pebbles" on the shores of the infinite, only to be engulphed at last in the rising tide of infidelity. Goethe with all his poetry, knew too well the result of a misguided thirst after unbounded knowledge.

Allein ich muß euch noch bemühn.
Wollt ihr mir von der Medicin
Nicht auch ein kräftig Wörtchen sagen
Drei Jahr ist eine kurze Zeit,
Und, Gott! das Feld ist gar zu weit
Wenn man einen Fingerzeig nur hat,
Läßt sich's schon eher weiter fühlen.

Mephistopheles (für sich).

Ich bin des trocknen Tons nun satt,
Muß wieder recht den Teufel spielen. [347]

Laut.

Der Geist der Medicin ist leicht zu fassen;
Ihr durchstudirt die groß' und kleine Welt, [348]
Um es am Ende gehn zu lassen,
Wie's Gott gefällt.
Vergebens, daß ihr ringsum wissenschaftlich schweift,
Ein jeder lernt nur — was er lernen kann;
Doch der den Augenblick ergreift,
Das ist der rechte Mann. [349]
Ihr seid noch ziemlich wohl gebaut,
An Kühnheit wird's euch auch nicht fehlen,
Und wenn ihr euch nur selbst vertraut,
Vertrauen euch die andern Seelen.
Besonders lernt die Weiber führen!
Es ist ihr ewig Weh und Ach,
So tausendfach,
Aus Einem Punkte zu curiren.
Und wenn ihr halbweg ehrbar thut,

---

[347] Up to this point Mephisto has adapted his satire to his assumed character of Professor, but finding himself not quite understood, he assumes at once a tone more natural to him, as he enters on the subject of the Collegium Medicum.

[348] „Die große Welt" meaning Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry. „Die kleine Welt" Anatomy, Physiology, &c.

[349] Into this remark the evil spirit infuses all his venom, in order to corrupt the pure and innocent scholar.

Dann habt ihr sie all' unterm Hut.[350]
Ein Titel muß sie erst vertraulich machen,
Daß eure Kunst viel Künste übersteigt;
Zum Willkomm tappt ihr dann nach allen Siebensachen,
Um die ein andrer viele Jahre streicht,
Versteht das Pülslein wohl zu drücken,
Und fasset sie, mit feurig schlauen Blicken,
Wohl um die schlanke Hüfte frei,
Zu sehn, wie fest geschnürt sie sey.

Schüler.

Das sieht schon besser aus! Man sieht doch, wo und wie?

Mephistopheles.

Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.[351]

Schüler.

Ich schwör' euch zu, mir ist's als wie ein Traum.
Dürft' ich euch wohl ein andermal beschweren,
Von eurer Weisheit auf den Grund zu hören?

Mephistopheles.

Was ich vermag, soll gern geschehn.

Schüler.

Ich kann unmöglich wieder gehn,
Ich muß euch noch mein Stammbuch überreichen.[352]
Gönn' eure Gunst mir dieses Zeichen!

---

[350] Mephisto amidst all his *flippancy*, shows his profound knowledge of the rotten state of society. — Satan of old wished to produce universal, wholesale evil, but experience had not acquainted him with all the details of sin. Mephistopheles on the contrary, grown old in experience, unites with his desire of mischief—a minute knowledge of the details of evil. A combination that makes his character *still more* repulsive.

[351] The devil ignoring every spiritual delight, praises only the sensual enjoyments of life. Golden, golden means here sweet, delicious, and must not be taken literally. (Vide Note 164.)

[352] It was an old custom among German students to keep an album, in which teachers as well as intimate friends were asked

Mephistopheles.

Sehr wohl!

Er schreibt und gibt's.

Schüler (liest.)

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum. [353]

Macht's ehrerbietig zu und empfiehlt sich.

Mephistopheles.

Folg' nur dem alten Spruch und meiner Muhme, der Schlange;
Dir wird gewiß einmal bei deiner Gottähnlichkeit bange [354]

Faust tritt auf. [355]

Faust.

Wohin soll es nun gehn?

Mephistopheles.

Wohin es dir gefällt.
Wir sehn die kleine, dann die große Welt. [356]
Mit welcher Freude, welchem Nutzen
Wirst du den Cursum durchschmarutzen! [357]

---

to insert some composition, or at least their names. The only peculiarity in the scholar before us is that he produces his album at the beginning of the term.

[353] It is characteristic of Mephisto that he writes in the scholar's album the very words by which the serpent seduced Eve.

The words are misquoted from the Vulgata in which Dii, not Deus, is found.

[354] In this sneer Mephisto utters a sad and deep truth, and predicts the merited fate of those who deem themselves equal to God, and refuse to recognize a higher Almighty Power.

[355] This scene is known as the "Departure." Faust now appears in the splendid dress of a nobleman.

[356] Mephisto promises to show Faust first the little world, i.e. the world of the lower orders, and then to take him into the higher circles of state and court life. The first part of the tragedy contains the fulfilment of only the former part of this promise.

[357] Cursum, the Latin word is here used by Mephisto, in order to compare their future exploits to an academical course of study.

Faust.

Allein bei meinem langen Bart
Fehlt mir die leichte ebensart.
Es wird mir der Versuch nicht glücken:
Ich wußte nie mich in die Welt zu schicken;
Vor andern fühl' ich mich so klein,
Ich werde stets verlegen sein. [358]

Mephistopheles.

Mein guter Freund, das wird sich Alles geben;
Sobald du dir vertraust, sobald weißt du zu leben. [359]

Faust.

Wie kommen wir denn aus dem Haus?
Wo hast du Pferde, Knecht und Wagen?

Mephistopheles.

Wir breiten nur den Mantel aus; [360]
Der soll uns durch die Lüfte tragen.
Du nimmst bei diesem kühnen Schritt
Nur keinen großen Bündel mit.
Ein bißchen Feuerluft, [361] die ich bereiten werde,
Hebt uns behend von dieser Erde;

Durchschmarutzen, is a provincialism for "*to taste, to enjoy, to revel in.*"

[358] Though haughty and aspiring in his thoughts, and about to play the nobleman, Faust is childish and bashful in the presence of others.

[359] Have confidence in *yourself* and all will go well.

[360] It was the general belief of the lower classes in the Middle Ages that bad spirits rode through the air on their mantles, while witches patronized the less poetical broomstick.

[361] Feuerluft, undoubtedly an allusion to Mongolfier's aerostatic experiments. The extreme specific lightness of burning gases was discovered by Cavendish as early as 1766, and on this discovery depend all later experiments in this science. Riemer (Fred. Wil.) late librarian at Weimar, quotes in his „Mittheilungen über Goethe," the following words from a letter written by Goethe to

Und ſind wir leicht, ſo geht es ſchnell hinauf,
Ich gratulire dir zum neuen Lebenslauf. [362]

---

the famous Knebel, which will prove that our author's attention had been drawn to these experiments.

"Buchholz (the chemist of Weimar) torments the air in vain, "his balls do not rise. One of them, as if by malice, rose as "high as the ceiling, and no higher, but he is determined to "persevere, and hopes to raise like Mongolfier an immense ball "into the air. Still there are many possible accidents, and of the "three experiments of Mongolfier none succeeded perfectly."

[362] We have already drawn a contrast between Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephisto, and compared Milton's *epic* conception with Goethe's *dramatic* representation of the devil, it may not be uninteresting to give a third not less impressive *theological* picture of the enemy of mankind, as drawn by the great German Reformer, Martin Luther. Luther's devil, like the others, is the gigantic enemy of man, with whom he is engaged in a perpetual struggle—he is not only the abstract idea of evil, but also frequently is described as a meteorological agent; he is prince of the power of the air, and as such haunts woods, water, and dark, dismal fens; at other times he appears as a dense black cloud, shooting forth hail and thunder, storm and tempest, poisoning the air, and blasting fields and pastures; he is the author of all diseases; troubles, disquieting dreams, melancholy, disasters, famines, pestilences, and the like are all his handiwork.

Luther in general saw the agency of the devil in everything hurtful to humanity, in whatever shape it comes; the depravity of the monks, the immorality or weakness of princes are alike attributed by him to the devil. "Whoso would see," he writes, "the true picture, shape, or image of the devil, and know how "he is qualified and disposed, let him mark well all the com-"mandments of God, one after another, and then let him place "before his eyes an offensive, shameless, despairing, ungodly, "insolent and blasphemous man or woman, whose mind and con-"ceptions are directed in every way against God, and who takes "delight in doing people hurt and mischief: there thou seest the "right devil, carnal and corporal." (Luther's Table Talk.)

Luther saw this enemy everywhere; on one occasion taking up a caterpillar, he remarked "'Tis an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears its colours in its changing hue." In another place he says the devil looks upwards, being more in-

Auerbachs Keller in Leipzig.[363]
Zeche luſtiger Geſellen.
Froſch.

Will keiner trinken? keiner lachen?
Ich will euch lehren Geſichter machen!
Ihr ſeyd ja heut wie naſſes Stroh,
Und brennt ſonſt immer lichterloh.

---

terested in that which is high and pompous, proud and ambitious, rich and powerful: (Vide Matthew,) he likes to work on a great scale to influence the minds of those who manage the world's affairs, opposing wherever he can, the Divine Grace.

In spite of all the difference in the colouring of these pictures, we can see incarnate in Mephisto the being "to whom all evil "is owing; who leavens the human mind everywhere, as if the "atmosphere round the globe were impregnated with the venom "of his spirit."

[363] We are now introduced to the company of some wild, licentious German students. German University life has for young men its attractive as well as its repulsive peculiarities. When a youth has been carefully trained under the severe discipline of a Gymnasium, i.e. a preparatory school for the University, (corresponding to the Grammar Schools in England,) he is allowed to matriculate and inscribe his name on the books of the University, and then begins for him a life of unbounded freedom: not that the student now enjoys any *political* liberty, his freedom is merely *social;* he can now do what he likes, study what he likes, attend the schools when he likes, he can pass his examination in whatever subjects, and at whatever time he chooses; the world of knowledge, sciences and arts is opened to him, he may wander on any path, in any direction, and with any aim to which he may be led by a thirst for improvement. From its earliest foundation each University formed a kind of literary republic, the students had their own laws, their own jursidiction, their own associations or clubs, (Burſchenchaften*.)

* **Burſchenſchaften**, from the Latin, "Bursa," a purse. In ancient times, both in France and Germany, foundations for poor students were called Bursæ, while those who shared their advantages were named "Bursarii" (**Burſchen**). The name "Bursa" was also applied to houses, founded and kept by benevolent contributions, for the board and lodging of students, and in process of time the name **Burſchenſchaften**, was given to any association, confederation of students who chose to unite themselves under certain laws, whether referring to spiritual culture, honour, or even their convivial meetings.

Brander.

Das liegt an dir; du bringst ja nichts herbei,
Nicht eine Dummheit, keine Sauerei.

Frosch.

(gießt ihm ein Glas Wein über den Kopf.)

Da hast du beides!

In all the holy air of freedom was considered indispensable for the satisfactory and healthy development of knowledge, though, in point of fact, unlimited freedom was granted only on the sterile fields of philosophical speculation, or metaphysical research. The general licence, however, allowed to German students, led in many instances to the grossest abuses, extravagances, and even dangerous conspiracies, as was the case at the Universities of Halle and Jena, long notorious as the most unruly in Germany. At Leipsic, where Goethe introduces us to his student revellers, the students were generally of more polished and refined manners, as they were brought more in contact with the wealthier citizens of that flourishing commercial town.

The cellar in which this scene is laid, formed part of a large building in Leipsic, erected by Dr. and Professor Auerbach. Auerbach was born in 1482 at a village of the same name in Bavaria; he was invited to Leipsic by George the Bearded, Duke of Saxony, in honour of his profound learning. At the time of the renowned disputation between Eck and Luther (A.D. 1519) he had the courage to invite the latter to his table, though at the time he was a Senator of the town of Leipsic.

Auerbach's cellar was for centuries a noted place of resort for the wealthy and the learned, though in the time represented in our play, its principal supporters were the students. Connected with it and long credited by popular superstition was the tradition that Dr. Faustus rode through the ceiling on a cask, a feat which has been immortalized in two oil-paintings on wood, bearing the date A.D. 1552.

The scene before us is full of low language, varied now and then with indifferent jokes, and numerous "Beer-libations": the whole must be regarded as a farther satire on academical life in days of old. In the scene with the scholar Goethe condemned the antiquated system of teaching in Universities; *here* he shows us the student's rough, reckless and vulgar revelry. In each instance he aims with Shakesperian humour, to ridicule the backwardness and absurd formalities of University-life.

Brander.

Doppelt Schwein!

Frosch.

Ihr wollt es ja, man soll es sein!

Siebel.

Zur Thür hinaus, wer sich entzweit!
Mit offner Brust singt Runda,[364] sauft und schreit!
Auf! Holla! Ho!

Altmayer.

Weh mir, ich bin verloren!
Baumwolle her, der Kerl sprengt mir die Ohren.

Siebel.

Wenn das Gewölbe wiederschallt,
Fühlt man erst recht des Basses Grundgewalt.

Frosch.

So recht! hinaus mit dem, der etwas übel nimmt
A! tara lara da!

Altmayer.

A! tara lara da!

Frosch.

Die Kehlen sind gestimmt.

Singt.

Das liebe, heil'ge röm'sche Reich,
Wie hält's nur noch zusammen?

Brander.

Ein garstig Lied! Pfui! ein politisch Lied![365]

---

[364] A glee, or round was called Runda, from the word rund, round, a contraction of the Latin "rotundum." Some etymologists, however, derive the word from the middle high German, rundate, rundat, Italian: "ronda." *Frisch* states that from the word „Rundtafel" (round-table) was derived the refrain "Runda-dinel-lula," used at the end of every strophe when glees were sung at a drinking party.

[365] Goethe abhorred any allusion to politics in poetry, assigning to it a higher and more general vocation than to serve as a

Ein leidig Lied! Dankt Gott mit jedem Morgen
Daß ihr nicht braucht für's röm'sche Reich zu sorgen;
Ich halt' es wenigstens für reichlichen Gewinn,
Daß ich nicht Kaiser oder Kanzler bin.
Doch muß auch uns ein Oberhaupt nicht fehlen;
Wir wollen einen Papst erwählen.
Ihr wißt, welch eine Qualität
Den Ausschlag gibt, den Mann erhöht.

Frosch (singt.)

Schwing' dich auf, Frau Nachtigall, [366]
Grüß' mir mein Liebchen zehntausendmal!

Siebel.

Dem Liebchen keinen Gruß! Ich will davon nichts hören!

Frosch.

Dem Liebchen Gruß und Kuß! du wirst mir's nicht verwehren!

Singt.

Riegel auf! in stiller Nacht.
Riegel auf! der Liebste wacht.
Riegel zu! des Morgens früh.

Siebel.

Ja, singe, singe nur, und lob' und rühme sie!
Ich will zu meiner Zeit schon lachen.
Sie hat mich angeführt, dir wird sie's auch so machen.
Zum Liebsten sei ein Kobold ihr beschеert! [367]
Der mag mit ihr auf einem Kreuzweg schäkern;

---

medium for expressing our discontent with transitory state-institutions. The only exception he ever made was in favour of Béranger's political songs.

[366] An old popular song published on a loose sheet, in 1639. Frau Nachtigall (Dame Nightingale) is frequently introduced by the Minnesängers (love-singers): the nightingale, being the bird of love, was generally intrusted in poetry, with messages to the beloved-one.

[367] Kobolds, or house-spirits were ugly, little, and deceitful.

"May he jest with her on the cross-way".

Ein alter Bock, wenn er vom Blocksberg kehrt,[368]
Mag im Galopp noch gute Nacht ihr meckern!
Ein braver Kerl von echtem Fleisch und Blut
Ist für die Dirne viel zu gut.
Ich will von keinem Gruße wissen,
Als ihr die Fenster eingeschmissen!

Brander (auf den Tisch schlagend.)

Paßt auf! paßt auf! Gehorchet mir!
Ihr Herrn, gesteht, ich weiß zu leben;
Verliebte Leute sitzen hier,
Und diesen muß, nach Standsgebühr,

---

[368] On the eve of the first of May the evil spirit of love was supposed to assume the form of a goat, and to assemble on the Blocksberg. The Blocksberg, or Brocken, is entirely granite, and forms the highest point of the Hartz mountains in North Germany. It is nearly 3500 feet in height, and appears even higher from having on the northern side a most abrupt declivity of great depth, thus affording a more majestic view than any of the neighbouring mountains: its sides, from the summit to the valleys, are covered with innumerable blocks of granite, which are scattered about like the ruins of a gigantic mountain—it is therefore supposed that the peak at one time was much higher. At the summit is a bare flat surface of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, which is surrounded by a thick, gloomy belt of firs; at an elevation of 3170 feet the trees are gradually replaced by low and stunted shrubs, till at last the only herbage consists of moss (principally Islandicum), a few scattered mountain herbs, and an occasional "Brocken pass-rose;" on this bare plain are two prominent rocks, popularly known as the witch's altar and the devil's pulpit; there is too a very cold, clear spring, called the witch's well, which never dries. The view from the summit is most extensive, commanding a surface of nearly 1000 English miles: in the misty distance can be discerned the towns of Magdeburg, Brunswick and Hanover, while the noble Elbe bounds the horizon as a thread of silver; to the south are seen hundreds of mountain-tops and dark pine forests, dotted here and there with light sparkling meadows; while along the range of the Hartz chain the eye can detect the splendid castle of Gotha and the huge Hercules near Cassel.

Zur guten Nacht ich was zum Besten geben.
Gebt Acht! ein Lied vom neusten Schnitt!
Und singt den Rundreim kräftig mit!

(Er singt.)

Es war eine Ratt' im Kellernest, [369]
Lebte nur von Fett und Butter,
Hatte sich ein Bänzlein angemäst't,
Als wie der Doctor Luther.
Die Köchin hatt' ihr Gift gestellt;
Da ward's so eng ihr in der Welt,
Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

Chorus (jauchzend.)

Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

Brander.

Sie fuhr herum, sie fuhr heraus,
Und soff aus allen Pfützen,
Zernagt', zerkratzt' das ganze Haus,
Wollte nichts ihr Wüthen nützen;
Sie thät gar manchen Aengstesprung; [370]
Bald hatte das arme Thier genung,
Als hätt' es Lieb' im Leibe.

Chorus.

Als hätt' es Lieb' im Leibe.

Brander.

Sie kam vor Angst am hellen Tag
Der Küche zugelaufen,
Fiel an den Herd, und zuckt' und lag,

---

[369] A satirical song on lovers. Brander attacks Dr. Luther with the same ridicule which he just now directed against the Pope. This song, as well as that of Mephisto in the latter part of this scene, seems to be an original production of Goethe's, written in an hour of great mental excitement.

[370] From the words Angst and Sprung. In forming this compound, Goethe, contrary to the usual custom, uses the first word in the plural.

Und thät erbärmlich schnaufen.[371]
Da lachte die Vergifterin noch:
Ha! sie pfeift auf dem letzten Loch,[372]
Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

Chorus.

Als hätte sie Lieb' im Leibe.

Siebel.

Wie sich die platten Bursche freuen!
Es ist mir eine rechte Kunst,
Den armen Ratten Gift zu streuen!

Brander.

Sie stehn wohl sehr in deiner Gunst?

Altmayer.

Der Schmerbauch[373] mit der kahlen Platte!
Das Unglück macht ihn zahm und mild;
Er sieht in der geschwollnen Ratte
Sein ganz natürlich Ebenbild.

Faust und Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.

Ich muß dich nun vor allen Dingen
In lustige Gesellschaft bringen,
Damit du siehst, wie leicht sich's leben läßt.
Dem Volke hier wird jeder Tag ein Fest:
Mit wenig Witz und viel Behagen
Dreht jeder sich im engen Zirkeltanz,
Wie junge Katzen mit dem Schwanz;
Wenn sie nicht über Kopfweh klagen,
So lang der Wirth nur weiter borgt,

---

[371] "Panting miserably."

[372] Sie pfeift auf dem letzten Loch—an idiomatic expression for "breathing one's last," it is literally "to whistle on the last hole."

[373] Schmeerbauch, paunch—a word only used in a low style.

Sind sie vergnügt und unbesorgt. [374]

Brander.

Die kommen eben von der Reise,
Man sieht's an ihrer wunderlichen Weise;
Sie sind nicht eine Stunde hier.

Frosch.

Wahrhaftig, du hast Recht! Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir!
Es ist ein klein Paris, und bildet feine Leute.

Siebel.

Für was siehst du die Fremden an?

Frosch.

Laßt mich nur gehn! Bei einem vollen Glase
Zieh ich, wie einen Kinderzahn,
Den Burschen leicht die Würmer aus der Nase. [375]
Sie scheinen mir aus einem edlen Haus;
Sie sehen stolz und unzufrieden aus.

Brander.

Marktschreier sind's gewiß, ich wette!

Altmayer.

Vielleicht.

Frosch.

Gib Acht, ich schraube sie! [376]

---

[374] It is in the spirit of irony that Mephisto brings the lofty active mind of Faust into contact with the low, thoughtless levity of these vulgar students. His object is to show Faust by this contrast how little wit a man requires to enjoy himself, how we are but "Kittens with their tails at play!" The aim of the devil ever is to allure us away from every higher and better feeling, and to drag us into mental degradation, under the pretext of affording us pleasure and amusement.

[375] An idiomatic expression for "to find out artfully all about a person."

[376] A phrase equivalent to the English vulgarism "to pump," as used by Butler:

"The one's a learned knight—seek out
"And *pump* him what he came about."—*Hudribas.*

Mephistopheles (zu Faust.)

Den Teufel spürt das Völkchen nie,
Und wenn er sie beim Kragen hätte![377]

Faust.

Seid uns gegrüßt, ihr Herr'n!

Siebel.

Viel Dank zum Gegengruß!

(Leise, Mephistopheles von der Seite ansehend.)

Was! hinkt der Kerl auf Einem Fuß?[378]

Mephistopheles.

Ist es erlaubt, uns auch zu euch zu setzen?
Statt eines guten Trunks, den man nicht haben kann,
Soll die Gesellschaft uns ergetzen.

Altmayer.

Ihr scheint ein sehr verwöhnter Mann.

Frosch.

Ihr seid wohl spät von Rippach aufgebrochen?
Habt ihr mit Herren Hans noch erst zu Nacht gespeist?[379]

Mephistopheles.

Heut sind wir ihn vorbeigereist!
Wir haben ihn das letztemal gesprochen.

---

[377] The devil laughs at these men, who, after having placed themselves entirely in the hands of the spirit of drunkenness and licentiousness, still dare to joke with him.

[378] Mephistopheles appears to halt like the "diable-boîteux"—an attribute which expresses symbolically that the devil does not go direct to his purpose, but chooses some crooked and round-about path.

[379] Rippach, a little village on the stream of the same name, between Weissenfels and Leipsic. Hans, an abbreviation of Johannes, John. To ask anyone if he came from Rippach and if he had dined there with Hans was a piece of banter, as much as to say: you are a stupid country-man.

Von seinen Vettern wußt' er viel zu sagen,
Viel Grüße hat er uns an jeden aufgetragen. [380]

Er neigt sich gegen Frosch.

Altmayer (leise.)

Da hast du's! der versteht's!

Siebel.

Ein pfiffiger Patron! [381]

Frosch.

Nun, warte nur, ich krieg' ihn schon!

Mephistopheles.

Wenn ich nicht irrte, hörten wir
Geübte Stimmen Chorus singen?
Gewiß, Gesang muß trefflich hier
Von dieser Wölbung wiederklingen!

Frosch.

Seid ihr wohl gar ein Virtuos?

Mephistopheles.

O nein! die Kraft ist schwach, allein die Lust ist groß.

Altmayer.

Gebt uns ein Lied!

Mephistopheles.

Wenn ihr begehrt, die Menge.

Siebel.

Nur auch ein nagelneues Stück!

Mephistopheles.

Wir kommen erst aus Spanien zurück,
Dem schönen Land des Weins und der Gesänge.

(Singt.)

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh —

---

[380] Mephistopheles quickly returns this banter, and shows that he is a match for them in this style of wit.

[381] A cunning fellow.

Frosch.

Horcht! einen Floh! Habt ihr das wohl gefaßt?
Ein Floh ist mir ein saub'rer Gast.

Mephistopheles (singt.) [382]

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie seinen eignen Sohn.

Da rief er seinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran:
Da, miß dem Junker Kleider,
Und miß ihm Hosen an!

Brander.

Vergeßt nur nicht, dem Schneider einzuschärfen,
Daß er mir aufs genauste mißt,
Und daß, so lieb sein Kopf ihm ist,
Die Hosen keine Falten werfen!

Mephistopheles.

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angethan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,

---

[382] Goethe has written here a very sarcastic *political* song, notwithstanding his general dislike to such compositions — (Vide Note 365). The "flea-song" is very witty and humorous throughout. The restless, jumping, blood-sucking animal is here the emblem of an experienced courtier, who knows well how to avoid the continual attacks of his enemies, though preying on them the whole time. It is not in the employment of the noxious flea as the Chief Secretary of State that the point of the satire lies, but in the fact that all the vulgar relations of the powerful parvenu make so rapid a progress in court-favour, and are allowed to do as they like, to teaze and to torment everybody with impunity.

Und hatt' einen großen Stern,
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.

Und Herr'n und Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt;
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht.[383]
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

Chorus (jauchzend.)

Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

Frosch.

Bravo! Bravo! das war schön!

Siebel.

So soll es jedem Floh ergehn!

Brander.

Spitzt die Finger und packt sie fein!

Altmayer.

Es lebe die Freiheit! es lebe der Wein![384]

---

[383] Wegjucken — "to scratch them away."

[384] Mephisto has inflamed the political passions of the already excited students. Frosch expresses delight with the literal obvious sentiment of the song. Siebel exhorts to a special resistance to every such interloper. Brander contents himself with pointing out the most masterly method of exterminating the race; —while Altmayer openly reveals the political tenor of the song by proposing the toast of *freedom*, which, however, he couples (like Mozart's Don Juan) with *wine!* Goethe aims thus a well deserved blow at that drunken liberalism, once so prevalent among the German students.

Mephistopheles.

Ich tränke gern ein Glas, die Freiheit hoch zu ehren,
Wenn eure Weine nur ein bischen [385] besser wären.

Siebel.

Wir mögen das nicht wieder hören!

Mephistopheles.

Ich fürchte nur, der Wirth beschweret sich;
Sonst gäb' ich diesen werthen Gästen
Aus unserm Keller was zum Besten.

Siebel.

Nur immer her! ich nehm's auf mich.

Frosch.

Schafft ihr ein gutes Glas, so wollen wir euch loben.
Nur gebt nicht gar zu kleine Proben!
Denn wenn ich judiciren [386] soll,
Verlang' ich auch das Maul recht voll.

Altmayer (leise).

Sie sind vom Rheine, wie ich spüre.

Mephistopheles.

Schafft einen Bohrer an!

Brander.

Was soll mit dem geschehn?
Ihr habt doch nicht die Fässer vor der Thüre?

Altmayer.

Dahinten hat der Wirth ein Körbchen Werkzeug stehn.

Mephistopeles (nimmt den Bohrer.)

Zu Frosch.

Nun sagt, was wünschet ihr zu schmecken? [387]

---

[385] Derived from beißen, Biß, bißchen (or bischen)— "a little bit."

[386] Judiciren from the Latin. This and all other Germanized Latin words must be carefully avoided, as they are only used in a free, loose style, or in comic writing.

[387] The fact of making a variety of wines flow out of the table

Frosch.

Wie meint ihr das? Habt ihr so mancherlei?

Mephistopheles.

Ich stell' es einem jeden frei.

Altmayer (zu Frosch.)

Aha! du fängst schon an die Lippen abzulecken.

Frosch.

Gut! wenn ich wählen soll, so will ich Rheinwein haben.
Das Vaterland verleiht die allerbesten Gaben.

Mephistopheles.

(indem er an dem Platz, wo Frosch sitzt, ein Loch in den Tischrand bohrt)
Verschafft ein wenig Wachs, die Pfropfen gleich zu machen!

Altmayer (zu Frosch.)

Ach, das sind Taschenspielersachen!

Mephistopheles (zu Brander.)

Und ihr?

Brander.

Ich will Champagnerwein,
Und recht mousirend soll er sein!

---

here attributed to Mephisto, is mentioned in the eldest book on Faust as having been performed by our hero himself.

„Spricht (Faustus), ob sie nicht mögen auch ein frembden Wein oder zween (zwei) versuchen: antworteten sie ja, darauff; er weiter fragt, ob es Malvasier,* Spanisch oder französisch Wein sein sol, giebt einer lachend zur Antwort, sie sein alle gut. Bald fordert Faustus ein börer (Bohrer) fehnt an (fängt an) auff die seiten am tischblat vier Löcher nacheinander zu boren, stopfft Pflöcklein für, wie man die Zapfen oder Hane (Hähne) vor die Fasse (Fässer) zu stecken pflegt, heißt im (ihn) ein paar frische Glaser bringen, als dieß geschehen, zeucht (zieht) er ein Pflöcklein nach dem Andern, und lest (läßt, from lassen) ein (einem) jeden aus dürrem Tischblatt, gleich als aus vier Fassen was for (für) Wein er fordert, vnter (unter) den obernannten (obengenannten)."

The story may be true, as in our own days a similar trick is often performed by wizards of very ordinary ability, and there seems to be no doubt that Faust had some acquaintance with jugglery, and employed it at times to astonish the ignorant.

*An excellent wine produced at Napoli di Malvasia, in the Morea, and also in the islands of Cyprus and Candia, &c.

Mephistopheles

(bohrt; einer hat indessen die Wachspfropfen gemacht und verstopft.)

Brander.

Man kann nicht stets das Fremde meiden,
Das Gute liegt uns oft so fern.
Ein echter deutscher Mann mag keinen Franzen [388] leiden,
Doch ihre Weine trinkt er gern.

Siebel

(indem sich Mephistopheles seinem Platze nähert.)

Ich muß gestehn, den sauren mag ich nicht.
Gebt mir ein Glas vom echten süßen!

Mephistopheles (bohrt.)

Euch soll sogleich Tokaier fließen. [389]

Altmayer.

Nein, Herren, seht mir ins Gesicht!
Ich seh' es ein, ihr habt uns nur zum Besten. [390]

Mephistopheles.

Ei! ei! Mit solchen edlen Gästen
Wär' es ein bischen viel gewagt.
Geschwind! Nur grad' [391] heraus gesagt!
Mit welchem Weine kann ich dienen!

---

[388] Franzosen, Frenchmen.

[389] Tokay-wine — a rich, juicy, expensive wine produced in the county of Zemplin in Hungary. It takes its name from the little town Tokay near which the particular vine grows. The grapes are produced on a range of hills, called *Hegyallya*, of the Trachyte or Porphyric formation. The whole surface is not more than 25 English square miles in extent, and its extreme height about 700 feet. The vines were *imported* in the reign of Bela (1255—1270) by Italian colonists, but the best quality of Tokay wine can be obtained only from one small hill called "Mézes-Málé" (honey-cake), the greatest part of which is in the possession of the crown.

[390] An idiomatic expression for "to mock, to befool."

[391] Gerade.

Altmayer.

Mit jedem! Nur nicht lang gefragt!

(Nachdem die Löcher alle gebohrt und verstopft sind.)

Mephistopheles (mit seltsamen Geberden.)

Trauben trägt der Weinstock,
Hörner der Ziegenbock!
Der Wein ist saftig, Holz die Reben,
Der hölzerne Tisch kann Wein auch geben.
Ein tiefer Blick in die Natur!
Hier ist ein Wunder, glaubet nur! [392]

Nun zieht die Pfropfen und genießt!

Alle

(indem sie die Pfropfen ziehen, und jedem der verlangte Wein ins Glas läuft.)

O schöner Brunnen, der uns fließt!

Mephistopheles.

Nur hütet euch, daß ihr mir nichts vergießt!

Sie trinken wiederholt.

Alle (singen.)

Uns ist ganz kannibalisch wohl,
Als wie fünfhundert Säuen! [393]

Mephistopheles.

Das Volk ist frei! Seht an, wie wohl's ihm geht! [394]

---

[392] This conjuring formula is nothing but an assertion of the truth, that a deeper knowledge of nature and her laws enables us to do what to others may appear miraculous. Thus, in a certain degree, an astronomer was looked upon as superhuman, because he could predict the time of an eclipse, &c.

[393] The students being now overcome by the effects of the devil's strong rich wine, break out into the refrain of an old song.

[394] There is a sneer in Mephistopheles' observation that this is the *kind of freedom* which the mob most enjoys.

Faust.

Ich hätte Lust nun abzufahren.

Mephistopheles.

Gieb nur erst Acht! die Bestialität
Wird sich gar herrlich offenbaren.

Siebel

(trinkt unvorsichtig, der Wein fließt auf die Erde und wird zur Flamme.)

Helft! Feuer! helft! Die Hölle brennt!

Mephistopheles (die Flamme besprechend.)

Sei ruhig, freundlich Element! [395]

(Zu den Gesellen.)

Für diesmal war es nur ein Tropfen Fegefeuer. [396]

Siebel.

Was soll das sein? Wart'! Ihr bezahlt es theuer!
Es scheinet, daß ihr uns nicht kennt.

Frosch.

Laß Er uns das zum zweitenmale bleiben!

Altmayer.

Ich dächt', wir hießen ihn ganz sachte seitwärts gehn.

Siebel.

Was, Herr? Er will sich unterstehn,
Und hier sein Hokuspokus treiben? [397]

Mephistopheles.

Still, altes Weinfaß!

---

[395] Conjuring the fire. Fire was usually considered as a higher order of hostile being, and therefore the devil calls it his friend.

[396] Purgatory.

[397] Goethe uses the word "Hokuspokus" in the neuter, though it is usually of the masculine gender. The word, which is found also in the English and Swedish languages, is probably a corruption of "hoc est corpus meum," the words used by the Roman Catholic priest in the celebration of the Eucharist. The metathesis in pocus (corpus) is evidently for the sake of rhyme.

Siebel.

Beſenſtiel! [398]

Du willſt uns gar noch grob begegnen?

Brander.

Wart' nur! es ſollen Schläge regnen! [399]

Altmayer.

(zieht einen Pfropf aus dem Tiſch; es ſpringt ihm Feuer entgegen.)

Ich brenn'! ich brenne!

Siebel.

Zauberei!

Stoßt zu! der Kerl iſt vogelfrei! [400]

(Sie ziehen die Meſſer und gehen auf Mephiſtopheles los.)

Mephiſtopheles (mit ernſthafter Geberde.)

Falſch Gebild und Wort
Verändern Sinn und Ort!
Seid hier und dort! [401]

Sie ſtehen erſtaunt und ſehen einander an.

Altmayer.

Wo bin ich? Welches ſchöne Land!

Froſch.

Weinberge! Seh' ich recht?

Siebel.

Und Trauben gleich zur Hand.

---

[398] Beſenſtiel, for sorcerer.

[399] Grammatically we should have es ſoll, and not the plural ſollen, as in this impersonal form the verb should agree with the pronoun es as its subject.

[400] Vogelfrei (lit. as free as a bird) that is: free to be shot, like a bird—i.e. outlawed.

[401] They are now so bewildered by Mephisto, that their bodies and their imaginations are in very different places, an effect which drunkenness is said often to produce. The scene is intended as a warning against such excess, which by disturbing our reason, makes us see things in a very false light.

Brander.

Hier unter diesem grünen Laube,
Seht, welch ein Stock! Seht, welche Traube!

(Er faßt Siebeln bei der Nase; die andern thun es wechselseitig und heben die Messer.)

Mephistopheles (wie oben.)

Irrthum, laß los der Augen Band!
Und merkt euch, wie der Teufel spaße! [402]

Er verschwindet mit Faust; die Gesellen fahren auseinander.

Siebel.

Was gibt's?

Altmayer.

Wie?

Frosch.

War das deine Nase?

Brander (zu Siebel.)

Und deine hab' ich in der Hand!

Altmayer.

Es war ein Schlag, der ging durch alle Glieder!
Schafft einen Stuhl! ich sinke nieder.

Frosch.

Nein, sagt mir nur, was ist geschehn?

Siebel.

Wo ist der Kerl? Wenn ich ihn spüre,
Er soll mir nicht lebendig gehn!

Altmayer.

Ich hab' ihn selbst hinaus zur Kellerthüre

---

[402] "How the devil jokes."—This exploit is mentioned by Philip Camerarius (Kämmerer)—(son of Melanchton's learned friend Johannes Cammerarius,) in a work published in 1602 under the title: "Operæ horarum subcisivarum centuria prima." The exploit there, however, is ascribed to "Præstigiator Faustus." Goethe here again has an object in making the evil spirit perform the tricks which were commonly ascribed to Faust; Mephisto eing throughout the "Alter Ego" of Faust, and the embodiment of his evil nature.

Auf einem Faſſe reiten ſehn. — [403]
Es liegt mir bleiſchwer in den Füßen.

Sich nach dem Tiſche wendend.

Mein! [404] Sollte wohl der Wein noch fließen?

Siebel.

Betrug war alles, Lug und Schein.

Froſch.

Mir däuchte doch, als tränk' ich Wein.

Brander.

Aber wie war es mit den Trauben?

---

[403] Referring to the old tradition mentioned above (Note 363). which affirmed that Faust rode with Mephisto on a full wine-cask through the ceiling of Auerbach's cellar. The two oil-paintings spoken of in that note, representing Faust in the performance of this feat, are still preserved in Leipsic in Auerbach's cellar. One of them bears the following quaint inscription:

„Doctor Fauſtus zu dieſer Friſt
Aus Auerbach's Keller geritten iſt.
Auf einem Faß mit Wein geſchwind,
Welches geſehen viel Mutter Kind,
Solches durch ſeine ſubtilne (ſubtile) Kraft hat gethan,
Und des Teufels Lohn empfangen davon."

The other painting, which represents the doctor drinking with some students from the very cask on which he took this extraordinary flight, has the following Latin couplet:

Vive, bibe, obgregare, memor
Fausti hujus et hujus
Pœnæ. Aderat clauda hæc
Ast erat amplo gradu.
1525.

(Live, drink, be sociable, ever mindful of
Faust and his punishment;
It came with slow pace (limping) but it came
with avengeance.)

[404] Mein! is an exclamation used only by German Jews, but not found in pure German. It is equivalent to the Swedish "men!" It reminds us also of the lower German and Danish *man, men* (but, aber).

Altmayer.

Nun sag' mir eins, man soll kein Wunder glauben! [405]

Hexenküche. [406]

Auf einem niedrigen Herde steht ein großer Kessel über dem Feuer. In dem Dampfe, der davon in die Höhe steigt, zeigen sich verschiedene Gestalten. Eine Meerkatze sitzt bei dem Kessel und schäumt ihn, und sorgt, daß er nicht überläuft. Der Meerkater mit den Jungen sitzt daneben und wärmt sich. Wände und Decke sind mit dem seltsamsten Hexenhausrath ausgeschmückt. [407]

[405] This scene with all its coarse humour is intended as a warning to all, and particularly to the students. In describing thus graphically the low, brutal licence of those who called themselves the disciples of Apollo, Goethe wished to improve their morals and tastes; he therefore tries to excite in his readers the feelings of shame and disgust, as well as to open their eyes to the dangers and inconsistencies into which atheists are apt to fall, for Goethe well knew that the infidel, the sceptic, and the atheist are ever the readiest to believe in the juggling tricks of witchcraft.

[406] The witch's kitchen. We have seen one essay and its failure on the part of the devil to induce Faust's higher nature to take any interest in the drunken revelry of the licentious students; we now meet Mephistopheles and his master in a still lower scene —and see symbolically his great inquiring spirit sinking deeper in degradation. The interview in Auerbach's cellar has prepared us for the present scene, and however strange the place may be, its strangeness is in perfect accordance with Faust's still stranger projects.

[407] Contrast this scenery with that which Shakespeare employs in his Macbeth. Instead of thunder, lightning, and storm, the pelting rain and the distant murderous battle—there is burning quietly on a low hearth a comfortable fire, over which is hanging a large cauldron; before the fire are two monkeys, a male and female, the former is sitting with the young ones and warming himself, while the latter is engaged in skimming the cauldron and watching that it does not boil over. As in Shakespeare's play "horrors are accumulated on horrors," so in Goethe's scene is "satire heaped on satire;" the loathsome animals are introduced to show the lowering, brutalizing influence of a superstitious belief in witchcraft.

Faust. Mephistopheles.

Faust.

Mir widersteht das tolle Zauberwesen!
Versprichst du mir, ich soll genesen
In diesem Wust von Raserei?
Verlang' ich Rath von einem alten Weibe? [403]
Und schafft die Sudelköcherei
Wohl dreißig Jahre mir vom Leibe?
Weh mir! wenn du nichts Bessers weißt!
Schon ist die Hoffnung mir verschwunden.
Hat die Natur und hat ein edler Geist
Nicht irgend einen Balsam ausgefunden?

Mephistopheles.

Mein Freund, nun sprichst du wieder klug!
Dich zu verjüngen, gibt's auch ein natürlich Mittel;
Allein es steht in einem andern Buch,
Und ist ein wunderlich Capitel.

Faust.

Ich will es wissen.

Mephistopheles.

Gut! Ein Mittel, ohne Geld
Und Arzt und Zauberei zu haben!
Begib dich gleich hinaus aufs Feld,
Fang' an zu hacken und zu graben,

---

[408] On the path of vice the poor professor has lost his wits, and has grown so foolish as to come to an old witch for advice, and the great philosopher whom but now we heard conjuring the spirit of the Universe, in his longings to scrutinize Revelation and fathom the secret working of Nature, will soon sink so low as to believe in the power of an old hag to restore to him the rigour of youth. He has passed all his life in fruitless learning. Faith and regulated knowledge have never found a place in his heart, and accordingly the struggle he makes, before giving himself up to the degrading influence of witchcraft, wise and learned *doctor* though he be, is miserably feeble. How deep a moral is there in this scene!

Erhalte dich und deinen Sinn
In einem ganz beschränkten Kreise,
Ernähre dich mit ungemischter Speise,
Leb' mit dem Vieh als Vieh, und acht' es nicht für Raub,
Den Acker, den du erntest, selbst zu düngen —
Das ist das beste Mittel, glaub',
Auf achtzig Jahr dich zu verjüngen! [409]

Faust.

Das bin ich nicht gewöhnt; ich kann mich nicht bequemen
Den Spaten in die Hand zu nehmen.
Das enge Leben steht mir gar nicht an. [410]

Mephistopheles.

So muß denn doch die Hexe dran!

Faust.

Warum denn just das alte Weib!
Kannst du den Trank nicht selber brauen? [411]

---

[409] Work, toil, labour with your hands, and you will soon become healthy, lusty and young. The evil spirit in this ironical speech gives us really sound advice as to the best means of ensuring good old age, yet the advice is given in so uninviting a form as to make the doctor's over-educated mind shrink from following it.

[410] Here lies the hidden secret! These bookworm philosophers never attempt to make themselves *socially* useful; they keep aloof from every trial or suffering of life; the very thought of earning a practical livelihood is a horror to them, and they therefore pamper and nurse their body in sluggish indolence, till their diseased and restless spirit has undermined all their happiness, nay, too often the happiness of some fellow creature as well.

Many passages in this scene are also directed against the class of superficial literary men who plagued Germany in Goethe's time with their paradoxical doubting sophisms; they would have done much better to take the spade in their hand and dig, than to waste their time in building up their false and unstable systems.

[411] Faust is incapable of understanding why an *old* woman should be selected to prepare for him the draught of *youth*—the reason of this apparent inconsistency is obvious enough. To the

Mephistopheles.

Das wär' ein schöner Zeitvertreib!
Ich wollt' indeß wohl tausend Brücken bauen. [412]
Nicht Kunst und Wissenschaft allein,
Geduld will bei dem Werke sein. [413]
Ein stiller Geist ist Jahre lang geschäftig;
Die Zeit nur macht die feine Gährung kräftig.
Und alles, was dazu gehört,
Es sind gar wunderbare Sachen!
Der Teufel hat sie's zwar gelehrt;
Allein der Teufel kann's nicht machen.

Die Thiere erblickend.

Sieh, welch ein zierliches Geschlecht!
Das ist die Magd! das ist der Knecht!

Zu den Thieren.

Es scheint, die Frau ist nicht zu Hause?

---

request "can you not brew the magic potion yourself," Mephisto's refusal is significant, as the devil ever makes others the instrument of his plans, and seldom acts for others; crime must be committed *for him*, and by those who have not strength enough to resist him.

[412] The power of piling up immense masses of stone has been universally attributed to evil spirits, and seems from the numerous traces we have of this belief, to have been a very favourite amusement among them. This superstition seems to have been particularly common in Germany during the Dark Ages, and accordingly we find all dangerous natural bridges over deep abysses, any more irregular or more massive pile than usual, especially if on the summit of some inaccessible height, attributed to the devil's handiwork—thus we have the names: Teufelsbrücke, Teufelssteine, Teufelsmauer, Teufelsgraben, Teufelsthurm, Teufelskanzel, Teufelsschloß, u. s. w. The "devil's stones" are some huge rocks which the devil is said to have dropped in erecting one of his buildings, or according to another legend, were rocks which he once used as missiles in an attack on a consecrated church.

[413] "Patience is principally wanted." As patience is a characteristic feature in aged women, "the witch is a very proper personage to brew such a potion."

Die Thiere.

Beim Schmause,
Aus dem Haus,
Zum Schornstein hinaus![414]

Mephistopheles.

Wie lange pflegt sie wohl zu schwärmen?

Die Thiere.

So lang wir uns die Pfoten wärmen.

Mephistopheles (zu Faust).

Wie findest du die zarten Thiere?

Faust.

So abgeschmackt, als ich nur jemand sah!

Mephistopheles.

Nein, ein Discours, wie dieser da,
Ist grade der, den ich am liebsten führe!
Zu den Thieren.
So sagt mir doch, verfluchte Puppen![415]
Was quirlt[416] ihr in dem Brei herum?

Thiere.

Wir kochen breite Bettelsuppen.[417]

---

[414] We see emblematically represented in the inhabitants of the witch's kitchen the "muses of nonsense" courted so much by many literary men of Goethe's age. The diphthong au so characteristically introduced into the speech of the monkeys is an imitation of the peculiar howl of these animals. The witch herself is supposed to be feasting at present on some cross-road.

[415] The word verflucht, must not be taken here in its usual bad sense, as *cursed*, but rather as it is used by the lower orders in reference to anything clever or extraordinary, anything that pleases them much; thus „ein verfluchter Kerl" means "a very clever fellow."

Puppen, an expression of fondness. Faust afterwards addresses Margaret as „liebe Puppe" (dear doll!)

[416] From quirlen or querlen, to turn round, to twist, to stir.

[417] To the devil's inquiring as to their object in stirring the porridge, the monkeys' reply is, "we are cooking beggar's broth;" that is an absurdity which is sure to please the mob.

Mephistopheles.

Da habt ihr ein groß Publikum.

Der Kater

(macht sich herbei und schmeichelt dem Mephistopheles).

O würfle nur gleich,
Und mache mich reich,
Und laß mich gewinnen!
Gar schlecht ist's bestellt,
Und wär' ich bei Geld,
So wär' ich bei Sinnen. [418]

Mephistopheles.

Wie glücklich würde sich der Affe schätzen,
Könnt' er nur auch ins Lotto setzen! [419]

Indessen haben die jungen Meerkätzchen mit einer großen Kugel gespielt, und rollen sie hervor.

Der Kater.

Das ist die Welt:
Sie steigt und fällt,
Und rollt beständig;
Sie klingt wie Glas;
Wie bald bricht das?
Ist hohl inwendig;
Hier glänzt sie sehr,
Und hier noch mehr.
Ich bin lebendig!
Mein lieber Sohn,
Halt' dich davon!
Du mußt sterben!

---

[418] An ironical allusion to the power of money, as if it could make a *man* out of a mere *brute*, and supply reason and understanding not only to human beings, but even to the lower animals.

[419] Referring to the lotteries so prejudicial to the lower classes, which are still common in many parts of Germany, especially in Austria, but which must be considered as affording amusement fit only for monkeys, and beings devoid of reason.

Sie iſt von Thon,
Es giebt Scherben.[420]

Mephiſtopheles.

Was ſoll das Sieb?

Der Kater (holt es herunter).

Wärſt du ein Dieb,
Wollt' ich dich gleich erkennen.

Er läuft zur Kätzin und läßt ſie durchſehen.

Sieh durch das Sieb!
Erkennſt du den Dieb,
Und darfſt ihn nicht nennen?[421]

Mephiſtopheles (ſich dem Feuer nähernd).

Und dieſer Topf?

---

[420] How true a reflection on the deceitful glitter, the hollowness and unsoundness of this fragile world! The monkey after having himself played with the world, now begins to moralize and advises his son not to follow his example, and not to waste his years in early youth.
The words:

„Sie klingt wie Glas
Wie bald bricht das"—

remind us of the adage: „Glück und Glas, wie bald bricht das."

[421] Even the heathen of old knew the art of divining by a sieve. In the Middle Ages the customs of sieve-turning, sieve-hunting, sieve-running and sieve-dancing were very generally practised for the purpose of detecting thieves and other offenders. The sieve-turning was very similar to the modern "table turning," and was performed in the following manner: Two persons held a sieve between their middle fingers very lightly, after breathing some magic words over it, they proceeded to pronounce one after another the names of the suspected persons, the one at whose name the sieve began to turn was considered the culprit. The words "to know the thief," — and "not to be allowed to name him" are probably used to imply that the brutes were aware that Mephisto was doing all he could to rob Faust of his Heaven, but were not allowed to speak of it.

Kater und Kätzin.

Der alberne Tropf!
Er kennt nicht den Topf,
Er kennt nicht den Keſſel!

Mephiſtopheles.

Unhöfliches Thier!

Der Kater.

Den Wedel nimm hier,
Und ſetz' dich in Seſſel! [422]

Er nöthigt den Mephiſtopheles zu ſitzen.

Fauſt

(welcher dieſe Zeit über vor einem Spiegel geſtanden, ſich ihm bald genähert, bald ſich von ihm entfernt hat).

Was ſeh' ich? Welch' ein himmliſch Bild
Zeigt ſich in dieſem Zauberſpiegel!
O Liebe, leihe mir den ſchnellſten deiner Flügel,
Und führe mich in ihr Gefild!
Ach, wenn ich nicht auf dieſer Stelle bleibe,
Wenn ich es wage nah zu gehn,
Kann ich ſie nur als wie im Nebel ſehn! —
Das ſchönſte Bild von einem Weibe!
Iſt's möglich, iſt das Weib ſo ſchön?
Muß ich an dieſem hingeſtreckten Leibe
Den Inbegriff von allen Himmeln ſehn?
So etwas findet ſich auf Erden? [423]

---

[422] Omission of the article. We should have „in den Seſſel"; similar dialectic faults are of frequent occurrence in Goethe's earlier writings.

[423] It was a common artifice of necromancers, sorcerers, jugglers, &c. to show different objects in concave mirrors, crystals or pans of water. This art is here practised by the devil to seduce Faust, and at the same time to ridicule his pretended wisdom.— In the image that now appears in the mirror different commentators have seen the most opposite symbols: some have taken the apparition to be the Greek Helena, and others again, with more probability to be the unhappy Margaret (the future heroine of our

Mephistopheles

Natürlich, wenn ein Gott sich erst sechs Tage plagt,
Und selbst am Ende Bravo sagt,
Da muß es was Gescheidtes werden.
Für diesmal sieh dich immer satt! [424]
Ich weiß dir so ein Schätzchen auszuspüren,
Und selig, wer das gute Schicksal hat,
Als Bräutigam sie heimzuführen!

Faust sieht immerfort in den Spiegel. Mephistopheles, sich in dem Sessel dehnend und mit dem Wedel spielend, fährt fort zu sprechen.

Hier sitz' ich wie der König auf dem Throne; [425]
Den Zepter halt' ich hier, es fehlt nur noch die Krone.

Die Thiere

(welche bisher allerlei wunderliche Bewegungen durch einander gemacht haben, bringen dem Mephistopheles eine Krone mit großem Geschrei).

O sei doch so gut,
Mit Schweiß und mit Blut
Die Krone zu leimen! [426]

---

play): it seems however very likely, and quite in accordance with the whole situation, to consider the image a mere creation of the devil's, intended to excite the passions of Faust, who already bewildered by the confused scene of revelry, and the finale in Auerbach's cellar, is now entirely lost amid the jests, and moralizing of the witch's attendants.

To extol the human form was one of Goethe's favourite themes.

[424] The demon tries to cool Faust's excitement by a blasphemous jest on the creation of man, but still urges him to go on contemplating and admiring the apparition, knowing that through the eye the devil may easily steal into the heart.

[425] On witnessing Faust's excitement at the sight of the lovely image Mephisto feels himself like a king on his throne, but *without a crown.* The expression „fühlt gleich 'nem König!" is idiomatically used for "being happy." Mephisto seeing that his trick begins to work on Faust feels himself thoroughly happy like a king, and as a crown may convey sorrow, the poet wisely says, "like a king—but *without* a crown."

[426] Into these two lines Goethe crowds all the crimes that have been committed through whole centuries by despots, whom he

Sie gehen ungeſchickt mit der Krone um und zerbrechen ſie in zwei Stücke, mit welchen ſie herumſpringen.

Nun iſt es geſchehn!
Wir reden und ſehn,
Wir hören und reimen! [427]

Fauſt (gegen den Spiegel).

Weh mir! ich werde ſchier verrückt.

Mephiſtopheles (auf die Thiere deutend).

Nun fängt mir an faſt ſelbſt der Kopf zu ſchwanken. [428]

Die Thiere.

Und wenn es uns glückt,
Und wenn es ſich ſchickt,
So ſind es Gedanken!

Fauſt (wie oben).

Mein Buſen fängt mir an zu brennen!
Entfernen wir uns nur geſchwind!

---

accuses of "having glued together their crowns with the sweat and blood of their subjects."

[427] Despotism once crushed, the people begin to use their faculties to educate themselves; then follows civilisation, and with it poetry, fine arts, and the greatest boon of all, the liberty of speech and writing.

[428] Mephisto now feels his own head reel as he hears the monkeys talk of freedom: he knows that his is an empire of darkness, whilst freedom implies the light of civilisation, and this again leads to a moral improvement of mankind, which narrows his dominion and lessens his sway.

Some commentators have contended that Goethe wished to indicate by the monkeys' breaking the crown and jumping about with the pieces, that from the overthrow of despotism nothing could result but anarchy; though there is much in Goethe's writings which could justify this explanation (for he was a thorough aristocrat, but then an aristocrat in the highest sense of the term: viz. one who ardently longed for everything that could ennoble or improve mankind) we do not see any sufficient grounds for giving such an interpretation to these lines.

Mephistopheles (in obiger Stellung).

Nun, wenigstens muß man bekennen,
Daß es aufrichtige Poeten sind. [429]

Der Kessel, welchen die Kätzin bisher außer Acht gelassen, fängt an überzulaufen; es entsteht eine große Flamme, welche zum Schornstein hinausschlägt. Die Hexe kommt durch die Flamme mit entsetzlichem Geschrei heruntergefahren.

Die Hexe.

Au! Au! Au! Au!
Verdammtes Thier! verfluchte Sau!
Versäumst den Kessel, versengst die Frau!

---

[429] This irony of Mephistopheles justifies our rejection of the above explanation. He sneers at the rhyming animals, and though dissatisfied with their *freedom* yet praises them as, at least, sincere *poets;* he at the same time expresses his incredulity in the value of freedom, a view which quite accords with the character of a "chained and fettered demon"—as he is described in the following powerful verses of Caedmon (an Anglo-Saxon poet and monk of Whitby, who died about the year 680).

But around me lie
Iron bonds:
.....
Me have so hard
The clasps of hell
So firmly grasped!
.....
My feet are bound,
My hands manacled.

Of these hell doors are
The ways obstructed
.....
About me lie
Huge gratings
Of hard iron,
Forged with heat.

Satan fettered to crime by bonds of iron, rules principally in lands of oppression, whether political or spiritual, where he can find plenty of victims in the darkness of servitude and moral degradation.

Verfluchtes Thier! [430]

Faust und Mephistopheles erblickend.

Was ist das hier?
Wer seid ihr hier?
Was wollt ihr da?
Wer schlich sich ein?
Die Feuerpein
Euch ins Gebein!

Sie fährt mit dem Schaumlöffel in den Kessel, und spritzt Flammen nach Faust, Mephistopheles und den Thieren. Die Thiere winseln.

Mephistopheles

(welcher den Wedel, den er in der Hand hält, umkehrt und unter die Gläser und Töpfe schlägt).

Entzwei! entzwei!
Da liegt der Brei!
Da liegt das Glas!
Es ist nur Spaß,
Der Tact, du Aas,
Zu deiner Melodei. [431]

(Indem die Hexe voll Grimm und Entsetzen zurücktritt.)

Erkennst du mich? Gerippe! Scheusal du!
Erkennst du deinen Herrn und Meister?
Was hält mich ab, so schlag' ich zu,
Zerschmettre dich und deine Katzengeister!
Hast du vor'm rothen Wamms nicht mehr Respect? [432]

---

[430] The witch herself now appears in consequence of the cauldron having been allowed to boil over by the neglect of the she monkey.

[431] Melodei, the termination dei is allowed only in comic writing; it should be die.

[432] Red was commonly considered the devil's favourite colour, as being the emblem of fire. *Whitaker* gives an amusing account of a piece called "The Creation of the World," as acted in the theatre of Lisbon: in this play, as soon as Adam was persuaded by Eve to eat of the apple, there arose a most terrible storm of thunder and lightning, during which a dance of infernal

Kannſt du die Hahnenfeder nicht erkennen? [433]
Hab' ich dies Angeſicht verſteckt?
Soll ich mich etwa ſelber nennen?

Die Hexe.

O Herr, verzeiht den rohen Gruß!
Seh' ich doch keinen Pferdefuß. [434]
Wo ſind denn eure beiden Raben? [435]

---

spirits was performed with the devil in the midst, dressed in black with scarlet stockings and a gold-laced hat on his head. (See "Ancient Mysteries," page 181.)

[433] The cock's comb as the emblem of pride, as in the English corruption: "coxcomb."

[434] Imagination in the Dark Ages, in its personifications of the devil, frequently mixed up the traditions of Greece and Rome with scriptural conceptions. Thus the "horse-foot" (Pferdfuß) of the evil one is an idea evidently taken from the Centaurs of Homer, the hairy monsters of Mount Pelion, which were, (according to *Voss*, the celebrated German commentator and translator of Homer,) before the Pindaric age represented as half men and half horses, and connected with Bacchanalian revelry; in this character they were identified by the imagination of Christian artists with the devil, who is therefore represented with a horse-foot.

[435] Ravens too often represent the devil, as blackness, quickness and cunning seem to be the natural attributes of his servants. See Hieronymus' commentaries on the book Job XXXVIII, 41, explaining that by the raven the devil is alluded to.

In the northern mythology we find two of these birds constant companions of Odin *; one was called Huginn (the faculty of thought), the other Muninn (the faculty of memory), their respective duty being to inform him of every present or past occurence on the earth. We find in the oldest German writings frequent exclamations, and warnings against ravens as spirits

* Odin, Othin, Oddin (the German *Wodan*) was the son of Bor, and the mightiest of the *Asen*, the name given in the northern mythology to the chief gods, as Odin, Thor, Niördr, Freja (Freya), Heindal, &c. The word *Asen* meaning the eldest, the forefathers, whence Ata, Tata, Vata, Vater, father.

Mephistopheles.

Für dießmal kommst du so davon;
Denn freilich ist es eine Weile schon,
Daß wir uns nicht gesehen haben.
Auch die Cultur, die alle Welt beleckt,
Hat auf den Teufel sich erstreckt;
Das nordische Phantom ist nun nicht mehr zu schauen;
Wo siehst du Hörner, Schweif und Klauen? [436]

---

of evil, for instance „Folgen wir nicht dem schwarzen Raben." Rol. 35. 23. Hence we may derive the idiomatic expressions: „Rabenvater, Rabenmutter, Rabenkind &c."—designating an unnatural father, mother, child. Schiller thus says in his „Jungfrau von Orleans:" „Ja, seine Rabenmutter führt es an." *Poe* in his poem the "Raven," calls this bird: "thing of evil, bird of fiend, bird of devil."

The wolf and raven were sacred to Apollo, the latter as his messenger made him acquainted with the faithlessness of Coronis; and on Mithra's cloak (the God of the sun, according to the Persian myth,) sits also a raven.

[436] This refers to the popular pictorial representation of the devil with horns, tail and claws. He was also frequently depicted in early times as a black goat, a form in which he was worshipped by witches. It is probable that this idea arose from the symbolical ceremony instituted among the Jews (Levit. XVI) of heaping all the sins of the congregation upon the "Scape-goat" (Sündenbock) and then driving it out into the wilderness. In the "Ancient Mysteries," devoted especially to the English "Miracle plays" (London 1823) we find the following remarks on the representation of the devil. "It is well known that the personality of the devil has been exemplified by extraordinary personifications of him, and by relations of his appearance under almost every form; but a personification that he is represented to have assumed in Hertfordshire, is accompanied with circumstances that have never perhaps been *paralleled*." In John Bagford's collection of title pages at the British Museum (Harl. MSS. 5419) we find the following:

"The devil seen at St. Albans. Being a true relation, how "the devil was seen there in a cellar *in the likeness of a ram*, "and how a butcher came and cut his throat, and sold some of

Und was den Fuß betrifft, den ich nicht missen kann,
Der würde mir bei Leuten schaden;
Darum bedien' ich mich, wie mancher junge Mann,
Seit vielen Jahren falscher Waden.

Die Hexe (tanzend).

Sinn und Verstand verlier' ich schier,
Seh' ich den Junker Satan [437] wieder hier!

Mephistopheles.

Den Namen, Weib, verbitt' ich mir!

Die Hexe.

Warum? was hat er euch gethan?

Mephistopheles.

Er ist schon lang ins Fabelbuch geschrieben;
Allein die Menschen sind nichts besser dran:
Den Bösen sind sie los, die Bösen sind geblieben.
Du nennst mich Herr Baron, so ist die Sache gut;
Ich bin ein Cavalier, wie andre Cavaliere. [438]
Du zweifelst nicht an meinem edlen Blut;

"it, and dressed the rest for him, inviting many to supper who "eat of it. Attested by divers letters of men of very good "credit in this town. Printed for confutation of those that believe "there are no such things as spirits or devils." (4° 1648.)

What is said about the change which the devil has undergone refers only to his outward representation.

[437] In Macbeth, the witches when about to perpetrate crime, give vent to their anticipated pleasure in a wild dance of joy. Goethe's witch exhibits her delight in the same manner at seeing gentleman (Junker) Satan, as she may well expect some deed of enormity.

[438] Mephistopheles repudiates the name of Satan from a feeling of inferiority to that grander spirit of evil, but selects the title „Herr Baron" — an allusion to the depraved French aristocracy, which by debaucheries and fearful excesses, provoked the awful catastrophe of 1792, and all the sanguinary wars that followed in its train, destroying throughout Europe upwards of 3,000,000 able men.

Sieh her, das ist das Wappen, das ich führe!

Er macht eine unanständige Geberde. [439]

Die Hexe (lacht unmäßig):

Ha! ha! das ist in eurer Art!
Ihr seid ein Schelm, wie ihr nur immer war't!

Mephistopheles (zu Faust).

Mein Freund, das lerne wohl verstehn!
Dieß ist die Art mit Hexen umzugehn. [440]

Die Hexe.

Nun sagt, ihr Herren, was ihr schafft! [441]

Mephistopheles.

Ein gutes Glas von dem bekannten Saft!
Doch muß ich euch uns ält'ste bitten;
Die Jahre doppeln seine Kraft. [442]

---

[439] The devil here appears in the lowest possible point of view. The unseemly gesture is thus described by Dante in his "L'Inferno" (XXV.)

"Al fine de le sue parole il ladro
"Le mani alzo con ambedue le *fiche*
"Gridando, togli Dio, ch'a te le squadro."

Deuce in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare" Vol. I., page 492, has the following explanation: "The practice of thrusting out the thumb between the first and second fingers to express the feelings of insult and contempt has prevailed very generally among the nations of Europe, and for many ages has been denominated "making a fig," or described at least by some equivalent expression. Hence our phrase "I don't care a fig for him."

[440] He attempts to excuse his vulgarity by observing that brutes must be treated like brutes; a poor palliation indeed, and worthy of the evil spirit.

[441] Was ihr schafft, a dialectic expression for was ihr wünscht (what do you want), is a phrase in frequent use in Upper (i.e. Southern) Germany and throughout Austria, where it is a stereotyped question among servants.

[442] Meaning that the strength of the potion increased with its age.

Die Hexe.

Gar gern! Hier hab' ich eine Flasche,
Aus der ich selbst zuweilen nasche, [443]
Die auch nicht mehr im mind'sten stinkt;
Ich will euch gern ein Gläschen geben.

Leise.

Doch wenn es dieser Mann unvorbereitet trinkt,
So kann er, wißt ihr wohl, nicht eine Stunde leben.

Mephistopheles.

Es ist ein guter Freund, dem es gedeihen soll;
Ich gönn' ihm gern das Beste deiner Küche.
Zieh' deinen Kreis, sprich deine Sprüche,
Und gib ihm eine Tasse voll! [444]

Die Hexe

(mit seltsamen Geberden, zieht einen Kreis und stellt wunderbare Sachen hinein; indessen fangen die Gläser an zu klingen, die Kessel zu tönen, und machen Musik. Zuletzt bringt sie ein großes Buch, stellt die Meerkatzen in den Kreis, die ihr zum Pult dienen und die Fackel halten müssen. Sie winkt Fausten, zu ihr zu treten). [445]

Faust (zu Mephistopheles).

Nein, sage mir, was soll das werden?
Das tolle Zeug, die rasenden Geberden,
Der abgeschmackteste Betrug,
Sind mir bekannt, verhaßt genug. [446]

---

[443] With a wrinkled, ugly, old face, the old witch recommends her "potion of youth" by confessing with naiveté that she herself uses this remedy. *Reality* and *superstition* are put here in striking contrast.

[444] Faust now receives a cup filled with the potion, of which the demon satirically says, "that he wishes him the best of the witch's kitchen."

[445] A humorous allusion to the many Pagan ceremonies retained in the Romish Church.

[446] Expressing his disgust at the childish ceremonies which the witch performs—"as too well known."

Mephistopheles.

Ei, Possen! Das ist nur zum Lachen;
Sei nur nicht ein so strenger Mann!
Sie muß als Arzt ein Hokuspokus machen,
Damit der Saft dir wohl gedeihen kann. [447]

Er nöthigt Fausten in den Kreis zu treten.

Die Hexe

(mit großer Emphase fängt an aus dem Buche zu deklamiren).

Du mußt verstehn!
Aus Eins mach' Zehn,
Und Zwei laß gehn,
Und Drei mach' gleich,
So bist du reich.
Verlier' die Vier!
Aus Fünf und Sechs,
So sagt' die Hex',
Mach' Sieben und Acht,
So ist's vollbracht:
Und Neun ist Eins,
Und Zehn ist Keins.
Das ist das Hexen-Einmaleins! [448]

---

[447] Mephistopheles now speaks of the witch as a quack, who always thinks it necessary to go through some prefatory jargon that her draughts may have the desired effect.

[448] The cabbalistic doctrines are treated here, as well as in the following speech of Mephisto, with great satire. The name cabbala, that is "traditional doctrine," originally comprehended all Holy Books which were not written by Moses. In after times (about A.D. 600) the name was applied to a mystic, religious, and philosophical system of the Jews, based on Persian and Macedonian *magical* elements. In the writings of Philo (in the first century A.D.) and also in the Talmud, and the Midrashim, we find many obscure theologio-philosophic dissertations, but they are all written in a very scattered and unconnected form, mixing the tenets of Plato, Aristotle and Pythagoras with the Mosaic doctrines, and trying to explain the revealed books of the Old Testament by the systems of heathen philosophy. The first

Faust.

Mich dünkt, die Alte spricht im Fieber.

Mephistopheles.

Das ist noch lange nicht vorüber;

---

systematic work of this class on cosmogony appeared in the seventh century, under the title "Sepher Jezirah" (the book of the creation), and soon became a great authority with the Cabbalists; its authorship is generally attributed to the Rabbi Akiba (died A.D. 138) who, it is said, invented the whole, and passed it off as the work of the patriarch Abraham.

In the latter part of the twelfth century the word Cabbala had extended its signification so as to include any metaphysical exegesis, and from this it gradually became a mere system of mystic, religious superstitions.

In the three following centuries there appeared under the same title innumerable works, which professed to explain the Scriptures of the Old Testament, among which we may notice the Hagadas, a symbolic interpretation of the Jewish laws and customs; all, however, are but a confused jumble of unintelligible commentaries, miraculous signs and mysterious names. Philosophers and Talmudists soon stood forward to oppose these mystico-cabbalistic interpreters, who, it was shown, had actually attributed their own spurious writings to the pen of more celebrated and influential authors.*

The Cabbala degenerated gradually into magic, mystic and alchemical obscurities, and at last became nothing but a mass of unmeaning words; its study, however, was revived with fresh vigour towards the close of the sixteenth century by the Jews of Palestine, and the Roman Catholic theologians of Italy.

All that the Cabbala ever did was to give a great impulse to all kinds of superstitions, and to create confusion and confusing theories on metaphysical subjects; the clearest truths were turned and twisted in order to give them a mysterious form, and as this mysticism was beginning to prevail in some philosophical schools in Germany, Goethe thought it right to aim a blow at that sect, and attempted to destroy their pernicious influence on civilisation.

*A noted instance of this had occurred in the thirteenth century in the case of the *Sohar*, a book written in the Aramæic (i. e. the highland dialect, in opposition to that commonly spoken in Canaan, which had been attributed to Simon Ben Jochai, whose writings became afterwards the text-book as it were of the younger followers of the Cabbala.

Ich kenn' es wohl, so klingt das ganze Buch.
Ich habe manche Zeit damit verloren;
Denn ein vollkommner Widerspruch
Bleibt gleich geheimnißvoll für Kluge wie für Thoren.
Mein Freund, die Kunst ist alt und neu:
Es war die Art zu allen Zeiten,
Durch Drei und Eins, und Eins und Drei
Irrthum statt Wahrheit zu verbreiten.
So schwätzt und lehrt man ungestört;
Wer will sich mit den Narr'n befassen?
Gewöhnlich glaubt der Mensch, wenn er nur Worte hört,
Es müsse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen.

Die Hexe (fährt fort).

Die hohe Kraft
Der Wissenschaft,
Der ganzen Welt verborgen!
Und wer nicht denkt,
Dem wird sie geschenkt,
Er hat sie ohne Sorgen. [449]

---

[449] These lines fully prove the opinion we expressed in the preceding note. Goethe is speaking again only of false or rather of obscure knowledge, and very sarcastically makes the witch say, that those who trouble themselves least with thoughts frequently succeed best in scientific matters. Other commentators have seen in the above lines an analogy to the famous verses of our author:

„Ja das ist das rechte Gleis,
Wenn man nicht weiß,
Was man denkt,
Wenn man denkt;
Alles ist als wie geschenkt."

But if with these lines we couple Goethe's own confession that he never thought about thinking, but practised his power of thought as a gift from above, we are the more confirmed in our view that Goethe is throughout alluding to the cabbalistic school of philosophers, metaphysicians and alchemists. Goethe was always an undisguised opponent to mysticism; to teach anybody how

Fauſt.

Was ſagt ſie uns für Unſinn vor?
Es wird mir gleich der Kopf zerbrechen.
Mich dünkt, ich hör' ein ganzes Chor [450]
Von hunderttauſend Narren ſprechen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Genug, genug, o treffliche Sibylle! [451]
Gib deinen Trank herbei, und fülle
Die Schale raſch, bis an den Rand hinan!

---

to think when God had given him the faculty of thought, seemed to him an act of presumption, or, to say the least, superfluous; he wished therefore to change the dreamy metaphysical tendency of his countrymen into healthier and more practical pursuits, for he saw with pain a great nation squandering their high intellectual powers. It was doubtless this feeling of pain which drew forth the bitter words

"Who does for *idiots* care!"

[450] Faust seems to hear "a hundred thousand idiots in full chorus." Goethe here, as in many other places, uses the word „Chor" when meaning a chorus of singers as *neuter*, a sense in which other writers make it *masculine*; in the neuter it is usually a contemptuous expression for *any* body of people; thus „ein hübſches Chor das" means a fine set of people!

[451] Sibyls (literally "inspired" or "consulted by God") was the name formerly given to prophetesses; of these only *ten* are mentioned in ancient history; the most famous being the sibyls of Cumæ in Italy, (Æneid VI. 10) and Erythræ.

The name sibyls or sibyllists came to be applied, in the second century of the Christian era, to certain inspired women who professed to be able to predict future events. These predictions were generally in verse, a collection of which (known as the *Sibyllinic Books*) has been recently published, from different MSS. by the celebrated Cardinal May, at Milan, in 1817. In process of time any women who practised witchcraft were called sibyls, so that, in fact, the word became simply a synonym of *witch*, and in this sense Mephisto here uses it.

Charles Ottfried Müller, one of the most celebrated antiquarians that ever lived (born at Brieg, in Silesia in 1797), and

Denn meinem Freund wird dieſer Trunk nicht ſchaden:
Er iſt ein Mann von vielen Graden, [452]
Der manchen guten Schluck gethan.

Die Hexe, mit vielen Ceremonien, ſchenkt den Trunk [453] in eine Schale; wie ſie Fauſt an den Mund bringt, entſteht eine leichte Flamme.

Nur friſch hinunter! Immer zu!
Es wird dir gleich das Herz erfreuen.

---

who occupied himself exclusively with mythological researches, is of opinion that the oracles of the sibyls, and the worship of Apollo were transferred to Cumæ from the town of Gorgis, on mount Ida, near Troy, and that this was the oldest oracle of the sibyls, and also their place of burial; he also states that the old collection of prophecies in Greek verse, presented to Tarquinius Priscus, and known as the "Sibylline books," were brought originally from the same oracle. This great mythologist published many elaborate works, of which we may mention "Aegineticorum liber," Breslaviæ 1817.—Geſchichte der helleniſchen Stämme und Städte. Breslau 1820. Die Dorier, (translated into English and published at Oxford, 1830.)—Prologomena zu einer wiſſenſchaftlichen Mythologie. Göttingen 1825.—Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunſt, Breslau 1830; a second edition of the same work Breslau, 1835. This latter work may be considered as the first book of the kind worthy of the progress made in this science.

[452] A man of many a *grade*, that is, of much experience.

[453] By the word „Trunk" potion, is meant one of those soporific drugs, or poisonous draughts, which derange the intellectual as well as the physical powers. "The waters of Lethe and the beverage of Mnemosyne, from the effect of which Timochares died after he had quaffed it in the cave of Trophonius, afford examples of the soporific and stupefying draughts of the ancients. The Nepenthes of Homer, the Hyoscyamus Datura, the Solanum, the Potomantis, the Gelatophyllis, and the Achamenis of Pliny, the Ophiusia of the Ethiopians, and the Muchamore of Kamtschatka, are one and all instruments of physical and intellectual degradation. Again, in the time of the crusades, the 'Old man of the mountains' is said to have enchanted his youthful followers by narcotic and exhilarating draughts. The Hindoo widow is said to ascend the funeral pile physically as well as morally

Bist mit dem Teufel du und du,[454]
Und willst dich vor der Flamme[455] scheuen?
Die Hexe löst den Kreis. Faust tritt heraus.

Mephistopheles.

Nun frisch hinaus! Du darfst nicht ruhn.

Die Hexe.

Mög' euch das Schlückchen[456] wohl behagen!

Mephistopheles (zur Hexe).

Und kann ich dir was zu Gefallen thun,
So darfst du mir's nur auf Walpurgis sagen.[457]

Die Hexe.

Hier ist ein Lied! wenn ihr's zuweilen singt,

---

deadened to pain. The victims of the Inquisition, similarly prepared, frequently slept in the midst of their torments, and M. Taboureau assures us that the merciful jailers made their prisoners swallow soap dissolved in water (the vehicle doubtless of some more powerful drug), to enable them to bear the agonies of torture."—See *North British Review*, No. 5.

The draught prepared for Faust is one of these narcotic "love potions," used to excite his physical faculties.

[454] "You are on the best terms," or "on very intimate terms with the devil." To address a person by „Du" implies the closest intimacy, whence the phrase „auf Du und Du sein," meaning to be an intimate.

[455] Flames are mentioned as the peculiar element of the evil spirit.

[456] Diminutive of Schluck, a sip, a taste.

[457] When he shall meet her (on the Blocksberg) on Walpurga's eve (the night before the first of May.)

Walpurga, or Walburga, was of English birth, and went over to Germany about the middle of the eighth century to aid in preaching the Gospel in that country. She was the sister of Wilibaldus, the first bishop of the little Bavarian town Eichstädt, where her remains lie in a vault of the Benedictine cloister. The dampness that drips from the walls of the vault is called the "oil of Walburga," and possesses (it is said!) the miraculous power of curing any disease, in many parts of Germany it is still used as an arcanum for diseases among cattle. The

So werdet ihr besondre Wirkung spüren. [458]

Mephistopheles (zu Faust).

Komm' nur geschwind und laß dich führen
Du mußt nothwendig transpiriren, [459]
Damit die Kraft durch Inn- und Aeußres dringt.

---

belief in the powers of this oil, which does not burn, and shows no specific lightness, (facts not very remarkable considering that it is merely water) gave as late as the year 1857 to the Bishop of Brünn (in Austria) an opportunity for exposing the superstitious credulity of Romanism.

All misfortunes in the crops, cattle, vines, &c. were attributed by the superstition of the German peasants to the agency of evil spirits, and this belief was encouraged by a covetous priesthood who obtained money by exorcising these evil spirits, or by the sale of miraculous draughts, oils, or other charms. As the first of May was always looked upon as the commencement of the agricultural year, and as the lower classes firmly believed that on the night preceding this day, (Walpurga's night) witches, cobolds, and demons of every description assembled on the Blocksberg, (see note 368) and other mountain heights to concoct and arrange a programme of mischief for the ensuing year; it was customary among the peasants to keep up a constant firing of guns, and to run wildly about with blazing torches all night long, in order to chase away the witches in confusion from their meeting before they had settled on any plan.

In other parts of Germany the same night is still observed, but in a different and more rational way, as rural entertainments are held to celebrate the commencement of the spring.

[458] A sarcastic allusion to the prayers and hymns printed on loose sheets which are distributed by Romish priests, and which promise indulgences, or a dispensation in advance for all sins committed within thirty days to those, who would say the prayer or sing the hymn. Some of these loose sheets bear very curious inscriptions, and are believed by some, even in our enlightened days, to have been discovered in wells, tombs, and other secret places.

[459] "To get into a perspiration." The devil's frequent use of these obsolete Germanized Latin words must be regarded as a

Den edlen Müßiggang lehr' ich hernach dich ſchätzen, [459]
Und bald empfindeſt du mit innigem Ergetzen,
Wie ſich Cupido regt und hin und wieder ſpringt.

Fauſt.

Laß mich nur ſchnell noch in den Spiegel ſchauen!
Das Frauenbild war gar zu ſchön!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nein' nein! Du ſollſt das Muſter aller Frauen
Nun bald leibhaftig vor dir ſehn.

Leiſe.

Du ſiehſt, mit dieſem Trank im Leibe,
Bald Helenen in jedem Weibe. [461]

---

hit of Goethe's at those pedants, who, without any real knowledge, think they make a display of learning by twisting Latin words into a German shape. This custom is happily given up entirely in the modern writings of Germany, and both Becker and Heyse condemn most strongly the introduction of foreign words.

[460] The devil's keen knowledge of nature makes him select *idleness* as the surest means of seducing Faust. It is but the old German adage: „Müßiggang iſt aller Laſter Anfang."

[461] The whole of this scene has been interpreted metaphorically by many commentators. The witch and her monkeys were explained to be the "*Muses of nonsense*," the mirror that of literature; the image seen in it, the ideal of pure poetry; while the potion itself was said to represent Goethe's inspiration for the beautiful! The brewing of the enchanted draught, the nonsensical conversation of the monkeys, the beggar's broth, the hollow world "rising and sinking, rolling and clinking," the cauldron in which the youth-imparting potion is prepared, the cutting sarcasm against the metaphysicians and the cabbalists, the witch's multiplication table, are one and all explained as shafts hurled by Goethe against the literary monstrosities of his day. As there is nothing, however, in his own remarks to Eckermann or to Schiller that will at all favour such an interpretation, we are fully justified in rejecting it.

Straße.[462]

Faust. Margarete (vorübergehend.)

Faust.

Mein schönes Fräulein, darf ich wagen,
Meinen Arm und Geleit Ihr[463] anzutragen?

Margarete.

Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön,[464]
Kann ungeleitet nach Hause gehn.

Sie macht sich los und ab.

Faust.

Beim Himmel, dieses Kind ist schön!
So was hab' ich noch nie gesehn.
Sie ist so sitt- und tugendreich,

---

[462] We turn now to a scene of real life. We leave metaphysics and witchcraft to see Faust "in love"; yet we can still trace the same character; the gigantic spirit that refused to recognize any bounds in science and knowledge, love seizes as a rapturous, violent and indomitable passion: in early youth he never learned to subdue or to moderate his temper, and *now* he rushes with headstrong and childish ardour into feelings that must make earth either a heaven or a hell to him: and we shall see how the same intemperate recklessness produced in each case the same consequences: knowledge became his curse instead of his blessing — so love, uncontrolled and *unrestrained*, becomes his sorrow instead of his comfort. Alas! too, that so lovely, so gentle and innocent a creature as Margaret should be selected as his victim, to be ruined by a passion that overleaps all restraints of religion and society.

[463] Faust addresses Margaret by the pronoun „Ihr" instead of „Sie" which latter form of address came into general use between the years 1730-1740. He afterwards uses the more intimate „Du."

[464] The conjunctions "neither, nor" are usually expressed in German by „weder, noch"—but we find „weder, weder" often used by Goethe, and frequently also by Voss.

Und etwas ſchnippiſch [465] doch zugleich.
Der Lippe Roth, der Wange Licht,
Die Tage der Welt vergeß' ich's nicht!
Wie ſie die Augen niederſchlägt,
Hat tief ſich in mein Herz geprägt;
Wie ſie kurz angebunden war,
Das iſt nun zum Entzücken gar!

Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.

Fauſt.

Hör', du mußt mir die Dirne ſchaffen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun, welche?

Fauſt.

Sie ging juſt vorbei.

Mephiſtopheles.

Da die? Sie kam von ihrem Pfaffen, [466]
Der ſprach ſie aller Sünden frei;
Ich ſchlich mich hart am Stuhl vorbei, [467]
Es iſt ein gar unſchuldig Ding,

---

[465] Schnippiſch, pert, or snappish in answering.

[466] It is highly characteristic that Faust should begin his unhappy courtship as Margaret is returning from church, where she has been to *confession*. In Roman Catholic towns (as Vienna, Paris, Rome) it is too often that courtships commence in these holy buildings, for the Churches being continually open, are used for purposes little in accordance with their sacred character, thus in some towns they are actually used as a cool promenade in the heat of summer (as in the case of St. Stephen's cathedral in Vienna), while nothing is more common than to select churches as a place of meeting for secular, if not for worse purposes. After the *confessional* it is customary for gentlemen and ladies to enter into conversation, and to discuss sometimes in the most frivolous way the quantity of penance received, or the various sins confessed.

[467] The devil admits even more openly than before how near he stands to the confessional chair!

Das eben für nichts zur Beichte ging;
Ueber die hab' ich keine Gewalt!

Faust.

Ist über vierzehn Jahr doch alt.

Mephistopheles.

Du sprichst ja wie Hans Liederlich,[468]
Der begehrt jede liebe Blum' für sich,
Und dünkelt ihm, es wär' kein Ehr'
Und Gunst, die nicht zu pflücken wär';
Geht aber doch nicht immer an.

Faust.

Mein Herr Magister Lobesan,[469]
Laß er mich mit dem Gesetz in Frieden!
Und das sag' ich ihm kurz und gut,
Wenn nicht das süße junge Blut
Heut' Nacht in meinen Armen ruht,
So sind wir um Mitternacht geschieden.

Mepistopheles.

Bedenkt, was gehn und stehen mag![470]
Ich brauche wenigstens vierzehn Tag',
Nur die Gelegenheit auszuspüren.

---

[468] Hans generally used in such expressions as: Hans Hasenfuß, a coward, Hans Narr, a foolish man, Hans ohne Sorgen, a careless man.

[469] Lobsan, for löblich, laudable, Magister Lobsan worthy, praiseworthy magister: the modern form is lobesam, but following the substantive as in the passage before us, and also in old songs, and by Bürger in his „Weibern von Weinsberg" we find „lobesan."

[470] These words may be taken as a hint to Faust that he must not look upon the devil as all-powerful even for evil, but must take into account the chance of his not being permitted to perform what he may have undertaken. It is, however, probable that these words convey a deeper meaning. Even the evil spirit is surprised at the reckless vehemence of Faust's passion; he now feels certain that he can secure his victim by his favourite temptation "the love of woman," which he has ever found most effectual against the chosen servants of God—a temptation to which

Faust.

Hätt' ich nur sieben Stunden Ruh',
Brauchte den Teufel nicht dazu,
So ein Geschöpfchen zu verführen.

Mephistopheles.

Ihr sprecht schon fast wie ein Franzos;
Doch bitt' ich, laßt's euch nicht verdrießen:
Was hilft's, nur g'rade zu genießen?
Die Freud' ist lange nicht so groß,
Als wenn ihr erst herauf, herum,
Durch allerlei Brimborium, [471]

Samson and even David yielded, and which (according to the traditions of the Rabbins) made Lucifer forget in his admiration of Eve the nobler enjoyments of angels, and the glory and happiness of heaven. Unwilling, however, to gain so easy a victory, or preferring to enjoy a little longer the struggles of his prey, Mephisto interrupts Faust in his visions of love with words of prudence, nay, of morality; he throws impediments in his way, points out obstacles to his wishes, that the impetuous ardour of his love may be fanned to a still greater heat by a little contradiction and delay.—In no scene does the devil stand out so conspicuously in his obstinate pride and sarcastic coolness, in no character does he appear so exasperating and revolting as in that of a moral and righteous *judge*, who refuses to permit any man unrebuked to set the laws of earth and Heaven at defiance. He calls Faust "*almost Frenchman*" in allusion to the licentiousness in which that people indulged.

[471] Brimborium (in French "Brinborions,") meaning anything worthless, a trifle, a bauble, may be derived from the Latin "præparatorium," or from "Brebiarium," or again from the French word "briber" with a comic Latin termination such as we find in Rasibus and Embrouillamini. Fischart* too uses it in the sense of "trifles."

* *Fischart*, one of the wittiest satirists that Germany, perhaps Europe, has ever produced, was born at Mayence, or according to others at Strasburg A.D. 1550, and died A.D. 1614, at Forbach near Saarbrück. His talent as author is thus described by *Jean Paul Friederich Richter*: "In language, metaphor, and simile, in wit, humour, and the beauty of his epithets, he surpasses Rabelais, he equals him in learning, and the Aristophanic art of word-creating."—He published his works under the most extraordinary titles, for instance: Affentheuerliche Geschichtklitterung, or Flohsatz, Weibertratz durch Hulbreich Ellopoceron (1577), Podagrammisch Trostbüchlein (1577), Philosophische Ehezuchtbüchlein (1578), &c.

Das Püppchen geknetet und zugericht't,
Wie's lehret manche welsche [472] Geschicht'.

Faust.

Hab' Appetit auch ohne das.

Mephistopheles.

Jetzt ohne Schimpf und ohne Spaß!
Ich sag' euch, mit dem schönen Kind
Geht's ein- für allemal nicht geschwind.
Mit Sturm ist da nichts einzunehmen; [473]
Wir müssen uns zur List bequemen.

Faust.

Schaff' mir etwas vom Engelsschatz!
Führ' mich an ihren Ruheplatz!
Schaff' mir ein Halstuch von ihrer Brust,
Ein Strumpfband meiner Liebeslust! [474]

Mephistopheles.

Damit ihr seht, daß ich eurer Pein
Will förderlich und dienstlich sein,
Wollen wir keinen Augenblick verlieren,
Will euch noch heut in ihr Zimmer führen.

---

[472] Welsch—foreign, here *Italian*. Welschland, land of foreigners, is applied exclusively to Italy. May not the name "Welsh" have been given to the conquered Britons by the Saxons to distinguish them as "foreigners" from other bodies of Saxons, settled in different parts of Britain?

[473] Even the devil seems to respect innocence; he is quite in earnest when he says "that here we can gain nothing by force." The devil knows his own power as well as that of the mighty will that limits it.

[474] The devil's respect for innocence has rebuked and moderated Faust's wild and passionate desires; he suddenly assumes a more poetical tone, and would be content to breathe the air which she breathes, or to possess something which had been hers. He seems like Romeo to sigh:

"O, that I were a glove upon that hand!
That I might touch that cheek!"

Faust.

Und soll sie sehn? sie haben?

Mephistopheles.

Nein!

Sie wird bei einer Nachbarin sehn.
Indessen könnt ihr ganz allein,
An aller Hoffnung künft'ger Freuden
In ihrem Dunstkreis satt euch weiden.

Faust.

Können wir hin?

Mephistopheles.

Es ist noch zu früh.

Faust.

Sorg' du mir für ein Geschenk für sie.

Ab.

Mephistopheles.

Gleich schenken? Das ist brav! Da wird er reüssiren. [473]
Ich kenne manchen schönen Platz

---

[475] Faust orders Mephisto to prepare a present for Margaret, and the devil is overjoyed at the command, as he well knows that gold will do his work more quickly, and more surely than anything else. It is with good reason that *gold* is made an all-powerful instrument in the hands of the tempter, its power is well painted in the following lines of Cowley (A.D. 1618—1667)which are but a beautiful amplification of St. Paul's words:

"Gold alone does passion move,
"Gold monopolises love!
.....
.....
"A curse all curses else above
"On him who us'd it first in love!
"Gold begets in brethren hate;
"Gold in families debate;
"Gold does friendship seperate;
"Gold does evil wars create.
"These the smallest harms of it;
"Gold, alas! does love beget!"

Und manchen altvergrabnen Schatz;
Ich muß ein bischen revidiren.

Ab.

Abend.

Ein kleines reinliches Zimmer.[475]

Margarete

(ihre Zöpfe flechtend und aufbindend).

Ich gäb' was drum, wenn ich nur wüßt',
Wer heut der Herr gewesen ist![477]
Er sah gewiß recht wacker aus,
Und ist aus einem edlen Haus;[478]
Das konnt' ich ihm an der Stirne lesen —
Er wär' auch sonst nicht so keck gewesen.[479]

Ab.

---

[475] We are now introduced into Margaret's chamber.

[477] She is still thinking of the bold strangers who had accosted her so rudely.

[478] Vanity, ever one of the first steps on the road to sin, steals into her heart; and in her vanity she concludes that they must have been noblemen.

[479] "Else he could not have been so insolent." Far below the nobility of England, who are an example to the masses in magnanimity, love of freedom and generosity, are the nobles of Germany: these are only distinguished by their immorality and contempt for virtue; their only influence and weight is from a barbarous display of main force, and it is from their depravity that the custom sprang up in Germany of honouring the evil spirit with the title of young nobleman (Junker), and of calling every kind of insolence, every breach of proper conduct, by the name of "nobility." This character of the nobles explains the fact that the German middle classes stand far above the aristocracy in knowledge, morals and character. This unhappy state of things is no doubt the result, in a great measure, of a faulty law of inheritance, for not being protected by the wise law of primogeniture, the nobles have gradually become impoverished,

Mephistopheles. Faust.

Mephistopheles.

Herein, ganz leise, nur herein!

Faust (nach einigem Stillschweigen).

Ich bitte dich, laß mich allein!

Mephistopheles (herumspürend).

Nicht jedes Mädchen hält so rein. Ab.

Faust (rings aufschauend).

Willkommen, süßer Dämmerschein!
Der du dies Heiligthum durchwebst.
Ergreif' mein Herz, du süße Liebespein!
Die du vom Thau der Hoffnung schmachtend lebst.
Wie athmet rings Gefühl der Stille,
Der Ordnung, der Zufriedenheit!
In dieser Armuth welche Fülle!
In diesem Kerker welche Seligkeit![480]

Er wirft sich auf den ledernen Sessel am Bette.

O nimm mich auf! der du die Vorwelt schon
Bei Freud' und Schmerz im offnen Arm empfangen!
Wie oft, ach! hat an diesem Väterthron
Schon eine Schaar von Kindern rings gehangen!

---

and, no longer able to keep up their rank by corresponding means, have sunk into a degraded moral and social position; on the one hand they became the creatures and tools of despots, on the other they brought disgrace on their old family name by having nothing wherewith to notify their ancient pedigree, save idleness, vanity and pride.

[480] The sight of order and contentment changes Faust's wild passions into "a secret longing that feeds on the dew of hope," and indeed they even turn a prison into a palace, poverty into riches. The great and learned Faust, who once had cursed all the nobler feelings of the human heart as he sat within his narrow study, can feel happy here, because a modest stillness breathes around him; and his weary mind is overcome by a holy peace inspired by the feeling of contentment!

Vielleicht hat, dankbar für den heil'gen Christ, [481]
Mein Liebchen hier, mit vollen Kinderwangen,
Dem Ahnherrn fromm die welke Hand geküßt.
Ich fühl', o Mädchen, deinen Geist
Der Füll' und Ordnung um mich säuseln,
Der mütterlich dich täglich unterweist,
Den Teppich auf den Tisch dich reinlich breiten heißt,
Sogar den Sand zu deinen Füßen kräuseln.
O liebe Hand! so göttergleich!
Die Hütte wird durch dich ein Himmelreich.
Und hier!

Er hebt einen Bettvorhang auf.

Was faßt mich für ein Wonnegraus! [482]
Hier möcht' ich volle Stunden säumen.
Natur! hier bildetest in leichten Träumen
Den eingebornen Engel aus. [483]

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[481] There is nothing that touches a German heart so much as anything connected with Christmas, when the people's whole religious feelings are concentrated round the Christmas tree, with its many glittering lights, and tasteful ornaments, its mementos, its prayers, and the good wishes and still dearer blessings it calls forth from parents' hearts: hardened indeed must be the man who has no feeling of joy, no remorse when the happy Christmas Eve is mentioned. It is for such meetings that the father spares his wisest exhortations to his children, the mother her sweetest kisses — on this blessed night Christ's commandments of love, forbearance and forgiveness hallow the poorest as well as the richest family circle, and one universal religious feeling seems to shed delight and happiness on every heart throughout the land.

[482] Here too we see the power of the German language in its compound words: "what a horror of delight" — how well this seeming contradiction expresses that unknown, mysterious sensation of terror which intense delight provokes in us.

[483] In dreams, when the mind is free from external influences, the inward faculties are supposed to be able to act in a more full and perfect manner; thus Faust represents his beloved Margaret as formed in nature's dreams, and therefore "perfection."

Hier lag das Kind, mit warmem Leben
Den zarten Busen angefüllt,
Und hier mit heilig reinem Weben
Entwirkte sich das Götterbild! [484]

Und du! Was hat dich hergeführt?
Wie innig fühl' ich mich gerührt!
Was willst du hier? Was wird das Herz dir schwer?
Armsel'ger Faust! ich kenne dich nicht mehr. [485]

Umgibt mich hier ein Zauberduft?
Mich drang's, so g'rade zu genießen,
Und fühle mich in Liebestraum zerfließen!
Sind wir ein Spiel von jedem Druck der Luft? [486]

Und träte sie den Augenblick herein,
Wie würdest du für deinen Frevel büßen!
Der große Hans, ach, wie so klein! [487]
Läg', hingeschmolzen, ihr zu Füßen. [488]

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[484] Entwirken used in the sense of wirken, to weave; sich entwirken, means to be accomplished by weaving.

[485] Expressing his remorse with charming simplicity.

[486] "Are we influenced by every breath of air" — these words are to be understood in a metaphysical sense — "does every change of air, or situation, affect our moral feelings and sentiments."

[487] Großhans und Kleinhans in the sense of *high* and *low* people. Großhans, means "boasting, proud, vain, people," or as Luther calls them: „die großen Hansen." We find the same expression in a note written by Goethe in 1772. Hat er nie bedacht, was Christus den großen Hansen an's Herz legt, what Christ impresses on the hearts of the proud: (If ye are not as one of these little ones, &c.) wenn ihr nicht werdet wie diese Kindlein. Hans cannot be taken as a Christian name, for Faust's name was Henry, as we find in a following scene.

[488] We can scarcely frame a lovelier conception: the *proud* Faust lying prostrate at the feet of a simple, innocent girl — all

Mephistopheles.

Geschwind! ich seh' sie unten kommen.

Faust.

Fort! fort! Ich kehre nimmermehr!

Mephistopheles

Hier ist ein Kästchen, leidlich schwer;
Ich hab's wo anders hergenommen. [489]
Stellt's hier nur immer in den Schrein!
Ich schwör' euch, ihr vergehn die Sinnen;
Ich that euch Sächelchen hinein,
Um eine andre zu gewinnen.
Zwar Kind ist Kind und Spiel ist Spiel.

Faust.

Ich weiß nicht, soll ich?

---

his high-flown thoughts put to shame by one moment of natural feeling. The whole of this scene, according to Byron, was taken by Goethe from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, but excepting that in each passage a man is represented talking in the bed-chamber of a lady, there is not the slightest resemblance; we find no similarity in the situation, the ideas, similes, allusions or characters; — the wedded Imogen, and the pure innocent Margaret — the vile calumniator Iachimo and the genial Faust are characters so totally different that it really requires a Byron's power of imagination to discover any analogy whatever. Goethe has given us a most masterly description of the pure and glorious feelings of love, and with great consistency makes his hero share the same fate in the realms of love as in his previous attempts to gain the empire of knowledge; and it is because he allows himself to soar after ideals without resting on the support of religion that he sinks so lamentably into the depths, at one time of vain wisdom and false philosophy, at another of passion and vice.

[489] Mephisto seeing Faust's emotion hastens to drag him back from the brink of love's heaven to the mazes of crime: he has brought with him a casket of jewels, and by letting Faust know that he had "taken it from elsewhere," he makes his victim partially guilty of the theft he has committed.

Mephistopheles.

Fragt ihr viel?
Meint ihr vielleicht den Schatz zu wahren?
Dann rath' ich eurer Lüsternheit
Die liebe schöne Tageszeit
Und mir die weitre Müh' zu sparen.
Ich hoff' nicht, daß ihr geizig seid!
Ich kratz' den Kopf, reib' an den Händen [490] —
Er stellt das Kästchen in den Schrein, und drückt das Schloß wieder zu
Nur fort! geschwind! [491] —
Um euch das süße junge Kind
Nach Herzens Wunsch und Will' zu wenden;
Und ihr seht drein,
Als solltet ihr in den Hörsaal hinein,
Als stünden grau leibhaftig vor euch da
Physik und Metaphysika! [492]
Nur fort! Ab.

Margarete (mit einer Lampe).

Es ist so schwül, so dumpfig hie!
Sie macht das Fenster auf.
Und ist doch eben so warm nicht draußʼ.
Es wird mir so, ich weiß nicht wie! —
Ich wollt', die Mutter käm' nach Haus.
Mir läuft ein Schauer über'n ganzen Leib! —
Bin doch ein thöricht furchtsam Weib! [493]

---

[490] The devil here means to say that he had all the trouble of obtaining the beautiful present, and that Faust's avarice would now keep it for himself. By pretending to think Faust avaricious, he urges him on to make the present, which becomes Margaret's ruin.

[491] An inverted exclamation.

[492] Representing sarcastically Natural Philosophy and Metaphysics as two grey spectres standing embodied before the frightened Faust.

[493] Margaret on entering her room finds it hot and close; she feels—she knows not how, and laughs at herself as a foolish,

Sie fängt an zu ſingen, indem ſie ſich auszieht.

Es war ein König in Thule, [494]
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem ſterbend ſeine Buhle [495]
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu ſterben,
Zählt' er ſeine Städt' im Reich,
Gönnt' alles ſeinem Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er ſaß beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Väterſaale,
Dort auf dem Schloß am Meer.

---

timid girl. In these simple lines, devoid of figurative word or metaphorical ornament, Goethe has painted the gloomy forebodings which so often haunt us in moments of impending calamity.

[494] This ballad appeared in the year 1782, and was set to music by S. v. Seckendorff. The poet probably selected "Thule" for the sake of the rhyme „Buhle." Thule was the farthest known island in the north western seas, probably Iceland, and was thought to be surrounded with a fabulous light. Virgil mentions Thule (Georgica Lib. I. 30) and Ruæus, one of his celebrated commentators, makes the following note to it: Thule, Terrarum ultima quas antiqui noverint, et maxime septemtrionalis versûs occidentem. Ortelius putat esse tractum illum Norvegiæ, quem incolæ *Tilemark* (mark meaning frontier, the *Tile-frontier*) appellant. Camdenus *Schetlandias* insulas oceani Caledonii, sub ditione regis Daniæ; quas nautæ dicunt *Thylensel* (Thyl-or Thul-island). Cæteri *Islandiam*, ejusdem ditionis maxime Borealem insulam; ubi mons est nive perpetua opertus, flammis æstuans.

[495] Beloved one, his lady love, his mistress.

Dort ſtand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensgluth,
Und warf den heil'gen Becher
Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er ſah ihn ſtürzen, trinken
Und ſinken tief ins Meer,
Die Augen thäten ihm ſinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr. [495]

Sie eröffnet den Schrein, ihre Kleider einzuräumen, und erblickt das Schmuckkäſtchen.

Wie kommt das ſchöne Käſtchen hier herein?
Ich ſchloß doch ganz gewiß den Schrein.
Es iſt doch wunderbar! Was mag wohl drinne ſein? [497]
Vielleicht bracht's jemand als ein Pfand,
Und meine Mutter lieh darauf.
Da hängt ein Schlüſſelchen am Band;
Ich denke wohl, ich mach' es auf!
Was iſt das? Gott im Himmel! Schau',
So was hab' ich mein' Tage [498] nicht geſehn!
Ein Schmuck! Mit dem könnt' eine Edelfrau
Am höchſten Feiertage gehn!
Wie ſollte mir die Kette ſtehn?
Wem mag die Herrlichkeit gehören?

Sie putzt ſich damit auf, und tritt vor den Spiegel.

Wenn nur die Ohrring' meine wären!
Man ſieht doch gleich ganz anders drein.
Was hilft euch Schönheit, junges Blut?

---

[496] That Margaret should sing the sweet song of love, of a love which remained faithful to the grave, and which valued love's one simple gift above all treasures of the world, is highly characteristic, and gives us a deep insight into her character.

[497] Drinne, an obsolete form for drinnen or darinnen.

[498] An idiomatic expression. I never in my life saw such a thing!

Das ist wohl alles schön und gut,
Allein man läßt's auch alles sein!
Man lobt euch halb mit Erbarmen.
Nach Golde drängt,
Am Golde hängt
Doch alles! Ach, wir Armen! [499]

Spaziergang.

Faust (in Gedanken auf- und abgehend). Zu ihm Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.

Bei aller verschmähten Liebe! Beim hölliſchen Elemente!
Ich wollt', ich wüßte was Aergers, daß ich's fluchen könnte! [500]

Faust

Was hast? was kneipt [501] dich denn so sehr?
So kein Gesicht sah ich in meinem Leben!

Mephistopheles.

Ich möcht' mich gleich dem Teufel übergeben,
Wenn ich nur selbst kein Teufel wär'! [502]

---

[499] As in a plant, root, stalk, bud, flower and fruit are all contained within the seed, so it is with the growth of feelings in the human heart, all depends on the first seed; vanity and love of gold are the seeds now sown in the heart of innocent Margaret, and these soon engender a conceit, a pride and love of ostentation, that all exhaust her peace and happiness.

[500] These two lines are of high poetical beauty. Mephisto couples together "despised love," and the "elements of hell," and owns he knows nothing more terrible to curse by. The idea is the more striking as it conveys at the same time an exact picture of the state of Faust's mind.

[501] Literally "what pinches you?" meaning "what is the matter with you."

[502] In this ironical exclamation is concentrated all the bitterness of the devil. "If he were not already devil, he would give himself up to the devil."

Faust.

Hat sich dir was im Kopf verschoben?
Dich kleidet's, wie ein Rasender zu toben! [503]

Mephistopheles.

Denkt nur, den Schmuck, für Gretchen angeschafft,
Den hat ein Pfaff hinweggerafft! —
Die Mutter kriegt das Ding zu schauen,
Gleich fängt's ihr heimlich an zu grauen:
Die Frau hat gar einen feinen Geruch,
Schnuffelt immer im Gebetbuch,
Und riecht's einem jeden Möbel an,
Ob das Ding heilig ist oder profan;
Und an dem Schmuck, da spürt' sie's klar,
Daß dabei nicht viel Segen war.
„Mein Kind!" rief sie, „ungerechtes Gut
Befängt die Seele, zehrt auf das Blut.
Wollen's der Mutter Gottes weihen,
Wird uns mit Himmelsmanna erfreuen!"
Margretlein zog ein schiefes Maul;
Ist halt, dacht' sie, ein geschenkter Gaul, [504]
Und wahrlich! gottlos ist nicht der,
Der ihn so fein gebracht hierher.
Die Mutter ließ einen Pfaffen kommen;
Der hatte kaum den Spaß vernommen,
Ließ sich den Anblick wohl behagen.
Er sprach: „So ist man recht gesinnt!
Wer überwindet, der gewinnt.
Die Kirche hat einen guten Magen,
Hat ganze Länder aufgefressen,

---

[503] Faust is astonished at seeing the cold, hard, phlegmatic devil give way to passion, but uncontrollable passion is to be expected in a devil.

[504] Referring to the German adage:

„Einem geschenkten Gaul,
Sieht man nicht in's Maul."

Und doch noch nie sich übergessen;
Die Kirch' allein, meine lieben Frauen,
Kann ungerechtes Gut verdauen." [505]

Faust.

Das ist ein allgemeiner Brauch;
Ein Jud' und König kann es auch. [506]

Mephistopheles.

Strich drauf ein Spange, Kett' und Ring,
Als wären's eben Pfifferling', [507]
Dankt' nicht weniger und nicht mehr,
Als ob's ein Korb voll Nüsse wär',
Versprach ihnen allen himmlischen Lohn —
Und sie waren sehr erbaut davon.

Faust.

Und Gretchen?

Mephistopheles.

Sitzt nun unruhvoll,
Weiß weder was sie will, noch soll,
Denkt ans Geschmeide Tag und Nacht,
Noch mehr an den, der's ihr gebracht.

Faust.

Des Liebchens Kummer thut mir leid.

---

[505] It was a conviction not only of Goethe, but of Luther too, that Papacy was an invention of the devil's. Luther indeed was firmly convinced that, Papacy once overthrown, Satan would lose his stronghold on earth and Mephistopheles is made, with great severity, to describe this covetous, grasping Church as able to digest any illgotten wealth, so strong a stomach does she possess.

[506] Faust falling in with the devil's humor, remarks, that this wonderful power of digestion is not confined to the Church, but that Jews (i.e. usurers) and Kings (meaning despots), are gifted with equally strong stomachs.

[507] A trifle, literally "a mushroom" — here of course used in its figurative sense, as if the jewels were mere "nut-shells" (bagatelles) not worth a rush.

Schaff' du ihr gleich ein neu Geschmeid'!
Am ersten war ja so nicht viel.

Mephistopheles.

O ja, dem Herrn ist alles Kinderspiel!

Faust.

Und mach', und richt's nach meinem Sinn
Häng' dich an ihre Nachbarin!
Sei Teufel doch nur nicht wie Brei, [503]
Und schaff' einen neuen Schmuck herbei!

Mephistopheles.

Ja, gnäd'ger Herr, von Herzen gerne!

Faust ab.

So ein verliebter Thor verpufft [509]
Euch Sonne, Mond und alle Sterne
Zum Zeitvertreib dem Liebchen in die Luft

Ab.

Der Nachbarin Haus.

Marthe (allein).

Gott verzeih's meinem lieben Mann,
Er hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!
Geht da stracks in die Welt hinein,
Und läßt mich auf dem Stroh allein.
Thät ihn doch wahrlich nicht betrüben,
Thät ihn, weiß Gott! recht herzlich lieben.

Sie weint.

Vielleicht ist er gar todt! — O Pein! — —

---

[508] Literally "Do not be so stiff, so thick, like porridge," i.e "do not stand there as if you could not move, be quick!"

[509] The whole of this simile is taken from pyrotechny. Verpuffen means "to waste away by exploding," to smoulder; the same expression is used of gunpowder.

Hätt' ich nur einen Todtenſchein! [510]

Margarete kommt.

Margarete.

Frau Marthe!

---

[510] There is nothing in which Goethe excels more than in the power which he shares with Shakespeare of giving a finished sketch of a character in a few short lines; he is peculiarly happy in his choice of those minor characteristic features which are of such effect in exhibiting the details of the portrait, while every expression, every sentiment is so perfectly natural, that we can see embodied before us the original from which the poet is painting. Such a portrait we have in Martha, who is now introduced as a contrast to Margaret; and what a contrast there is! the one all innocence, feeling, trust and love, the other a personification of cunning, hypocrisy, heartlessness and cold envy. Margaret is capable of love, and in her love forgets all the laws of society and morality, falling a victim to her thoughtlessness as soon as passion assaults her. Martha on the contrary plays with the holiest feelings merely to gratify a petty vanity. Margaret cares little for anything but what concerns her love. Martha inprofessing sentiments of tenderness, seeks only to conceal a mean selfishness; she is selfishness embodied, vulgarity incarnate; what an insight into her real character is given us in the last couplet of her hypocritical speech.

"Perhaps he is now dead—Oh misery,—
Had I only a certificate of his death!"

What does she care for the husband she pretends to lament! if she only had the certificate of his death all would be right, she could marry another to render him as happy, forsooth! as the last one who was seeking in foreign lands a deliverance from the heartlessness of his wife. Yet it is to such a woman as this that Margaret goes for advice; we see her now standing before this She-Mephistopheles holding in her hand another casket glittering with still brighter jewels than before; — how truly characteristic is the result — Martha bids her to hide the gems from her mother, to deceive in fact her dearest friend—alas! the advice is taken, and Margaret thus takes the second step on the path that leads to her lamentable fall.

Marthe.

Gretelchen,[511] was soll's?

Margarete.

Fast sinken mir die Kniee nieder!
Da find' ich so ein Kästchen wieder
In meinem Schrein, von Ebenholz,
Und Sachen, herrlich ganz und gar,
Weit reicher, als das erste war.

Marthe.

Das muß Sie nicht der Mutter sagen!
Thät's wieder gleich zur Beichte tragen.

Margarete.

Ach seh' Sie nur! ach schau' Sie nur!

Marthe (putzt sie auf).

O du glückselig'e Creatur![512]

Margarete.

Darf mich, leider! nicht auf der Gassen,[513]
Noch in der Kirche mit sehen lassen.

Marthe.

Komm' du nur oft zu mir herüber,
Und leg' den Schmuck hier heimlich an,
Spazier' ein Stündchen lang dem Spiegelglas vorüber!
Wir haben unsre Freude dran.
Und dann gibt's einen Anlaß, gibt's ein Fest,
Wo man's so nach und nach den Leuten sehen läßt,
Ein Kettchen erst, die Perle dann in's Ohr;
Die Mutter sieht's wohl nicht, man macht ihr auch was vor.[514]

---

[511] For Margaret.

[512] From the Latin, and only used in a low style.

[513] This properly should be Gasse; Gassen however is used for the sake of the rhyme.

[514] This evil counsel severs the trusting child from her only true friend, her mother. The habit of confiding in parents is, next to a trust in God, the strongest bulwark of virtue against

Margarete.

Wer konnte nur die beiden Käſtchen bringen?
Es geht nicht zu mit rechten Dingen! [515]

Es klopft.

Margarete.

Ach Gott! mag das meine Mutter ſein? [516]

Marthe (durch's Vorhängel [517] guckend).

Es iſt ein fremder Herr. — Herein!

Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.

Mephiſtopheles

Bin ſo frei, g'rad' hereinzutreten,
Muß bei den Frauen Verzeih'n erbeten.

Tritt ehrerbietig vor Margareten zurück.

Wollte nach Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein fragen!

Marthe.

Ich bin's. Was hat der Herr zu ſagen!

---

the many temptations of the world, and the moment a girl lends herself to anything she is unwilling to confide to her mother she may feel sure that she is treading a wrong and dangerous path.

[515] This line shows that Margaret is not yet entirely lost, her conscience still can warn, and she therefore hesitates to appropriate a treasure acquired in so suspicious a manner.

[516] Another proof that conscience is still at work within her. A sense of guilt produces in her a nervous dread, and she starts on hearing a knock at the door! her very exclamation "Heaven! perhaps it is my mother!" (the very person whose entrance she had most cause to dread) implies a consciousness of guilt.

[517] Vorhängel is a dialectic diminutive of Vorhang; not uncommon in Upper Germany. Among the lower classes in Germany the doors of rooms are generally provided with a small window, before which a curtain (white or green) can be drawn at pleasure, it is through such a window that Margaret is here supposed to be looking.

Mephistopheles (leise zu ihr).
Ich kenne Sie jetzt, mir ist das genug;
Sie hat da gar vornehmen Besuch.[518]
Verzeiht die Freiheit, die ich genommen!
Will nach Mittage[519] wieder kommen.

Marthe (laut).
Denk', Kind, um alles in der Welt!
Der Herr dich für ein Fräulein[520] hält.

Margarete.
Ich bin ein armes junges Blut;
Ach Gott! der Her ist gar zu gut:
Schmuck und Geschmeide sind nicht mein.

Mephistopheles.
Ach, es ist nicht der Schmuck allein;
Sie hat ein Wesen, einen Blick so scharf.
Wie freut mich's, daß ich bleiben darf!

Marthe.
Was bringts Er denn? Verlange sehr —

Mephistopheles.
Ich wollt', ich hätt' eine frohere Mähr'!
Ich hoffe, Sie läßt mich's drum nicht büßen.
Ihr Mann ist todt, und läßt Sie grüßen.[521]

---

[518] Martha has already led the poor girl into one sin by inducing her to conceal the casket from her mother. Mephisto now goes a little farther, and through flattering her vanity by pretending to take her for a lady of rank, draws her again one step nearer to the brink of the precipice over which he is seeking to hurl her.

[519] Adelung prefers Nach Mittag, but Mittage is also used.

[520] Fräulein was formerly applied to young noblewomen, thus corresponding to the English title *Lady*.

[521] Mephisto accosts Martha and Margaret in the third person singular, a mode of address still common in many parts of Germany among the middle classes. The cold and heartless manner in which Mephistopheles delivers his report is well adapted to the

Marthe.

Iſt todt? das treue Herz! O weh!
Mein Mann iſt todt! Ach, ich vergeh'!

Margarete.

Ach! liebe Frau, verzweifelt nicht!

Mephiſtopheles.

So hört die traurige Geſchicht'!

Margarete.

Ich möchte drum mein' Tag' nicht lieben;
Würde mich Verluſt zu Tode betrüben.[522]

Mephiſtopheles.

Freud' muß Leid, Leid muß Freude haben.[523]

Marthe.

Erzählt mir ſeines Lebens Schluß!

Mephiſtopheles.

Er liegt in Padua begraben
Beim heiligen Antonius,
An einer wohlgeweihten Stätte,
Zum ewig kühlen Ruhebette.[524]

---

character of Martha; any one less self-satisfied and selfish than she is would have seen through his *irony*, when he says "your husband is dead and begs to send his compliments."

[522] In these feeling words Margaret exhibits a gentle, yielding nature, that prepares the reader for the part she is to play in the sad, impending catastrophe.

[523] In accordance with the old adages:

Freud' und Leid ſind nahe Nachbarn;
or: Freud' und Leid ſind einander zur Ehe gegeben;
or: Keine Freude ohne Leid;
or: Freud' bringt Trauer mit; which are but so many transcriptions of the old Latin line:

Væ tibi ridenti! quia mox post gaudia flebis!

[524] Antonius of Padua was born at Lisbon, August 15th, 1195. He was a disciple of the famous Francis of Assisi, the founder of the order of Franciscan monks. During a voyage to Africa, in

Marthe.

Habt ihr sonst nichts an mich zu bringen?

Mephistopheles.

Ja, eine Bitte groß und schwer:
Laß Sie doch ja für ihn dreihundert Messen singen!
Im übrigen sind meine Taschen leer.

Marthe.

Was! Nicht ein Schaustück! Kein Geschmeid'?
Was jeder Handwerksbursch im Grund des Säckels spart,
Zum Angedenken aufbewahrt,
Und lieber hungert, lieber bettelt! [525]

Mephistopheles.

Madam, es thut mir herzlich leid;
Allein er hat sein Geld wahrhaftig nicht verzettelt. [526]
Auch er bereute seine Fehler sehr,
Ja, und bejammerte sein Unglück noch viel mehr.

Margarete.

Ach! daß die Menschen so unglücklich sind!

1220, he was driven by a storm to the coast of Italy, where he preached with such marvellous effect that, according to the Romish legend, the very fishes were moved by his exhortations. He died in 1231, and was canonized the following year by Gregory IX.—His remains lie in a silver coffin, beneath a very masterpiece of sculpture within the church called the Chiesa del Santo, in Padua, and he is still worshipped principally by the Italians and the Portuguese, who considered it one of the greatest possible blessings to be buried near so true a saint! The custom of burying within the walls of churches is much more general in Roman Catholic countries than in ours, and was not abolished in Rome and Naples till the beginning of the present century (1809).

[525] Martha betrays her mean and greedy selfishness, and loses her temper because she is left a widow without a coin or trinket from her husband, who should have starved or begged, she thinks, to provide her with something to gratify her greediness or vanity!

[526] To spend, to squander, to lavish.

Gewiß, ich will für ihn manch Requiem [527] noch beten.

Mephistopheles.

Ihr wäret werth, gleich in die Eh' zu treten:
Ihr seid ein liebenswürdig Kind.

Margarete.

Ach nein! das geht jetzt noch nicht an.

Mepistopheles.

Ist's nicht ein Mann, sey's derweil ein Galan.
's ist eine der großten Himmelsgaben,
So ein lieb Ding im Arm zu haben. [528]

Margarete.

Das ist des Landes nicht der Brauch. [529]

Mephistopheles.

Brauch oder nicht! Es giebt sich auch. [530]

Marthe.

Erzählt mir doch!

---

[527] A Requiem is usually a mass said for the departed (so called from one of the prayers which begins with the words: "Requiem æternam dona eis"; but the word here signifies only a simple prayer to be used after a "Pater noster."

[528] Mephistopheles tries to beguile the poor girl's heart by flattery.

Galan is from the French, and means one who loves with dishonorable intentions.

[529] In this simple line Margaret vindicates the character of the Germans, who never have been so depraved as the French and Italians. The Germans have preserved with a holy veneration the traditions of their first heroic race, when people loved and were loved with a fervour and a constancy that led the man to risk, and the woman to sacrifice everything but morality for their love.

[530] "Custom or not, yet it happens"—an answer truly devilish, as its object is to ridicule and sneer at morality. The idiomatic phrase: Es gibt sich auch—means lit. "it gives itself also."

Mephistopheles.

Ich stand an seinem Sterbebette;
Es war was besser als von Mist,
Von halbverfaultem Stroh: allein er starb als Christ,
Und fand, daß er weit mehr noch auf der Zeche hätte.[531]
„Wie," rief er, „muß ich mich von Grund aus hassen,
So mein Gewerb', mein Weib so zu verlassen!
Ach! die Erinn'rung tödtet mich.
Vergäb' sie mir nur noch in diesem Leben! —

Marthe (weinend).

Der gute Mann! ich hab' ihm längst vergeben.

Mephistopheles.

Allein, weiß Gott! sie war mehr Schuld, als ich."

Marthe.

Das lügt er! Was! am Rand des Grabs zu lügen![532]

Mephistopheles.

Er fabelte gewiß in letzten Zügen,[533]
Wenn ich nur halb ein Kenner bin.
„Ich hatte," sprach er, „nicht zum Zeitvertreib zu gaffen,
Erst Kinder, und dann Brot für sie zu schaffen,
Und Brot im allerweit'sten Sinn,
Und konnte nicht einmal mein Theil in Frieden essen."

Marthe.

Hat er so aller Treu', so aller Lieb' vergessen,
Der Plackerei bei Tag und Nacht!

---

[531] Die Zeche, upon the score, which was generally written with chalk on a black board.

[532] Scarcely has Martha forgiven her husband before she calls him liar. This fickleness of opinion is highly characteristic, and is common among the low and heartless, who alter their views according as it serves their interests, praising one minute and abusing the next.

[533] In order to pacify Martha's outburst of passion, Mephisto asserts that her good husband "wandered" at intervals towards his end.

Mephistopheles.

Nicht doch, er hat euch herzlich dran gedacht. [534]
Er sprach: „Als ich nun weg von Malta ging,
Da betet' ich für Frau und Kinder brünstig; [535]
Uns war denn auch der Himmel günstig,
Daß unser Schiff ein türkisch Fahrzeug fing,
Das einen Schatz des großen Sultans führte.
Da ward der Tapferkeit ihr Lohn,
Und ich empfing denn auch, wie sich's gebührte,
Mein wohlgemeßnes [536] Theil davon."

Marthe.

Ei wie? Ei wo? Hat er's vielleicht vergraben?

Mephistopheles.

Wer weiß, wo nun es die vier Winde haben!
Ein schönes Fräulein nahm sich seiner an,
Als er in Napel fremd umherspazierte;
Sie hat an ihm viel Lieb's und Treu's gethan, [537]
Daß er's bis an sein selig Ende spürte.

---

[534] The devil plays upon the word Plackerei—which may be used in the same double meaning as the English word "trouble." Martha says, "did I not trouble myself enough for him day and night?" while Mephisto answers, "oh! yes! he thought much of all the *trouble* you gave him."

[535] Fervidly.

[536] Well measured, i.e. my due and proper share.

[537] She becomes good-tempered and affectionate again, as the thought strikes her that her husband may have *buried* some treasure.

[538] The whole story is of course a mere invention of the devil to gratify an infernal whim of amusing himself at Martha's expense, and of tormenting her, not indeed by way of reproving her selfishness, but simply for the sake of tormenting.

Sie hat ihm viel Lieb's und Treu's gethan

refers to Martha's exclamation.

Hat er so alle Treu und Lieb vergessen?

Marthe.

Der Schelm! der Dieb an seinen Kindern!
Auch alles Elend, alle Noth
Konnt' nicht sein schändlich Leben hindern! [539]

Mephistopheles.

Ja seht! dafür ist er nun todt. [540]
Wär' ich nun jetzt an eurem Platze,
Betraurt' ich ihn ein züchtig Jahr, [541]
Visirte [542] dann unterweil' nach einem neuen Schatze. [543]

Marthe.

Ach Gott! wie doch mein erster war,
Find' ich nicht leicht auf dieser Welt den andern! [544]
Es konnte kaum ein herziger Närrchen seyn.
Er liebte nur das allzuviele Wandern,
Und fremde Weiber, und fremden Wein,
Und das verfluchte Würfelspiel. [545]

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[539] A devil's joke indeed, playing with what is ever one of the strongest and least controllable passions in a woman—jealousy.

[540] He consoles her by suggesting, that after all, her husband's death may be very profitable to her.

[541] Züchtig is here taken as an attributive adjective of Jahr, though it should refer to the verb betrauern. "I would modestly mourn for him a twelvemonth."

[542] I would look out. A Germanized French word, only allowable in a comic style.

[543] Schatz, meaning "a lover," in which sense it is used by the lower classes.

[544] In the hopes of finding another husband she begins with hypocritical cunning to praise the one just lost, to show in fact how she could love and forgive.

[545] Referring to the old German adage:

Weiber, Wein und Würfelspiel
Verderben manchen, wer's merken will.

the last words of which mean "who will take it as a warning."

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun, nun! ſo konnt' es gehn und ſtehen,
Wenn er euch ungefähr ſo viel
Von ſeiner Seite nachgeſehen. [546]
Ich ſchwör' euch zu, mit dem Beding
Wechſelt' ich ſelbſt mit euch den Ring! [547]

Martha.

O, es beliebt dem Herrn zu ſcherzen! [548]

Mephiſtopheles (vor ſich).

Nun mach' ich mich bei Zeiten fort!
Die hielte wohl den Teufel ſelbſt beim Wort. [549]

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[546] "If you showed such indulgence to him, and he so much to you, it must have been a fine marriage!" A masterly piece of sarcasm, and justly deserved by Martha who, having quarrelled night and day with her husband, now boasts of their love and happiness, and her own indulgence towards him, knowing she is safe from contradiction.

[547] Throughout this wonderful scene the sarcastic irony of the devil becomes gradually keener and more venomous: he now goes so far as to declare that Martha would be a very fit and worthy wife for *himself;* — meaning that a woman who could enter into the holy bonds of marriage, willing to grant her husband every freedom to do wrong, in order to have the same licence allowed to herself, is indeed a helpmate for the devil.

The custom of exchanging rings, which was practised by the Greeks and Romans, as well as by the ancient German races, refers here rather to the betrothal than to the actual marriage-ceremony. In many parts of Germany, the interchange of rings is entirely dispensed with in the marriage service. This reminds us of Butler's satire on the puritanical notions in England during the Commonwealth, described in the lines:

> "Others were for abolishing
> That tool of matrimony, a ring,
> With which the unsanctify'd bridegroom
> Is married only to a thumb."—*Hudibras.*

[548] Martha seems inclined to take him at his word.

[549] An answer containing much coarse humour. In asking Margaret how it is with her heart, the devil's object is to excite

Zu Gretchen.

Wie ſteht es denn mit ihrem Herzen?

Margarete.

Was meint der Herr damit?

Mephiſtopheles (vor ſich).

Du guts, unſchuldigs Kind! [550]

Laut.

Lebt wohl, ihr Frau'n!

Margarete.

Lebt wohl!

Marthe.

O ſagt mir doch geſchwind

Ich möchte gern ein Zeugniß haben,
Wo, wie und wann mein Schatz geſtorben und begraben.
Ich bin von je der Ordnung Freund geweſen,
Möcht' ihn auch todt im Wochenblättchen leſen. [551]

Mephiſtopheles.

Ja, gute Frau, durch zweier Zeugen Mund
Wird allerwegs die Wahrheit kund.
Habe noch gar einen feinen Geſellen,
Den will ich euch vor den Richter ſtellen.
Ich bring' ihn her. [552]

---

foul and impure thoughts in her innocent mind; her counter-question, however, proves by its simplicity that her heart is still strong in its original purity.

[550] The frequent elisions of the „e" is a great poetical liberty which can only be pardoned in a Goethe. The devil's speech, as these elisions would argue, seems to be written in the Viennese dialect.

[551] Martha is anxious to have a certificate to show how, when, and where her husband died; she wishes to comply with the rules of respectability, and to see his decease properly announced in the weekly newspaper, where its publication would at the same time serve as an advertisement that Martha is again at her own disposal.

[552] Crime is heaped upon crime! — Martha asks for a

Marthe.

O thut das ja!

Mephistopheles.

Und hier die Jungfrau ist auch da? —
Ein braver Knab'! ist viel gereist;
Fräuleins alle Höflichkeit erweist.[553]

Margarete.

Müßte vor dem Herrn schamroth werden.[554]

Mephistopheles.

Vor keinem Könige der Erden.[555]

Marthe.

Da hinterm[556] Haus[557] in meinem Garten
Wollen wir der Herrn heut Abend warten.[558]

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certificate. Mephisto acknowledges that two witnesses are necessary to prove a point satisfactorily, and at the same time volunteers a second, in order to bring in Faust as a party to his tissue of lies.

[553] A provincial expression. Fräulein is used with an „s" in the dative plural contrary to all rules of Grammar. The meaning of the sentence is, that he is polite to every young lady.

[554] In her simple modesty she feels that the presence of so gallant a youth "will make her blush," so unaccustomed is she to the ways of the world.

[555] This fear Mephisto answers by provoking in her those "light conceits" that engender pride; he tells her that with her beauty she need not blush in the presence of a king.

[556] A contraction of the words hinter dem.

[557] Though strict grammar requires that all nouns which form the genitive in es should retain the e in the dative, yet this rule is by no means strictly observed.

[558] Observe the use of warten with the genitive.

Any attempt to enlarge on the particular beauties of this scene appears superfluous; we may, however, observe that its beauty does not consist in its metaphors or its verbal grandeur, but rather in the graphic and truthful picture it affords of characters that are too real. How striking is the contrast between Martha

Straße.

Faust. Mephistopheles.

Faust.

Wie ist's? will's fördern? [559] will's bald gehn?

Mephistopheles.

Ah bravo! Find' ich euch in Feuer? [560]
In kurzer Zeit ist Gretchen euer.
Heut Abend sollt' ihr sie bei Nachbar Marthen [561] sehn.
Das ist ein Weib wie auserlesen
Zum Kuppler- und Zigeunerwesen! [562]

Faust.

So recht!

Mephistopheles.

Doch wird auch was von uns begehrt.

---

and Margaret, between the innocent sympathy of nature's child, and the cold dissimulation of the worldly widow. Margaret suffers whenever Mephistopheles chooses to provoke her commiseration. Martha too has her sufferings, but they are only the anguish caused by jealousy, wounded pride, disappointed hopes and covetousness. We pity Margaret, but Martha's griefs in spite of her "Friday looks and Lenten face" excite a smile in us as we fathom her motives, and see through her assumed virtue. Contrast has always been the principal ingredient of ridicule, the more so when this contrast takes place between semblance and reality, an aim and the means of attaining it, a contrast by which the appearance is in itself destroyed, and the aim deprived of its object.

[559] "Does it (our scheme) progress? Is it in train?" The verb wollen is used here in an idiomatic sense.

[560] Alluding to the state of excitement into which Faust has been thrown on hearing of the progress of their scheme.

[561] A colloquial form of speech: "At neighbour Martha's."

[562] Referring not so much to the whole race of gipsies as to certain elderly women, who share their character, and are perpetually engaged in intrigue.

Faust.

Ein Dienst ist wohl des andern werth.

Mephistopheles.

Wir legen nur ein gültig Zeugniß nieder,
Daß ihres Ehherrn ausgereckte Glieder
In Padua an heil'ger Stätte ruhn.

Faust.

Sehr klug! Wir werden erst die Reise machen müssen! [563]

Mephistopheles.

Sancta simplicitas! [564] darum ist's nicht zu thun;
Bezeugt nur, ohne viel zu wissen! [565]

Faust.

Wenn Er [566] nichts Bessers hat, so ist der Plan zerrissen.

Mephistopheles.

O heil'ger Mann! Da wär't ihr s nun! [567]
Ist es das erstemal in eurem Leben,
Daß ihr falsch Zeugniß abgelegt?
Habt ihr von Gott, der Welt und was sich drin bewegt,
Vom Menschen, was sich ihm in Kopf und Herzen regt,
Definitionen nicht mit großer Kraft gegeben,
Mit frecher Stirne, kühner Brust?
Und wollt ihr recht ins Inn're gehen,
Habt ihr davon, ihr müßt es g'rad' gestehen,
So viel als von Herrn Schwerdtleins Tod gewußt! [568]

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[563] Faust jumps to the conclusion that they must first travel to Padua to procure the required certificate. His sense of right is not yet entirely gone.

[564] A Latin exclamation meaning: "how very stupid."

[565] "Swear to it without knowing anything about it."

[566] Faust is really annoyed at the devil's suggestion, and accordingly addresses his guide with the contemptuous er, as he refuses to fall in with his proposal.

[567] Da stands here for diesmal, or in diesem Falle. If you refuse it on the present occasion you will not be so particular always.

[568] A grand piece of irony against all metaphysical extrava-

Faust.

Du bist und bleibst ein Lügner,[569] ein Sophiste.[570]

Mephistopheles.

Ja, wenn man's nicht ein bißchen tiefer wüßte.
Denn morgen wirst, in allen Ehren,
Das arme Gretchen nicht bethören,
Und alle Seelenlieb' ihr schwören?

Faust.

Und zwar von Herzen.

Mephistopheles.

Gut und schön!
Dann wird von ew'ger Treu' und Liebe,
Von einzig überallmächt'gem Triebe —[571]
Wird das auch so von Herzen gehn?

Faust.

Laß das! Es wird! — Wenn ich empfinde,
Für das Gefühl, für das Gewühl
Nach Namen suche, keinen finde,
Dann durch die Welt mit allen Sinnen schweife,
Nach allen höchsten Worten greife,
Und diese Gluth, von der ich brenne,
Unendlich, ewig, ewig nenne,
Ist das ein teuflisch Lügenspiel?[572]

---

gances. Nothing could hit Faust harder than such words, especially when uttered by the devil.

[569] "For he is a liar, and the father of it."—St. John, viii. 44.

[570] Nouns with long terminations, derived from foreign languages, and taking en in the plural are often used colloquially with an e in the singular, thus we have Jesuite, Phantaste, Philosophe, Sophiste, &c.

[571] By using this epithet Mephisto wishes to ridicule that lofty sentiment which recognises in love a divine power that elevates the soul to Him who is the source of all love, an assertion certainly in direct opposition to Faust's curse. (Vide Notes 251, 253.)

[572] So far from having offended Faust, Mephistopheles has pro-

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich hab' doch Recht! [573]

Fauſt.

Hör'! merk' dir dieß—
Ich bitte dich, und ſchone meine Lunge:
Wer Recht behalten will, und hat nur eine Zunge,
Behält's gewiß. [574]
Und komm', ich hab' des Schwätzens Ueberdruß; [575]
Denn du haſt Recht, vorzüglich weil ich muß. [576]

Garten. [577]

Margarete an Fauſtens Arm. Marthe mit Mephiſtopheles auf- und abſpazierend.

Margarete.

Ich fühl' es wohl, daß mich der Herr nur ſchont,

---

voked in him a still more fervid excitement which he mistakes for the feelings of pure love! We must admire the really pathetic beauty with which the poet describes the intoxication of love, and the despair implied by Faust's question at the conclusion: "Is it possible that the whole should be only a tissue of lies—the devil's deceitful play?"

[573] The cold answer which his enthusiasm receives is in strict accordance with the character of the ever-denying spirit, who knows how soon coarse sensuality will damp all such finely-wrought feelings.

[574] With these words Faust's fiery nature recognises and succumbs to the superiority which the evil spirit has already gained over him.

[575] Schwätzen used for ſchwatzen. The und here unites komm with the words „merk dir dieß."

[576] Faust's powerful resistance is baffled, the struggle has terminated against him. We have seen at times a sense of his moral dignity flashing up within him, but he is at last compelled to submit to Mephisto who, as the personification of doubt and sensualism, now assumes the mastery over his conquered foe.

[577] This first garden-scene exhibits Goethe's wonderful power

Herab sich läßt, mich zu beschämen.
Ein Reisender ist so gewohnt,
Aus Gütigkeit fürlieb zu nehmen;
Ich weiß zu gut, daß solch erfahrnen Mann
Mein arm Gespräch nicht unterhalten kann. [578]

Faust.

Ein Blick von dir, Ein Wort mehr unterhält,
Als alle Weisheit dieser Welt. [579]

Er küßt ihre Hand.

Margarete.

Incommodirt euch nicht! Wie könnt ihr sie nur küssen?
Sie ist so garstig, ist so rauh!
Was hab' ich nicht schon alles schaffen müssen!
Die Mutter ist gar zu genau. [580]

Gehen vorüber.

---

in diving into the secret depths of human nature, and bringing up like so many glittering pearls the choicest treasures of our hidden feelings.

This double scene, in which, be it noticed, the lovers pass alternately before us three several times, each time exhibiting their various characters in exquisite contrast, must be considered as one of the most charming creations of poetry. The Germans have often been accused of too great minuteness in describing psychologically the development of the passions, but though no step is wanting in the gradual development of Margaret's pure love, and Faust's fervid passion, or of Martha's vulgar lust, and Mephisto's fiendlike satire, the charge can hardly be brought against Goethe; nor has he indulged in any of that hair-splitting sentimentality, or rhythmical profusion of words, which we so frequently meet with in modern German authors.

[578] This modest confession heightens Margaret's beauty, for one of the finest qualities of beauty is unconsciousness.

[579] Confessing that even wisdom becomes an easy prey to passion, which is ever foremost in bringing into conflict the two antagonistic elements of our nature, the spirit and the flesh.

[580] Alluding to the common household work which she is obliged to do, in order to help her mother. If we compare the artless statement from the lips of an innocent, contented girl

Marthe.

Und ihr, mein Herr, ihr reist so immerfort? [581]

Mephistopheles.

Ach, daß Gewerb' und Pflicht uns dazu treiben!
Mit wie viel Schmerz verläßt man manchen Ort, [582]
Und darf doch nun einmal nicht bleiben!

Marthe.

In raschen Jahren geht's wohl an,
So um und um frei durch die Welt zu streifen!
Doch kömmt die böse Zeit heran,
Und sich als Hagestolz [583] allein zum Grab' zu schleifen,
Das hat noch Keinem wohlgethan.

Mephistopheles.

Mit Grausen seh' ich das von weiten.

Marthe.

Drum, werther Herr, berathet euch in Zeiten! [584]

Gehen vorüber.

---

with the boasting, "heaven-storming" reasoning of Faust, we must deduce the moral that it is wisest to fulfil our duty cheerfully in whatever position of life Providence has been pleased to place us.

[581] Then you are constantly travelling, you have no rest, no comfort; both are at your command, "if you choose to avail yourself of them." Though she thinks her ultimate object very artfully concealed, yet she has to deal with one who is quite her match.

[582] Mephisto understands the hint, and amuses himself in exciting her hopes.

[583] A Bachelor.

[584] Giving Mephistopheles a hint that he had better seize his opportunity before the chance is gone. If we compare the parts acted by the two pairs what a contrast we find. In Margaret a bashful, diffident, innocent love, which grows gradually into frantic passion. In Martha a seducing bad-concealed lust, which ultimately becomes utterly uncontrollable.

Margarete.

Ja, aus den Augen, aus dem Sinn! [585]
Die Höflichkeit ist euch geläufig;
Allein ihr habt der Freunde häufig,
Sie sind verständiger, als ich bin.

Faust.

O Beste! glaube, was man so verständig nennt,
Ist oft mehr Eitelkeit und Kurzsinn. [586]

Margarete.

Wie?

Faust.

Ach, daß die Einfalt, daß die Unschuld nie
Sich selbst und ihren heil'gen Werth erkennt!
Daß Demuth, Niedrigkeit, die höchsten Gaben
Der liebevoll austheilenden Natur — [587]

Margarete.

Denkt ihr an mich ein Augenblickchen nur,
Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben. [588]

Faust.

Ihr seyd wohl viel allein?

---

[585] Referring to the proverb: Aus den Augen, aus den Sinn. In her diffidence she thinks it impossible that a learned man like Faust should lavish upon her more than mere courtesies.

[586] What deep truth! how happy might Faust have been had he himself ever believed in the truth of his affection. What *seems* so very learned, is often nothing but vanity, narrow-mindedness.—Vanitas Vanitatum! — The word verständig does not here mean sensible, or reasonable, but rather *learned* as in the expression „ein verständiger Mann."

[587] Faust suddenly becomes a changed man. He now seems able to regard humility, innocence, and simplicity as nature's best gifts.

[588] The diminutive „Augenblickchen" is here of great poetic beauty: "you may think of me but one little moment—*I* in my humble lot, shall have too much time to think of you." Words that betray the impression Faust has already made on her heart.

Margarete.

Ja, unsre Wirthschaft ist nur klein,
Und doch will sie versehen seyn.
Wir haben keine Magd; muß kochen, fegen, stricken
Und näh'n, und laufen früh und spat;[589]
Und meine Mutter ist in allen Stücken
So accurat!
Nicht daß sie just so sehr sich einzuschränken hat
Wir könnten uns weit eh'r als andre regen
Mein Vater hinterließ ein hübsch Vermögen,
Ein Häuschen und ein Gärtchen vor der Stadt.
Doch hab' ich jetzt so ziemlich stille Tage;
Mein Bruder ist Soldat,
Mein Schwesterchen ist todt.
Ich hatte mit dem Kind wohl meine liebe Noth;
Doch übernähm' ich gern noch einmal alle Plage,
So lieb war mir das Kind.

Faust.

Ein Engel, wenn dir's glich!

Margarete.

Ich zog es auf, und herzlich liebt' es mich.
Es war nach meines Vaters Tod geboren;
Die Mutter gaben wir verloren,
So elend, wie sie damals lag,
Und sie erholte sich sehr langsam, nach und nach.
Da konnte sie nun nicht dran denken,
Das arme Würmchen selbst zu tränken,
Und so erzog ich's ganz allein,
Mit Milch und Wasser; so ward's mein.
Auf meinem Arm, in meinem Schooß
War's freundlich, zappelte, ward groß.

Faust.

Du hast gewiß das reinste Glück empfunden.

---

[589] Spat obsolete for spät.

Margarete.

Doch auch gewiß gar manche ſchwere Stunden.
Des Kleinen Wiege ſtand zu Nacht
An meinem Bett', es durfte kaum ſich regen,
War ich erwacht;
Bald mußt' ich's tränken, bald es zu mir legen,
Bald, wenn's nicht ſchwieg, vom Bett' aufſtehn,
Und tänzelnd in der Kammer auf und nieder gehn,
Und früh am Tage ſchon am Waſchtrog ſtehn;
Dann auf dem Markt und an dem Herde ſorgen,
Und immerfort, wie heut ſo morgen.
Da geht's, mein Herr, nicht immer muthig zu;
Doch ſchmeckt dafür das Eſſen, ſchmeckt die Ruh'.[590]

Gehen vorüber.

Marthe.

Die armen Weiber ſind doch übel dran:

---

[590] What can be finer than this simple, natural picture of a good girl's every-day life, busying herself with domestic matters, her whole thoughts given up to the care of a kind but austere mother, and to the rearing of a tender infant, who in spite of all her care had sunk gradually to the grave—her father too she had never seen—no wonder then she felt alone in the world, yet she was contented, and willingly plodded on through duties that never varied, never ceased, happy that she could be a help to her mother, and glad when she could find an ear to listen to her tale of early sorrows. The silent amazement with which Faust listens to the simple story of one who, girl though she was, had gone through all the tenderest and holiest duties of a mother, and had undergone a woman's sorrows, may for the moment allay our fears as to the fate of her lover.

Besides the poetic beauty, there is a mine of sound, practical sense throughout these lines; they show us what should be the education of the girls of the middle classes: let them be taught, like Margaret, that it is in their power to make the humblest home an abode of contentment and happiness by their assiduity, meekness, tenderness and love, and truly they will find a much higher consolation than poor Margaret claimed for herself.

Ein Hageſtolz iſt ſchwerlich zu bekehren. [591]

Mephiſtopheles.

Es käme nur auf eures Gleichen an,
Mich eines Beſſern zu belehren. [592]

Marthe.

Sagt g'rad', mein Herr, habt ihr noch nichts gefunden?
Hat ſich das Herz nicht irgendwo gebunden?

Mephiſtopheles.

Das Sprichwort ſagt: Ein eigner Herd,
Ein braves Weib, ſind Gold und Perlen werth. [593]

Marthe.

Ich meine, ob ihr niemals Luſt bekommen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Man hat mich überall recht höflich aufgenommen?

Marthe.

Ich wollte ſagen: Ward's nie Ernſt in eurem Herzen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Mit Frauen ſoll man ſich nie unterſtehn zu ſcherzen.

Marthe.

Ach, ihr verſteht mich nicht!

Mephiſtopheles.

Das thut mir herzlich leid!

---

[591] Martha again appears, and still coaxing her companion; she finds him rather a difficult bachelor to deal with, and she therefore plies him with hints and insinuations still broader than before.

[592] The evil spirit is of course jesting with her.

[593] There are several adages in German expressing the same idea; thus:

Eigener Heerd iſt Goldes werth.
or: Ein fromm Weib kann man mit Gold nicht überwiegen.
or: Ein ehrbar Frau von Sitten ſchon
Und häuslich iſt des Mannes Kron.

Doch ich verſteh' — daß ihr ſehr gütig ſeid.[594]

Gehen vorüber.

Fauſt.

Du kannteſt mich, o kleiner Engel, wieder,
Gleich als ich in den Garten kam?

Margarete.

Saht ihr es nicht? ich ſchlug die Augen nieder.

Fauſt.

Und du verzeihſt die Freiheit, die ich nahm,
Was ſich die Frechheit unterfangen,
Als du jüngſt aus dem Dom gegangen?

Margarete.

Ich war beſtürzt, mir war das nie geſchehn;
Es konnte niemand Uebels von mir ſagen.
Ach! dacht' ich, hat er in deinem Betragen
Was Freches, Unanſtändiges geſehn?
Es ſchien ihn gleich nur anzuwandeln,
Mit dieſer Dirne g'rade hin zu handeln.
Geſteh' ich's doch, ich wußte nicht, was ſich
Zu eurem Vortheil hier zu regen gleich begonnte;[595]
Allein gewiß, ich war recht böſ' auf mich,
Daß ich auf euch nicht böſer werden konnte.[596]

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[594] The whole of this dialogue is highly characteristic of both actors. How very different is the conduct of the cold scheming widow, who tries to gain not the heart but the hand of the stranger, to that of the simple straight-forward Margaret, who does not dare to indulge even in the thought of gaining or deserving the love of one so noble as Faust.

[595] This old form of „beginnen" is also found occasionally, in the works of Gellert* the celebrated fabulist, Wieland† and others.

[596] How inimitable is Margaret's confession of her growing love.

* Born 1715, 4th of July at Haynichen, near Freiberg, in Saxony; obiit 13th of December, 1769.

† Born 1733, 5th of September, at Oberholzheim, a village belonging to the territory of the town of Biberach; obiit 20th of January 1813.

Faust.

Süß Liebchen!

Margarete.

Laßt einmal!

Sie pflückt eine Sternblume und zupft die Blätter ab, eins nach dem andern. [597]

Faust.

Was soll das? Einen Strauß?

Margarete.

Nein, es soll nur ein Spiel.

Faust.

Wie?

Margarete.

Geht! ihr lacht mich aus.

Sie rupft und murmelt.

Faust.

Was murmelst du?

Margarete (halb laut).

Er liebt mich — Liebt mich nicht.

Faust.

Du holdes Himmelsangesicht!

---

[597] It is a general custom for lovers to consult flowers as a sort of oracle, as to whether their love is returned or not. The plan adopted is simple enough. A starflower, which seems to be the favourite, is selected, and the person consulting it repeats the words:

Er liebt mich von Herzen
Mit Schmerzen,
Ja—oder Nein!

a single leaf is picked off at each recurrence of the words Ja and Nein, and the answer of the oracle is *yes* or *no*, as Ja or Nein is pronounced on pulling the last of the leaves. This childish game of love is introduced by the poet to show the simplicity and innocence of Margaret's nature.

Margarete (fährt fort).

Liebt mich — Nicht — Liebt mich — Nicht —

Das letzte Blatt ausrupfend, mit holder Freude.

Er liebt mich!

Faust.

Ja, mein Kind! Laß dieses Blumenwort
Dir Götterausspruch sein! Er liebt dich!
Verstehst du, was das heißt? Er liebt dich!

Er faßt ihre beiden Hände. [598]

Margarete.

Mich überläuft's! [599]

Faust.

O schaudre nicht! Laß diesen Blick,
Laß diesen Händedruck dir sagen,
Was unaussprechlich ist:
Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne
Zu fühlen, die ewig sein muß!
Ewig! — Ihr Ende würde Verzweiflung sein.
Nein, kein Ende! Kein Ende! [600]

Margarete drückt ihm die Hände, macht sich los und läuft weg. Er steht einen Augenblick in Gedanken, dann folgt er ihr.

---

[598] Faust, carried away by Margaret's pretty childish ways, and in raptures with the issue of the oracle, bursts forth into a passionate declaration of his love, and wishing to impress upon her the whole power, the whole weight of that feeling which gives up life to life, he asks her with solemn earnestness: "Doest thou know all the meaning of the words, *he loves thee?*"—while at the same moment he seizes both her hands in his, to impart to her, as it were by the magnetic power of his touch a portion of the overwhelming love with which his heart is filled.

[599] Her exclamation: "I shudder," seals her doom. It betrays that an overpowering love, so overpowering indeed that it will lead to any sacrifice, has bound her from that moment to Faust for ever.

[600] These words with all their simplicity are full of burning passion, and contain a deep poetical beauty. This portion of the

Marthe (kommend).

Die Nacht bricht an.

Mephistopheles.

Ja, und wir wollen fort.

Marthe.

Ich bät' euch, länger hier zu bleiben;
Allein es ist ein gar zu böser Ort.
Es ist, als hätte niemand nichts zu treiben
Und nichts zu schaffen,[691]
Als auf des Nachbarn Schritt und Tritt zu gaffen,

---

scene may be compared with the glowing account which Eve gives of her sensations on first discovering Adam. (Paradise Lost, Book IV. 475.) All that the epic poet expressed in the words

".....thy gentle hand
Seized me—I yielded"—

is beautifully amplified in Goethe's dramatic masterpiece, and the reader cannot but be struck with the extreme power of the line,

"Let this pressure of the hand tell thee what is inexpressible,"

and with the terror with which Faust remembers that his happiness may not be eternal; the thought of Adam's curse overcomes him, and despair is mingled with his joy, as the fallen man bewails with fearful remorse his lost earthly immortality. Throughout this contest between the extremes, happiness and despair, we can trace symbolically the interference of the evil spirit, who hates the very idea of happiness, to whom the sight of bliss is torment; thus, we find throughout the same fiend who "eyed with jealous leer" our first parents "imparadised in one another's arms," now marring with maddening doubts the enraptured dreams of Faust.

[691] This is a violation of the general rule "duæ negationes affirmationem faciunt"—a rule which, though contrary to the spirit of the German language, is always observed by modern writers: *here* the words mean "as if everybody had nothing to do." The repetition of the negative strengthens rather than destroys the negation in such passages, and numerous instances of this use occur in Gellert, Schiller, Klopstock and Wieland.

Und man kommt ins Gered', wie man sich immer stellt.[602]
Und unser Pärchen?

Mephistopheles.

Ist den Gang dort aufgeflogen.
Muthwill'ge Sommervögel!

Marthe.

Er scheint ihr gewogen.[603]

Mephistopheles.

Und sie ihm auch. Das ist der Lauf der Welt![604]

Ein Gartenhäuschen.

Margarete springt herein, steckt sich hinter die Thüre, hält die Fingerspitze an die Lippen, und guckt durch die Ritze.

Margarete.

Er kommt!

Faust (kommt).

Ach Schelm, so neckst du mich!
Treff' ich dich!

Er küßt sie.

Margarete

(ihn fassend und den Kuß zurückgebend).

Bester Mann! von Herzen lieb' ich dich![605]

---

[602] Disappointed by the stranger's evasive answers, and envious of the happiness of the other pair, the good matron attempts to hide her chagrin under the cloak of respectability, which she makes an excuse alike for bringing her own unpromising suit to a close, and interrupting that of her more successful friend.

[603] Observe the envy expressed in these words.

[604] This is a pretty comfort indeed for the lustful and pining widow!

[605] We are reminded throughout this scene of the happiness, frankness and innocence of Paradise. We have already been led to compare the words and sensations of Margaret with those

Mephiſtopheles klopft an.

Fauſt (ſtampfend).

Wer da?

Mephiſtopheles

Gut Freund!

Fauſt.

Ein Thier! [606]

Mephiſtopheles.

Es iſt wohl Zeit zu ſcheiden.

Marthe (kommt).

Ja, es iſt ſpät, mein Herr.

Fauſt.

Darf ich euch nicht geleiten?

Margarete.

Die Mutter würde mich — Lebt wohl!

Fauſt.

Muß ich denn gehn?

Lebt wohl!

Marthe.

Ade!

---

of Milton's Eve, but we must have been struck also by the close resemblance between the two characters.

Faust who had once cursed all the brighter side of human life, the blissful feeling of hope, the comforting virtue of patience, nay, even the deepest delights that a tender love can impart, is beginning to acknowledge to himself that pure and noble feelings may still exist, that man may still be rendered really happy, when, at the very moment this change of feeling is taking place, the devil suddenly reappears and the unhappy man is again dragged down from the spiritual heaven to which Margaret's last simple words had raised him.

[606] Though the devil here styles him his good friend—Faust lays aside all conventional politeness, and gives him his real name.

Margarete.

Auf baldig Wiederſehn!

Fauſt und Mephiſtopheles ab.

Margarete.

Du lieber Gott! was ſo ein Mann
Nicht alles, alles denken kann!
Beſchämt nur ſteh' ich vor ihm da,
Und ſag' zu allen Sachen ja.
Bin doch ein arm, unwiſſend Kind,
Begreife nicht, was er an mir find't. [607]

Ab.

Wald und Höhle.

Fauſt (allein).

Erhabner Geiſt, du gabſt mir, gabſt mir alles,
Warum ich bat. [608] Du haſt mir nicht umſonſt

---

[607] Margaret left alone to her own thoughts compares herself to the highly gifted Faust, and feels how ignorant and inferior she is. The word arm, poor, does not refer to poverty in earthly goods, but to her spiritual or mental poverty, which she cannot but contrast with Faust's great learning. And here again Goethe exhibits in Margaret the same feeling of subordination to the stronger sex, that Eve felt when she confessed

"How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

Goethe wishes to exhibit each sex in its own proper light, and has chosen the same distinguishing characteristics as Milton:

"For contemplation he, and valour form'd,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."
(Paradise Lost IV. 297.)

[608] The following monologue, written in Iambic verses of five feet, without rhymes, was composed after Goethe's return from Italy. The spirit which Faust here addresses in his retirement is the spirit of *nature*, and not as Düntzer accepts, the spirit of *earth*, who spoke the overwhelming words: (See Note 30)

"Thou art equal to the spirit thou canst conceive, and not to me!"

otherwise we are unable to explain the positive contradiction between

Dein Angeſicht im Feuer [609] zugewendet.
Gabſt mir die herrliche Natur zum Königreich,
Kraft, ſie zu fühlen, zu genießen. Nicht
Kalt ſtaunenden Beſuch erlaubſt du mir,
Vergönneſt mir in ihre tiefe Bruſt,
Wie in den Buſen eines Freunds zu ſchauen. [610]
Du führſt die Reihe der Lebendigen
Vor mir vorbei, und lehrſt mich meine Brüder
Im ſtillen Buſch, in Luft und Waſſer kennen.
Und wenn der Sturm im Walde brauſt und knarrt,
Die Rieſenfichte ſtürzend Nachbaräſte
Und Nachbarſtämme quetſchend niederſtreift,
Und ihrem Fall dumpf hohl der Hügel donnert,
Dann führſt du mich zur ſichern Höhle, zeigſt

---

the contempt which the spirit of earth displayed towards Faust, in refusing to enter into any agreement with him, and the gratitude which Faust now expresses to this spirit for having already granted him all he desired; for this as well as for other reasons, which we give in Note 610, we decide that the spirit here invoked is the spirit of Nature, that is, the soul of the Universe.

The thanks can on no account be addressed to Mephistopheles, as the devil cannot be taken as a messenger of that spirit of earth who weaves the living garments of *God*.

Love has now for the first time made Faust dimly acquainted with the Almighty; he feels himself indeed nearer to his philosophical conception of a deified nature, but still does not believe in a higher power—standing ABOVE nature. He does not in fact go further than Plato when he uttered his celebrated words:

ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ κ.τ.λ.

[609] "Thou who hast turned thy countenance towards me in fire"—the fire referring to the fire of his burning love.

[610] These lines prove clearly that Faust is not addressing a spirit that merely fashions matter into the forms in which it appears to our eyes, but one which forms, as it were, a linked *spiritual* chain by which all *nature's* works are connected, in short, the spirit of nature. He feels himself able now to look on nature's mysterious working, "as into the bosom of a friend."

Mich dann mir selbst, und meiner eignen Brust
Geheime, tiefe Wunder öffnen sich.[611]
Und steigt vor meinem Blick der reine Mond
Besänftigend herüber, schweben mir
Von Felsenwänden, aus dem feuchten Busch,
Der Vorwelt silberne Gestalten auf,
Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust.[612]

---

[611] There is an old saying: "homo solus, aut deus, aut demon," and we know of no truer description of the effects of solitude. Solitude* must either bring a reasonable being nearer to his Creator or plunge him into melancholy and despair, and this according as he harbours, or has banished from his heart the comfort of religion. Solitude has ever been sought by superior men; among the Heathen philosophers Socrates cherished solitude, as Plato tells us in his dialogue "De Amore." Diogenes sought it in his cask, Cicero in his Tusculum, and many others have known well her sweet delights. Pliny made her a pretext "vacare deo et studiis." Holy men, as Jerome, Chrysostom, Cyprian and Austin all join in bidding us to seek her tranquil comforts, and greater than these, the divine psalmist, the man after God's own heart, availed himself of her solace. Now, we find Faust harassed and perplexed seeking a refuge amidst its soothing influence.

The analogy between his own feelings, and the gloominess of the cavern to which he has retired for shelter amid the storms and thunderings of nature, is wonderfully drawn out.

Love has made him acquainted with feelings hitherto unknown, and the mental struggle that ensues has compelled him to seek for solitude. Far from every human being he lives to his thoughts and begins to realize the paradox of Scipio, "nunquam minus solus, quam quum solus," he studies nature, and the contemplation of her book lays before him the tranquil waters of the brook, the peaceful air, the solemn woods with their soulless inhabitants—then his thoughts pass on to his fellow creatures, and at last to his own self.

[612] This fine passage is undoubtedly an allusion to Ossian's

*See J. G Zimmermann's celebrated philosophical work on Solitude in four volumes, full of a deep moral and rhetorical beauty.

O daß dem Menschen nichts Vollkommnes wird,
Empfind' ich nun. Du gabst zu dieser Wonne,
Die mich den Göttern nah' und näher[613] bringt,
Mir den Gefährten, den ich schon nicht mehr
Entbehren kann, wenn er gleich, kalt und frech,
Mich vor mir selbst erniedrigt, und zu Nichts,
Mit einem Worthauch, deine Gaben wandelt.[614]
Er facht in meiner Brust ein wildes Feuer
Nach jenem schönen Bild geschäftig an.[615]
So tauml' ich von Begierde zu Genuß,
Und im Genuß verschmacht' ich nach Begierde.[616]

"silvershadowed forms of ages past approaching the hill of ghosts on gloomy clouds."

Compare this address to the moon with that commented on in Note 14.

[613] See Note 76.

[614] These lines clearly express the conflict between the antagonistic principles in our nature, and teach that nothing but the strongest faith can rescue us from the *evil* tendency within us.

[615] There is no happiness for Faust. In his retirement he might perhaps have discovered some ray of light amid the mysterious darkness of his existence, or some soothing occupation for his mind in its restless uncertainty—but no—his soul, filled with raging passion, burns only for sensual gratification; his serenest and loftiest feelings are marred by grovelling desire, and torturing doubt — and alas! with him errors of whatever class they be, run ever to extremes, as he can summon no power of reason based on and fortified by religion, to temper their headlong course.

[616] "Thus Faust reels from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoying he languishes for desire," in accordance with the devil's words commented on in Notes 312-316.—Faust feels himself driven on to a criminal enjoyment, which he knows will never afford him any real satisfaction; but will, with each attempt at gratification, only fan his passions to a flame of redoubled violence, and thus render his case more hopeless, and himself more unhappy than ever.

Mephistopheles tritt auf.

Mephistopheles.

Habt ihr nun bald das Leben g'nug geführt?
Wie kann's euch in die Länge freuen?
Es ist wohl gut, daß man's einmal probirt;
Dann aber wieder zu was Neuem![617]

Faust.

Ich wollt', du hättest mehr zu thun,
Als mich am guten Tag zu plagen.[618]

Nothing is so grand in Goethe's conception of Faust as this continual consciousness of what the evil spirit intends to do. It is thus that Goethe represents the voice of conscience, that is ever at work within us, now warning, now advising. In the Paradise Lost, too, we have the same picture painted perhaps more graphically, but still the same; *though* the conscience which guided and protected our first parents in their state of innocence is impersonated in the Archangel Raphaël, who

"Through the vast ethereal sky,
"Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing"—

to aid weak mortals by his warning voice. God has indeed left man's destiny to his own free-will, but knowing how mutable and infirm this is, He has given him both reason and conscience to control it, and woe to those who refuse to allow to conscience the upper hand in its conflict with the flesh; the consequences must and will be as ruinous to the *Individual* as Adam's fall was to *Humanity*. What in Milton's work is represented as intuition from higher beings, is in Faust that inward voice, which is our surest guide in every doubtful moment.

[617] In this scene Mephisto calls to his aid his most pungent sarcasm, to induce Faust to leave his retirement, as he cannot approve of so much meditation, or of such frequent communings with his conscience.

[618] The expression „am guten Tag"—means here "in the *broad* daylight." We cannot agree with those who give to „gut" in this passage its more literal meaning "happy, good," as this would be in total contradiction to the spirit of the complaint expressed in these lines of the preceding monologue:

„Er facht in meiner Brust ein wildes Feuer
Nach jenem schönen Bild geschäftig an."

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun, nun! ich laſſ' dich gerne ruhn;
Du darfſt mir's nicht im Ernſte ſagen.
An dir Geſellen, unhold, barſch und toll,
Iſt wahrlich wenig zu verlieren.
Den ganzen Tag hat man die Hände voll!
Was ihm gefällt und was man laſſen ſoll,
Kann man dem Herrn nie an der Naſe ſpüren.

Fauſt.

Das iſt ſo juſt der rechte Ton!
Er will noch Dank, daß er mich ennüyirt. [619]

Mephiſtopheles.

Wie hätt'ſt du, armer Erdenſohn,
Dein Leben ohne mich geführt?
Vom Kribskrabs [620] der Imagination
Hab' ich dich doch auf Zeiten lang curirt;
Und wär' ich nicht, ſo wär'ſt du ſchon
Von dieſem Erdball abſpazirt. [621]

---

[619] This part of the poem is again much older in style as well as in versification, for the flowing Iambic line and its blank verses are given up, and a rhyming irregular metre is adopted in its stead; foreign words as „ennuyiren, curiren," are again introduced.

[620] The word „Kribskrabs" is derived from kribben, or kribbeln, to scratch, and according to Campe means "a quick and hasty appropriation" (Anſichreißen); this explanation, however, appears to us erroneous, and the word refers entirely to the wild unrestrained flight of the imagination, as in the word Kribbelkopf (a fretful, irritable person.) We often find the dialectic Kribelekrabs (crawling, creeping) used instead of the purer form Kribskrabs. This word, it should be observed, as also Wirwarr (confusion), Zickzack (zigzag), Miſchmaſch (mixture), Schnickſchnack (nonsense), are merely dialectic expressions, and only employed in a comic or satirical sense.

[621] This does not refer particularly to the moment when Faust had determined on suicide, but is a general remark of the evil spirit, purporting that Faust would long ago have found this life insupportable had it not been for the frequent distraction he had

Was haſt du da in Höhlen, Felſenritzen
Dich wie ein Schuhu [622] zu verſitzen?
Was ſchlurfſt [623] aus dumpfem Moos und triefendem Ge-
ſtein, [624]
Wie eine Kröte, Nahrung ein? [625]
Ein ſchöner, ſüßer Zeitvertreib!
Dir ſteckt der Doctor noch im Leib. [626]

Fauſt.

Verſtehſt du was für neue Lebenskraft
Mir dieſer Wandel in der Oede ſchafft?

---

so kindly caused him; and certainly, as Faust belongs to that class of men into whose minds there never enters an idea that they have been sent into the world for any *definite purpose*, and as he lived on without a kindly thought for man, and with no feeling of submission or love towards his God, despair must in all probability have driven him, in his state of mind, to the crime of self-destruction.

[622] „Schuhu," is one of the many popular names given to the Owl; thus in Luther's translation of the Bible we find (Leviticus XI. 17.) Nachteule, Käuzlein, Schuhu; we have also the names: Schufu, Schubu, Buhu; — certainly from the Latin Bubo, Avis nocturna, with the mythical origin of which Ovid in his Metamorphoses Lib. II. makes us acquainted.

[623] In other editions we find ſchlürfſt from ſchlürfen, to suck in, absorb, sip; it is no longer used with the unmodified u.

[624] Alluding to the researches of Goethe in Mineralogy and Botany, in the latter of which subjects he devoted himself more particularly to the study of mosses.

[625] In comparing Faust with the owl and toad, the devil deals the conceited philosopher a hard blow.

[626] When Faust in his wild excitement asked for the immediate possession of Margaret, Mephistopheles ridiculed his impetuosity by telling him, he was like a Frenchman, (see Note 470)—and now, when he tries to conquer or tame his passion in the solitude of the forest, he is jeered at for still having 'some of the doctor' in him!—the devil's aim is to poison with sarcastic remarks every moment of Faust's life.

Ja, würdeſt du es ahnen können,
Du wäreſt Teufel g'nug, mein Glück mir nicht zu gönnen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ein überirdiſches Vergnügen,
In Nacht und Thau auf den Gebirgen liegen,
Und Erd' und Himmel wonniglich umfaſſen,
Zu einer Gottheit ſich aufſchwellen laſſen,[627]
Der Erde Mark mit Ahnungsdrang durchwühlen,
Alle ſechs Tagwerk' im Buſen fühlen,[628]
In ſtolzer Kraft, ich weiß nicht, was? genießen,
Bald liebewonniglich in alles überfließen,
Verſchwunden ganz der Erdenſohn,
Und dann die hohe Intuition —

Mit einer Geberde.

Ich darf nicht ſagen, wie? — zu ſchließen.[629]

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[627] Faust was at one time proud and presumptuous enough to think himself capable of fathoming all the mysteries of creation.

[628] Referring of course to the Scripture account of creation, the work of six days. It is not without signification that Goethe so often puts allusions to the Bible in the mouth of Mephistopheles; it was a favourite theory of the Middle Ages that the devil was thoroughly conversant with the whole of Scripture, and used this knowledge to cause doubts, confusion, and controversies among mankind. This idea is frequently to be met with in the Sermons and other writings of Luther, who, however, goes further, and adds by way of consolation, that the devil, once foiled in argument, cannot again attack his conqueror on the same ground.

[629] The devil takes delight in stifling every purer sentiment by reminding us how hampered we are by matter, and how brutish and low our earthly nature is; and thus he here tramples Faust's sublimest feelings in the dust. Though the passage is somewhat obscure, as the devil speaks only by hints, yet the general meaning clearly is that man with all his higher feelings, and all his profession of a love that soars above earthly thoughts, is sure in the end to aim at coarse enjoyment; a dark and sinister view of human nature, and fit only to be put in the mouth of a spirit, whose constant occupation is to eradicate every better sentiment.

Faust.

Pfui [630] über dich!

Mephistopheles.

Das will euch nicht behagen;
Ihr habt das Recht, gesittet pfui! zu sagen.
Man darf das nicht vor keuschen Ohren nennen,
Was keusche Herzen nicht entbehren können. [631]
Und kurz und gut, ich gönn' Ihm das Vergnügen,
Gelegentlich sich etwas vorzulügen;
Doch lange hält Er das nicht aus. [632]
Du bist schon wieder abgetrieben, [633]
Und, währt es länger, aufgerieben
In Tollheit oder Angst und Graus. [634]
Genug damit! Dein Liebchen sitzt drinne,
Und alles wird ihr eng' und trüb',
Du kommst ihr gar nicht aus dem Sinne,
Sie hat dich übermächtig lieb. [635]

---

[630] Fie, for shame! shame on thee!

[631] Accusing Faust of hypocrisy, as he seems by his exclamation to assume more modesty and delicacy than he really possesses.

[632] We must observe the artful use of the different pronouns „Ihr, du, er" according as Mephisto uses irony, satire, or assumes a high moral tone, in order to persuade Faust to leave his retirement, and return to Margaret.

[633] „Abgetrieben" in the sense of despondent; a metaphorical meaning of the word übertrieben—overridden, (of animals.)

[634] The whole of this passage is intended to impress upon Faust that he must be tired of nature, that the delight derived from his dreams has already reached its culminating point, and should he strive any longer to penetrate the mysteries of creation, despair and madness must overwhelm him, as he discovers that her secrets must remain unriddled.

[635] Mephistopheles next artfully attempts to persuade Faust to return to Margaret, by placing before him too true a picture of her present unhappy life, and describing to him how she lives on

Erſt kam deine Liebeswuth übergefloſſen,
Wie vom geſchmolznen Schnee ein Bächlein überſteigt;
Du haſt ſie ihr ins Herz gegoſſen,
Nun iſt dein Bächlein wieder ſeicht. [636]
Mich dünkt, anſtatt in Wäldern zu thronen,
Ließ' es dem großen Herren gut,
Das arme affenjunge [637] Blut
Für ſeine Liebe zu belohnen. [638]
Die Zeit wird ihr erbärmlich [639] lang;
Sie ſteht am Fenſter, ſieht die Wolken ziehn
Ueber die alte Stadtmauer hin.
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'! ſo geht ihr Geſang [640]
Tage lang, halbe Nächte lang.

---

drearily from day to day, ever dreaming of him who has so cruelly forsaken her.

[636] Accusing him of having poured a torrent of burning love into her heart, and allowing his own love to grow cold.

[637] Affe, Grasaffe is often used by Goethe to designate children, and especially young girls; the word affenjung means here very young, childish.

[638] To reward—used ironically.

[639] Wretchedly! the epithet is here very appropriate.

[640] „Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'," is a well known popular song in Germany, full of the sweetest poetical simplicity. It was published (1806-8) in a collection of German songs „Des Knaben Wunderhorn," by C. Brentano and A. Arnim, two celebrated German poets of the romantic school. Goethe was a great admirer of these songs, and was induced by the famous Herder* to give

* Herder, born at Mohrung (Prussia), A.D. 1744, was one of the most learned and enlightened theologians of Germany. His writings are of three distinct classes: Literature and fine Arts, Theology, History and Philosophy. As a Theologian he acquired great celebrity for his commentaries on the Holy Writ; as Philosopher he left us a treasure of observations on Nature, Man and History; through his explanations of the classical ages he tried to promote the harmonious improvement of men by the immortal models of ancient Greece; he purified taste, and endeavoured to raise man to greater perfection by a fuller appreciation of art, and did much to cultivate a love for those popular legends and ballads with which German literature abounds; he expounded the hidden beauties of Ossian and Shakespeare in order to hold them up as models for imitation. All his writings are inspired by the noblest feelings, and the heart of the reader is lost in descriptions and sentiments of the most sublime and exquisite grandeur. His masterwork is: „Ideen zur Philoſophie der Geſchichte der Menſchheit," in

Einmal iſt ſie munter, meiſt betrübt,
Einmal recht ausgeweint,
Dann wieder ruhig, wie's ſcheint,
Und immer verliebt.[641]

Fauſt.

Schlange! Schlange![642]

Mephiſtopheles (für ſich.)

Gelt![643] daß ich dich fange!

---

considerable attention to this class of poetry; he speaks of this song in such high praise, styling it "unique in its beauty and truth," that we venture to place the whole before the reader:

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Flög' ich zu Dir;
Weil es eben nicht ſein kann,
Bleib ich allhier.

Bin ich gleich weit von Dir,
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei Dir,
Und red' mit Dir;
Wenn ich erwachen thu'
Bin ich allein.

Es vergeht keine Stund' in der Nacht,
Da mein Herz nicht erwacht
Und an Dich gedenkt,
Daß Du mir vieltauſendmal
Dein Herz geſchenkt.

[641] How very impressive and poetical is the devil's description of the sighing, weeping, longing Margaret. Its beauties are intended to aid in exciting Faust's wildest passions.

[642] Serpent! as the impersonation of subtlety.

[643] Gelt from gelten, to be worth, to be of value, used idiomatically as an interjection in the sense of truly! is it not true!

which he proves not by metaphysical subtleties but by a free and lively argument, based on experience and analogy in nature, that all and everything proceeds from one source and has one aim—God. Nor was Herder less great as a poet; his parables, Paramyths (a tale founded on a myth and serving to prove some general truth, a form of poetry first introduced by him into German literature), his legends, his transcriptions of Spanish Romances in his Cid, and his Epigrams will always form the brightest gems of German classical literature. He died 1803, and the Grand Duke Charles Augustus of Sax-Weimar caused a monument to be placed over his grave bearing the inscription: Licht, Liebe, Leben!

Faust.

Verruchter! hebe dich von hinnen,[644]
Und nenne nicht das schöne Weib!
Bring' die Begier zu ihrem süßen Leib
Nicht wieder vor die halb verrückten Sinnen![645]

Mephistopheles.

Was soll es denn? Sie meint, du seyst entfloh'n,
Und halb und halb bist du es schon.[646]

Faust.

Ich bin ihr nah', und wär' ich noch so fern,
Ich kann sie nie vergessen, nie verlieren;
Ja, ich beneide schon den Leib des Herrn,
Wenn ihre Lippen ihn indeß berühren.

Mephistopheles.

Gar wohl, mein Freund! Ich hab' euch oft beneidet
Ums Zwillingspaar, das unter Rosen weidet.[647]

Faust.

Entfliehe, Kuppler!

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[644] The same words that our Lord used, St. Matthew IV. 10, but how differently are they used. In our Lord's mouth they were an order to a baffled tempter to depart, and were spoken with a glorious consciousness of spiritual superiority; but as Faust utters them, they are rather an entreaty than a command, a feeble outcry of despair, a fainthearted confession that he finds his strength fast failing him, and that he is no longer able to wrestle against his wily seducer.

[645] He again implores Mephisto not to fan his passions into a flame.

On the irregular plural of Sinne, see note 19.

[646] Laughing at the idea of his being able to rescue himself from the net into which he has been decoyed by sensuality. The word entfloh'n, from entfliehn, does not literally mean to escape, but rather to struggle, and alludes to Faust's endeavours to free himself from his love.

[647] Evidently an allusion to Solomon's song IV. 5 and VII. 3. Goethe translated the Song of Songs into German during the autumn of 1775. See Schöll's, „Briefe und Aufsätze über Goethe."

Mephistopheles.

Schön! Ihr schimpft, und ich muß lachen.
Der Gott, der Bub' und Mädchen schuf,
Erkannte gleich den edelsten Beruf,
Auch selbst Gelegenheit zu machen.
Nur fort! Es ist ein großer Jammer!
Ihr sollt in eures Liebchens Kammer,
Nicht etwa in den Tod. [648]

---

[648] The devil with the grossest blasphemy, makes use of God's name to induce Faust to return to his love. He argues that God rather countenances the acts to which Faust's passion is urging him, and hints that the Creator is really the one to blame for such sins; just in the same way as in Eden the serpent strove to excite in Eve's heart a distrust of God's sincerity by hinting that the prohibition of the forbidden tree was simply the effect of a jealous selfishness—"For God," he said, "doth know that in the day ye eat thereof ye shall be as gods." Milton's Satan again is made to argue in the same way:

> God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
> Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
> Your fear itself of death removes the fear,
> Why then was this forbid?.....
> .....
> What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
> Impart against his will, if all be his?
>
> (Paradise Lost. Book IX.)

Such arguments as these afford indeed a specimen of sophistry well worthy of the devil. The reasoning he now uses has exercised the most pernicious influence on man's morals, as it has furnished us with the enervating argument of "Fatalism," which assumes that all our struggles to improve are vain, as the Creator himself has decreed the fall of his creature by his having created him with evil inclinations. We find an instance of this accusation of God in the words of the already guilty Adam, Gen. III. 12.: "The woman whom THOU GAVEST to be with me," &c.; by which Adam meant to imply that the blame was not his own, but that God himself was the real cause, and therefore answerable for his crime.

Faust.

Was ist die Himmelsfreud' in ihren Armen? [649]
Laß mich an ihrer Brust erwarmen,
Fühl' ich nicht immer ihre Noth? [650]
Bin ich der Flüchtling nicht, der Unbehauste,
Der Unmensch ohne Zweck und Ruh',
Der wie ein Wassersturz von Fels zu Felsen brauste,

---

[649] Faust confesses that even the joys of heaven in her arms can never make him happy, alluding to the misery into which he knows he is plunging his innocent victim. One striking point of beauty in Faust's character is that he feels at times all tho torments of repentance, and it is this consciousness in a great measure that interests us in him; it excites our pity instead of our contempt for his weakness, tending to make us look on his career as a dark unavoidable misfortune, rather than the consequence of the self-will of a proud irreligious spirit.

It may not be out of place to contrast here the modern and ancient drama. The ancient Greek tragedians do not dwell upon individual characters so much as represent them as types of general ideas in conflict with fate or adverse deities. The ancient drama *generalizes*, and in this generalization sacrifices everything to a stern unity of time, place and action. In the modern (especially Romantic) drama some passion or virtue, or simply some trait of character is selected for illustration. Its birth, psychological development and moral progress are placed prominently before us, and we are thus induced to watch with interest their influence on some individuality throughout the action of the drama. It is the tendency of the modern drama to *individualize*, and in doing so to produce like nature an unlimited variety of characters. These are involved in complicated intrigues, the unravelling of which though apparently beyond our powers tends really to *one* aim; which is to show us Man not as the ancient poets represented, struggling with dark fate, but with the events of the external world. Which last is now regarded as under the guidance of an all-powerful Providence, distributing with unswerving justice happiness or misery, according as we observe or disobey His laws.

[650] The preceding verse forms the conditional clause of this sentence, the meaning is "even in the case of my becoming happy, I must constantly feel *her* misery (the misery my sin

Begierig wüthend, nach dem Abgrund zu!
Und seitwärts sie, mit kindlich dumpfen [651] Sinnen,
Im Hüttchen auf dem kleinen Alpenfeld,
Und all ihr häusliches Beginnen
Umfangen in der kleinen Welt.
Und ich, der Gottverhaßte,
Hatte nicht genug, [652]
Daß ich die Felsen faßte
Und sie zu Trümmern schlug!
Sie, ihren Frieden mußt' ich untergraben! [653]
Du, Hölle, mußtest dieses Opfer haben!
Hilf, Teufel, mir die Zeit der Angst verkürzen!
Was muß geschehn, mag's gleich geschehn!
Mag ihr Geschick auf mich zusammenstürzen
Und sie mit mir zu Grunde gehn! [654]

---

must entail on her)." Goethe omits the conjunctions to give more liveliness to his style.

[651] Dumpf, dull, in dull spirits. Dumpfheit, dullness, which Goethe has defined as "the charming veil through which nature and truth appear in a softer light," which explains this apparent paradox.

[652] This line begins with an Anapæst, which is contrary to the rules of the pure Iambic verse.

[653] Goethe compares the homeless, wandering monster to a wild torrent dashing from the mountain heights, and overthrowing the little peaceful cottage that stands fearlessly on its side, "that great world of poor Margaret's." The grandeur of the passage is increased by Faust's accusation of himself that not content with hurling the rocks that lie scattered on the mountain side like a Titan or Cyclop, he must also undermine and destroy the peace of an innocent maiden.

[654] The transition into wild despair, and the entire submission to the powers of hell are quite natural in an unprincipled, hesitating man like Faust, who could have saved himself by a pure love for Margaret, and whom we see fluttering round the flame of passion till at last he approaches too near to the wasting fire, and is lost.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wie's wieder ſiedet, wieder glüht
Geh' ein und tröſte ſie, du Thor! [655]
Wo ſo ein Köpfchen [656] keinen Ausgang ſieht,
Stellt er ſich gleich das Ende vor.
Es lebe, wer ſich tapfer hält!
Du biſt doch ſonſt ſo ziemlich eingeteufelt. [657]
Nichts Abgeſchmackters find' ich auf der Welt,
Als einen Teufel, der verzweifelt.

Gretchens Stube.

Gretchen (am Spinnrade allein).
Meine Ruh' iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer;
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr. [658]

---

[655] The devil only laughs at Faust's conflicting passions, bidding him to return to the town to comfort his beloved.

The use of geh' ein instead of geh' hinein is peculiar.

[656] Köpfchen refers to the headstrong obstinacy of a person determined to have his own way; a meaning taken from the phrase „ſein Köpfchen aufſetzen" (literally: "to put on one's own head") "to insist," "to be obstinate."

[657] Eingeteufelt, is formed like eingebürgert and means "Satanified."

[658] We should have difficulty in finding anything in poetry to equal the masterly manner in which Goethe has succeeded in illustrating the sudden change which has come over Margaret's whole nature. This disclosure of her inmost feelings is so deep and beautiful and yet so simple, in a lyrical form, so entirely an outburst of heartfelt emotions, that our sympathy is only equalled by our admiration for the truthfulness of sentiment, and the beauty of expression evinced by the poet.

The object of poetry *in general* is to paint the manners and emotions of man: "animi motus effert interprete linguâ," and this is especially true of the drama, into which monologues are

Wo ich ihn nicht hab',
Ist mir das Grab;
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

---

introduced to explain with psychological minuteness, any moral change which, (as in the present case) external circumstances may have produced in a character; these are always, in a greater or less degree, essentially lyrical; as they treat of the inward feelings and the changes which take place in the mind, heart or soul: so far then as the passions are described subjectively, and the introduction of all that is objective avoided, so far as the thoughts and feelings of a character are disclosed by that individuality itself, the poet is justified in giving a lyrical form to any sentiments: thus in the present instance this form is perfectly conformable with Margaret's character, as she is the personification of simplicity, unconsciousness, beauty, and kindness, growing into feverish excitement, producing an avowal of a passion as unaffected as it is unrestrained, as touching as it is natural. An unknown fire is burning at her heart; a feeling she cares not to conceal has robbed her of her peace of mind and is driving her almost to distraction.

With regard to the outward form of this composition a few remarks are necessary. The second verse differs from the other nine, in as much as it contains a double rhyme. The versification of the whole is far from perfect, as many irregularities occur in the Iambic metre, but these very irregularities only tend to give a stronger expression to the speaker's wild emotion, and enable us to describe it as "wild beyond rule and art."

Nach ihm nur ſchau' ich
Zum Fenſter hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Geſtalt,[659]
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und ſeiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach! ſein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer;
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Buſen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft' ich faſſen
Und halten ihn![660]

Und küſſen ihn,
So wie ich wollt',

---

[659] This hiatus is too abrupt. It would be an improvement to substitute the definite article for Sein', which would not interfere with the meaning of the passage.

[660] In the last line but one of this verse the older editions have als, by which the meaning is altered, in our opinion, for the better. "My bosom longs as if it were to clasp him and hold him there" is, we think, both more powerful and more in accordance with Margaret's excited state of mind, than the insertion of the interjection between the two sentences, the latter of which becomes then only a passionate and incoherent exclamation.

An ſeinen Küſſen
Vergehen ſollt' ![661]

Marthens Garten.

Margarete. Fauſt.

Margarete.

Verſprich mir, Heinrich —![662]

Fauſt.

Was ich kann![663]

Margarete.

Nun ſag', wie haſt du's mit der Religion?[664]
Du biſt ein herzlich guter Mann,
Allein ich glaub', du hältſt nicht viel davon.[665]

---

[661] The last lines in which Margaret expresses the frantic desire, of "dying on his kisses" may be looked on as a gloomy foreboding of the fate in which the indulgence of this unhappy, unbridled passion was to involve her.

[662] „Verſprich mir, Heinrich" means "promise me, Henry, now to tell the truth and nothing else." Düntzer explains this abrupt beginning by supposing that Margaret has already questioned Faust on his religion, and now wishes him to promise to adhere firmly to the Roman Catholic religion; but there is nothing whatever to justify such an assumption, as the whole conversation on religion takes place subsequent to this introductory address of Margaret's.

[663] "Whatever I can." This answer confirms the view we have taken, as it evidently implies a promise given before, he knows definitely what he is wished to do: and besides, the phrase, „verſprich mir," is a common one in Germany amongst intimate friends, when broaching any serious subject, in order to obtain beforehand a promise exacting either to speak the truth, or to grant a request, as the case may be.

[664] „Wie haſt du's?" An idiomatic expression, meaning: "What are your opinions on religion?"

[665] Idiomatic for "you do not think much of it, — you hold it in light esteem."

Faust.

Laß das, mein Kind! Du fühlst, ich bin dir gut;
Für meine Lieben ließ' ich Leib und Blut,[666]
Will niemand sein Gefühl und seine Kirche rauben.

Margarete.

Das ist nicht recht; man muß dran glauben![667]

---

[666] Observe the use of the conditional mood here. "I *would* sacrifice my life for any one whom I love," or "for all those who are dear to me."

[667] Before proceeding further, it will be well to enter into a closer examination of this scene, which in its ethical and religious application is the most important in the poem, the conversation of the two lovers being on a subject of the deepest importance both to themselves and to the whole human race—RELIGION!

Let none of our readers look on the introduction of so sacred a theme in dramatic poetry as a profanation, or wonder that in Germany, as in ancient Greece, the stage should be selected as a means of promoting the morality and education of the masses. In a country where despotism closes the doors of the Lecture Room, prohibits public meetings, and forbids assembled citizens the right of free discussion, the theatre, as a last resource, has been transformed into a platform, from which such poets as Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, and others who have nobly followed their example, have endeavoured to teach lessons of piety and morality, and to instil into the minds of the people, some appreciation of and admiration for those highest blessings of humanity, religion, liberty and progress. But there is a peculiarity in the German character, (a nobler kind of hero-worship) which has also contributed to this result. In the earliest times, in days when towns and villages and the civilisation that spring from them, were alike unknown, the noblest German youths loved, according to Tacitus, (Germ. 13, 14,) to enrol themselves among the faithful followers and companions of some renowned chieftain, to whom they devoted their arms and services. As circumstances changed this custom took a new direction, but did not disappear, for in later times instead of gathering round one who lead them to danger and to death, their descendants thought it more agreeable to listen admiringly in dreamy indolence to the songs and ballads of their "Minnesänger's," who in their turn have been

Faust.

Muß man?

---

supplanted by the more genial productions of the drama. To these two causes, acting and re-acting upon each other, is owing the fact that, in Germany the drama has preserved its vigour down to the present day, whereas in England, France and Spain, it came to a sudden conclusion in the compositions of Shakspeare, Molière, and Calderon respectively. Germany can still boast of really great and original authors, such as Gutzkow, Laube, Mosen, Grillparzer, Zedlitz, Hebel, Halm (Münch von Billingshausen), men of the greatest talent and occupying a high position both in society and science, who have not disdained to write for the stage, as being the only way of gathering round them a crowd of admiring disciples, who could rejoice in the splendid effusions of their poetical inspiration, as their ancestors delighted in the bloody exploits of an adventurous leader. That under such circumstances all questions of deep interest, that affected the whole people, should have been introduced on the stage is easy to understand: and religion, which forms the principal part of the life of every nation, as of every man, thus became a favourite topic with the poets, who used it to advance the cause of civilisation. To Englishmen this may seem a profanation, and we ourselves are far from approving of this strange mode of teaching the lower classes, and would gladly see Germany in the enjoyment of that healthy freedom in which a nation is not compelled to turn the stage into a pulpit or a rostrum. In the development of any literature there is no less matter for philosophical enquiry, than in the closely-connected links of historical events. Every phenomenon has its reason; no effect is without its promoting cause. The most cherished discussions in Germany were on religious subjects: where politics were forbidden, and science and philosophy interested only the learned, what subject was left of such importance as religion? Protestant Germany, especially, ever in close conflict with Romanism, was glad to oppose to its errors and superstition all the powers at her disposal, and while meeting it boldly in the open field of controversy, did not disdain to make use of the lighter weapons afforded by lyrical songs, sarcastic odes, epic poems, comedy, and dramatic compositions both in prose and verse. In those countries a drama or tragedy would hardly be considered *really* national, if it did not

Margarete.
Ach, wenn ich etwas auf dich könnte!

---

contain some allusion to the superstition and credulity, the heresies and deceit of Rome.

In introducing this particular scene Goethe, besides satisfying this *Protestant* feeling, has warned us against two opposite forms of religion, but equally objectionable, held by the two characters before us; Pantheism, that old, impious Pagan notion that the Universe itself is God, and Roman Catholicism, which has from the earliest times imitated the models and forms of that Heathenism which it was so anxious to destroy. In Margaret we see a simple, innocent girl, clinging to the outward forms of Romanism, which by appealing only to the senses, excite the imagination, and nourish superstition. She is placed in opposition to the unbelieving Faust, who in concealing his doubts under hollow phrases and metaphysical subtleties wishes to prove that *everything that exists* is God, and thus to create for himself a *material* God, though his very power of thinking might have convinced him, that there is a something spiritual even in us poor frail creatures, though placed on one of the smallest planets in the Universe. In Margaret we see represented blind faith without reason; in Faust the light of reason undirected by faith. What then is the moral that we are to draw from Goethe's Faust; that a blind faith in the Christianized Mythology is as unable to preserve from destruction, nay, is as likely, from its constant appeals to the senses and the imagination, to lead to guilt and perdition as the undefined and boundless expanse of Pantheism, that "sea without a shore, and with no polar star to guide those who embark on it." But it also teaches that faith, however blind, is better than infidelity: for Margaret is at last saved through repentance and prayer, by the humble and resigned submission to the Almighty will represented to her in the poetical emblem of "*the mother with the child.*" We have then no need to vindicate Goethe's poem from the imputation frequently cast upon it, that he wished to prove that religion as well as knowledge, faith no less than reason, produces nothing but unhappiness and crime to mankind. This supposition is so contrary to the poet's known character, that it can be entertained by those only who have never taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the spirit in which he wrote. This may easily be ascertained by observing the distribution of rewards and punishments in the drama, always a sure test of the author's

Du ehrst auch nicht die heil'gen Sakramente.[668]

Faust.

Ich ehre sie.

Margarete.

Doch ohne Verlangen.
Zur Messe, zur Beichte bist du lange nicht gegangen.
Glaubst du an Gott?

Faust.

Mein Liebchen, wer darf sagen:
Ich glaub' an Gott!
Magst Priester oder Weise fragen,
Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott
Ueber den Frager zu sein.[669]

Margarete.

So glaubst du nicht?[670]

---

opinions and intention. What then is Goethe's intention? Margaret, confiding too much in a religion, of which she has learnt only the outward forms, without having received an ample spiritual instruction, falls an easy prey to the tempter on his first approach. In the end, however, she is saved by repentance. But it is only at the last moment, and after she has brought disgrace and death, not only on herself, but on her family. It is clear therefore from her punishment in this world that Goethe did not wish to palliate Margaret's sin. Faust again at the close of the first part of the drama, is given up to the evil spirit for further torment. Being at peace neither with himself nor with God, he knows no rest, no joy, no happiness: he can find no comfort either in his self-conceit or in the contemplation of the outward world, but abandons himself as a tool into the hands of that devil, whom he himself calls "a produce of filth and fire.

[668] Alluding to the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church.

[669] Who dares to profess and therefore believe in God, when no one is capable of comprehending him? is the evasive and sophistical meaning of these lines. Faust insinuates that a profession of faith in an Almighty Being, whom we are unable to comprehend, would sound like scorn and mockery.

[670] Margaret not understanding this subtle answer, shows her conclusions from it in the words "Then you do not believe?"

Faust.

Mißhör' mich nicht, du holdes Angesicht!
Wer darf ihn nennen,
Und wer bekennen:
Ich glaub' ihn!
Wer empfinden
Und sich unterwinden,
Zu sagen: Ich glaub' ihn nicht?
Der Allumfasser,
Der Allerhalter,
Faßt und erhält er nicht
Dich, mich, sich selbst?
Wölbt sich der Himmel nicht dadroben?
Liegt die Erde nicht hierunten fest?
Und steigen, freundlich blickend,
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf?
Schau' ich nicht Aug' in Auge dir,
Und drängt nicht alles
Nach Haupt und Herzen dir,
Und webt in ewigem Geheimniß,
Unsichtbar, sichtbar, neben dir?
Erfüll' davon dein Herz, so groß es ist,
Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle selig bist,
Nenn' es dann, wie du willst,
Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott!
Ich habe keinen Namen
Dafür! Gefühl ist alles;
Name ist Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth.[671]

---

[671] This dithyrambic praise of Nature, though very beautiful as a lyrical composition, was never intended as a sublime hymn expressive of the purest worship of "Nature." Here again we must unequivocally protest against the charge that Goethe wished to propagate pantheistic doctrines by these lines. The man who wrote:

„Er, der einzige Gerechte
Weiß für Jedermann das Rechte,

Margarete.

Das ist alles recht schön und gut;
Ungefähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch,
Nur mit ein bißchen andern Worten.

Faust.

Es sagen's aller Orten
Alle Herzen unter dem himmlischen Tage,
Jedes in seiner Sprache;
Warum nicht ich in der meinen?

Margarete.

Wenn man's so hört, möcht's leidlich scheinen,
Steht aber doch immer schief darum;
Denn du hast kein Christenthum. [672]

Faust.

Lieb's Kind! [673]

Margarete.

Es thut mir lang schon weh,
Daß ich dich in der Gesellschaft seh'. [674]

Sei von seinen hundert Namen
Dieser hochgelobet! Amen!"
(Göthe's Westöstlicher Divan.)

must have been anything but a *Pantheist.* Goethe in acknowledging a highest incomprehensible power wishes it not to be called by one simple name. In his eightieth year he used the following words to Eckermann: „Liebes Kind, was wissen wir denn von der Idee des Göttlichen und was wollen denn unsere engen Begriffe vom höchsten Wesen sagen! Wollte ich es gleich einem Türken mit hundert Namen nennen, so würde ich doch noch zu kurz kommen und im Vergleiche so grenzenloser Eigenschaften noch nichts gesagt haben."

[672] However beautiful all this may be, there is still no trace of Christianity in it. We may say of this answer with Lessing in his „Nathan der Weise," page 35,

Daß doch
Die Einfalt immer Recht behält.

[673] The elision of the e in „Liebes" is too great a poetical licence.

[674] Amid all the happiness enjoyed by the two lovers, Margaret's mind is troubled with a vague feeling of terror and a

Faust.

Wie so?

Margarete.

Der Mensch, den du da bei dir hast,
Ist mir in tiefer, inn'rer Seele verhaßt;
Es hat mir in meinem Leben
So nichts einen Stich ins Herz gegeben,
Als des Menschen widrig Gesicht. [675]

Faust.

Liebe Puppe, [676] fürcht ihn nicht!

Margarete.

Seine Gegenwart bewegt mir das Blut.
Ich bin sonst allen Menschen gut;
Aber, wie [677] ich mich sehne, dich zu schauen,
Hab' ich vor dem Menschen ein heimlich Grauen,
Und halt' ihn für einen Schelm dazu!
Gott verzeih' mir's, wenn ich ihm Unrecht thu'!

Faust.

Es muß auch solche Käuze geben. [678]

Margarete.

Wollte nicht mit seines Gleichen leben!

---

chilling awe at the presence of the evil one; this dread is the first whisper of a guilty conscience.

[675] Margaret is disgusted with the diabolical nature of Mephistopheles, the very personification of sensuality. His very face is repulsive to her.

[676] "Dear puppet, dear doll." Idiomatic expression for "Dear child!"

[677] "The more I long to see thee, the more I am filled with an instinctive horror of this man."

[678] Käuze from Kauz, which is literally a "screech-owl," but is used figuratively of an odd, or queer fellow. There is a similar use of Gauch and Vogel (bird), from which we derive the expressions ein reicher, ein närrischer, ein seltsamer, ein drolliger, ein lustiger Kauz, Vogel oder Gauch, also ein Geldkauz.

Kommt er einmal zur Thür' herein,
Sieht er immer so spöttisch drein,
Und halb ergrimmt;
Man sieht, daß er an nichts keinen Antheil nimmt;
Es steht ihm an der Stirn' geschrieben,
Daß er nicht mag eine Seele lieben.
Mir wird's so wohl in deinem Arm,
So frei, so hingegeben warm,
Und seine Gegenwart schnürt mir das Inn're zu. [679]

Faust.

Du ahnungsvoller [680] Engel du!

Margarete

Das übermannt mich so sehr,
Daß, wo er nur mag zu uns treten,
Mein' ich sogar, ich liebte dich nicht mehr.
Auch wenn er da ist, könnt' ich nimmer beten. [681]
Und das frißt [682] mir ins Herz hinein;
Dir, Heinrich, muß es auch so seyn.

---

[679] Idiomatic for "His presence troubles my inmost heart." Filmore translates it "He shuts and withers up my very heart."

[680] From Ahnung, "forboding, presentiment," "Thou presaging angel," "thou angel full of presentiment!" How strongly does Faust express in this one short exclamation the full consciousness of his intended guilt! Ahndungsvoller, which occurs in the first two editions is a decided misprint, as ahnden is "to punish," "to avenge oneself on," whilst ahnen means, "to have a foreboding of," "to forsee." Although Adelung draws no distinction between the two words, modern writers never confound them.

[681] Margaret declares that she is so filled with secret horror, and that her mind is so overshadowed by a gloomy feeling of apprehension, when Mephistopheles is near, that she is unable even to pray. Artfully indeed does the poet mingle in Margaret's bosom the raptures of passionate affection with an awful dread of hell, thus preparing us for the final catastrophe of the first part of Faust.

[682] From fressen, to eat, to devour, only of animals, though it may be used metaphorically in poetry.

Faust.

Du hast nun die Antipathie!

Margarete.

Ich muß nun fort.

Faust.

Ach, kann ich nie
Ein Stündchen ruhig dir am Busen hängen,
Und Brust an Brust und Seel' in Seele drängen! [683]

Margarete.

Ach, wenn ich nur alleine schlief'!
Ich ließ' dir gern heut Nacht den Riegel offen;
Doch meine Mutter schläft nicht tief,
Und würden wir von ihr betroffen,
Ich wär' gleich auf der Stelle todt! [684]

Faust.

Du Engel, das hat keine Noth.
Hier ist ein Fläschchen! Drei Tropfen nur
In ihren Trank umhüllen
Mit tiefem Schlaf gefällig die Natur. [685]

Margarete.

Was thu' ich nicht um deinetwillen?
Es wird ihr hoffentlich nicht schaden! [686]

Faust.

Würd' ich sonst, Liebchen, dir es rathen?

Margarete.

Seh' ich dich, bester Mann, nur an,
Weiß nicht, was mich nach deinem Willen treibt;

---

[683] Faust ensnares her with flattering words.

[684] Margaret yields to him with a slight excuse.

[685] This objection Faust successfully meets, by giving her a small phial containing a narcotic, three drops of which, administered to her mother, would plunge her into a deep sleep.

[686] Margaret, overcome by anxiety fear and passion, fails to hear Faust's injunction to give *only three drops*.

Ich habe ſchon ſo viel für dich gethan,
Daß mir zu thun faſt nichts mehr übrig bleibt.[687]

Ab

Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.

Mephiſtopheles.

Der Grasaff'![688] iſt er weg?

Fauſt.

Haſt wieder ſpionirt?

Mephiſtopheles

Ich hab's ausführlich wohl vernommen,
Herr Doctor wurden da katecheſirt;
Hoff', es ſoll Ihnen wohl bekommen.[689]

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[687] The first edition had über instead of übrig.

Ueberbleiben, of which we still retain the derivative Ueberbleibſel is often met with instead of übrigbleiben. Goethe even uses „die übergebliebenen Papiere."

With these concluding words, Margaret, completely carried away by an irresistible impulse which she is unable to fathom, has sealed her own doom. Though man is no longer permitted to live in that Eden of happiness, which our first parents lost by their disobedience, there is still within his reach an abstract Paradise, the happiness of Innocence. This he may enjoy so long as he keeps guard against the serpent of pride and sensuality, and avoids his snares. But the man into whose heart passion has penetrated through the dark gate of guilt looses this second Paradise, and he is driven out into the wilderness of sin, misery and death. This reminds us of the following lines:

Drum hüte Dich und fliehe
Vor der Sünde Schmeichelwort;
Gleich vom Berge die Lawine,
Reißt es Dich unhaltſam fort,—
Ohne Gnade—ohne Ruh—
Stürzt es Dich dem Abgrund zu!

[688] Mephistopheles here enters and disturbs Faust in the delight, which he feels at his success. „Grasaffe," a familiar mode of addressing boys and girls.—(See note 637.)

[689] Now for the first time, in addressing Faust, Mephistopheles make use of the more formal Sie, and also gives him his title of Doctor. This ironical allusion to his examination by Margaret on the subject of religion, is intended to erase any better im-

Die Mädels ſind doch ſehr intereſſirt,
Ob einer fromm und ſchlicht nach altem Brauch.
Sie denken, duckt er da, folgt er uns eben auch.

Fauſt.

Du, Ungeheuer, ſiehſt nicht ein,
Wie dieſe treue liebe Seele,
Von ihrem Glauben voll,
Der ganz allein
Ihr ſeligmachend iſt, ſich heilig quäle,
Daß ſie den liebſten Mann verloren halten ſoll. [690]

Mephiſtopheles.

Du überſinnlicher, ſinnlicher Freier,
Ein Mägdelein nasführet dich. [691]

Fauſt.

Du Spottgeburt von Dreck und Feuer! [692]

Mephiſtopheles.

Und die Phyſiognomie verſteht ſie meiſterlich.

---

pressions, which the simple girl's true and disinterested love may have left on his mind.

[690] Faust, thus speaking of Margaret, proves that he is fully capable of appreciating the hidden feelings of a believing soul that trembles at the thought of losing for ever in a future world him who is her idol in the present.

[691] Mephistopheles answers these tender words with a sarcastic smile at the "transcendental" sensuality of the philosopher, which permits him to be lead by the nose by a weak and simple girl. Mägdelein, a diminutive of Magd, "little maid" is still in use in many parts of Germany.

Nasführet, formed from the expression, Bei der Naſe herumführen. Compare Note 5.

[692] Spottgeburt from Spott, mockery and Geburt, anything born, offspring, creature; Spottgeburt, a being composed of mockery, a quintessence of irony, made up of filth and fire: the word Dreck, has reference to his coarse sensuality, the Feuer, to his passion for destruction. From the same word ſpotten are derived Spottgebilde, mockery incarnate „Spottfrage," "an ironical question," and „Spottgeiſt," "a mocking spirit," &c.

In meiner Gegenwart wird's ihr, sie weiß nicht, wie?
Mein Mäskchen [693] da weissagt verborgnen Sinn;
Sie fühlt, daß ich ganz sicher ein Genie,
Vielleicht gar wohl der Teufel bin. [694]
Nun heute Nacht —?

Faust.

Was geht dich's an?

Mephistopheles.

Hab' ich doch meine Freude dran! [695]

Am Brunnen. [696]

Gretchen und Lieschen mit Krügen. [697]

---

[693] Mäskchen, diminutive from Maske "My face, my physiognomy seems not to please her."

[694] In allusion to the common superstitious belief, that genius was the gift of the evil spirit. This idea originated in the fact that a genius (especially in former days) passed his life generally in solitude, and gave up his whole mind to the pursuit of loftier aspirations, excluding himself from the ordinary pleasures and amusements of the world without. In the same sense the Germans use the idiom, er hat den Teufel im Leibe, "he has the devil in his body," to express the idea "he is very clever."

[695] With this infernal remark the crime is consummated.

[696] The scene at the fountain discloses what has taken place since the above conversation. Faust's guilty object is now accomplished. After sacrificing Margaret to his unbridled passion, he has deserted her at the instigation of the devil, who think thus to increase his sin beyond the hope of pardon. Though no mention is made here of the death of Margaret's mother, we must assume it as having taken place, as it is alluded to in the scene in the Cathedral, which, we may observe, was written in Italy under the influence of the gloomy ceremonies of the Romish church.

[697] This scene in which Margaret and Bessy are introduced is written in a popular style, and is beautiful alike for its power, its simplicity and truth. Every word spoken by Bessy, must pierce as a dagger Margaret's heart.

Liesdchen.

Haſt nichts von Bärbelchen[698] gehört?

Gretchen.

Kein Wort. Ich komm' gar wenig unter Leute.

Liesdchen.

Gewiß, Sybille ſagt' mir's heute;
Die hat ſich endlich auch bethört.[699]
Das iſt das Vornehmthun![700]

Gretchen.

Wie ſo?

Liesdchen.

Es ſtinkt
Sie füttert zwei, wenn ſie nun ißt und trinkt.

Gretchen.

Ach!

Liesdchen.

So iſt's ihr endlich recht ergangen.[701]
Wie lange hat ſie an dem Kerl gehangen!
Das war ein Spazieren,
Auf Dorf und Tanzplatz Führen!
Mußt' überall die erſte ſeyn,
Curteſirt' ihr immer mit Paſtetchen und Wein;[702]

---

[698] Bärbelchen, diminutive of Barbara.

[699] Literally "has made a fool of herself." The verb bethören, from der Thor, the fool.

[700] "This is the consequence of pride." Vornehm, "Noble" thun, "to do,"—to act like a nobleman, to be proud.

[701] "Serve her right." Bessy, so far from feeling pity for her, cannot conceal her malignant joy at the fall of one who had aspired to a position above her class. This feeling is very common among the vulgar, who are always the first to throw the stone at their neighbours.

[702] Goethe here uses the Germanized form of the French word "courtiser." The expression is an idiomatic one and means "Courted her with pasties and wine." Paſtetchen, a diminutive from Paſtete, a pie, tartlet or pasty.

Bild't ſich was auf ihre Schönheit ein,
War doch ſo ehrlos, ſich nicht zu ſchämen,
Geſchenke von ihm anzunehmen.
War ein Gekoſ' und ein Geſchleck'! [703]
Da iſt denn auch das Blümchen weg!

Gretchen.

Das arme Ding!

Lieschen.

Bedauerſt ſie noch gar! [704]
Wenn unſer eins am Spinnen war,
Uns Nachts die Mutter nicht hinunter ließ,
Stand ſie bei ihrem Buhlen ſüß;
Auf der Thürbank und im dunkeln Gang
Ward ihnen keine Stunde zu lang.
Da mag ſie denn ſich ducken [705] nun,
Im Sünderhemdchen Kirchbuß' thun! [706]

---

[703] Geſchleck from ſchlecken, to lick; hence, though only in the lowest language, "to kiss"; koſen, to fondle; ein Gekoſ' und ein Geſchleck, "a fondling and kissing"

[704] Margaret hearing in Barbara's misfortune a description of her own fall, can only pity her companion in guilt. This feeling Bessy cannot at all understand.

[705] Ducken, literally "to stoop," "to bow," "to duck down." Here, figuratively "to be submissive, to repent."

[706] Sünderhemdchen, "the sinner's dress," a long white robe, in which any female who had thus sinned, was compelled in Germany to walk to church on a Sunday, and to kneel before the altar, while the priest delivered a sermon in allusion to the sin she had committed, and afterwards offered up aloud in the name of the offender a public supplication for pardon. In some parts of the country various insults were also heaped upon such penitents. By these customs, especially in the Protestant states, the Germans kept up that character for chastity and sobriety, for which they have been historically * famous; the loss of

* "In the days of Chivalry, or more properly of Romance all the men were brave and all the women were chaste, and notwithstanding the latter of these virtues is acquired

Gretchen.

Er nimmt sie gewiß zu seiner Frau.

Lieschen.

Er wär' ein Narr! Ein flinker Jung'
Hat anderwärts noch Luft genung.
Er ist auch fort.

Gretchen.

Das ist nicht schön!

Lieschen.

Kriegt sie ihn, soll's ihr übel gehn,
Das Kränzel reißen die Buben ihr,
Und Häckerling streuen wir vor die Thür'! [707]

Ab.

---

honour being by them still considered a greater misfortune even than the loss of life.

Goethe has especially selected this sin, as being the most detestable of all to the German mind, thus showing that irreligion in a man and vanity in a woman may lead them to the perpetration of this offence.

[707] "An adulteress was whipped through the village: neither "wealth nor beauty could inspire compassion, or procure her a "second husband." (Tac: Germ:) And in later times even if a fallen girl found a man willing to marry her, she was obliged to go to church in a wreath of straw, instead of the myrtle one worn by maidens, and the girls of the neighbourhood on the wedding eve shewed their knowledge and hatred of her offence, by strewing cut straw before the door of the bride's house, instead of the customary offering of palm-twigs. The same feeling was exhibited by the yells and howling with which the unfortunate couple was received when they braved public opinion by showing themselves out of doors. Analogous to this was the old English custom of Skimmerton-riding, part of which ceremony consisted in strewing cut or chopped straw at the door of a bride whose virtue was suspected.

and preserved with much more difficulty than the former, it is ascribed almost without exception to the wives of the ancient Germans." "Adulteries were punished as rare and unexpiable crimes, nor was seduction justified by example and fashion."

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire Vol I. Chapter IX page 294.

"Conscious pride taught the German females to suppress every tender emotion that stood in competition with honour, and the first honour of the sex has ever been that of chastity."—Ibid Vol. I. page 296.

Gretchen (nach Hause gehend).

Wie konnt' ich sonst so tapfer schmählen,
Wenn that ein armes Mägdlein fehlen!
Wie konnt' ich über andrer Sünden
Nicht Worte g'nug der Zunge finden!
Wie schien mir's schwarz, und schwärzt's noch gar,
Mir's immer doch nicht schwarz g'nug war,
Und segnet' mich und that so groß, — [708]
Und bin nun selbst der Sünde bloß!
Doch — alles, was dazu mich trieb,
Gott! war so gut! ach, war so lieb! [709]

Zwinger.

In der Mauerhöhle ein Andachtbild der Mater dolorosa, Blumenkrüge davor. [710]

Bessy's want of charity finds an apt illustration in the following beautiful lines from Byron's "The Giaour."

"No: gayer insects fluttering by
"Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die!
"And lovelier things have mercy shown
"To every failing but their own,
"And every woe a tear can claim,
"Except an erring sister's shame!"

[708] How truly despicable does pride appear, when fallen. Margaret, who had formerly *been* the severest of all in her railing at others shame, who had ever striven to blacken even this black offence, and yet had never made it appear black enough, now finds that pride, after betraying her, has, like her seducer, deserted her.

The omission of the subject (ich) in the sentence, „Wie schien mir's schwarz, und schwärzt's noch gar," often occurs in Goethe's earlier writings.

[709] Margaret's concluding words contain a deep psychological meaning. It is the lesson of the "tree of knowledge" over again. Like the serpent in Paradise, pride lurked in her innocent heart to tempt her. She little knew that the consequences would be as black and full of despair, as the feelings which seduced her seemed pure and beautiful.

[710] Zwinger, "falsebray." The narrow space between the outer

Gretchen

(ſteckt friſche Blumen in die Krüge).[711]

Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth!

Das Schwert im Herzen,
Mit tauſend Schmerzen
Blickſt auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.[712]

Zum Vater blickſt du,
Und Seufzer ſchickſt du
Hinauf um ſein' und deine Noth.

Wer fühlet,
Wie wühlet
Der Schmerz mir im Gebein?
Was mein armes Herz hier banget,

---

walls of a town and the nearest row of houses. In a niche in the wall stands an image of the "Mater dolorosa;" such images are still frequently found in lonely places in Roman Catholic countries. They generally represent the Virgin Mary, her heart pierced with either one or five swords, the latter number referring to the five wounds of Christ. This idea, as well as the name "Mater dolorosa," is taken from a Latin Church-song, written in 1306 by Jacoponus, of which the following is the first strophe:

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius:
Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

This song has been rendered still more famous by the music which Rossini composed for it.

[711] Margaret puts fresh flowers in the pots standing round the image. The flowers are bright and blooming, but her heart is withered and broken.

[712] A free translation of the above quoted Latin lines.

Was es zittert, was verlanget,
Weißt nur du, nur du allein! [713]

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe
Wird mir im Busen hier!
Ich bin, ach! kaum alleine,
Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
Das Herz zerbricht in mir. [714]

Die Scherben [715] vor meinem Fenster
Bethaut' ich mit Thränen, ach!
Als ich am frühen Morgen
Dir diese Blumen brach.

Schien hell in meine Kammer
Die Sonne früh herauf, [716]
Saß ich in allem Jammer
In meinem Bett schon auf.

Hilf! rette mich von Schmach und Tod!
Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth! [717]

---

[713] The three last verses consist entirely of Trochees: the rhyme between the third (which is an Iambic Dimeter) and the last line is very peculiar.

[714] Expressing the boundless woe that weighs upon her heart.

[715] „Scherben," for flower pots.

[716] These words must be understood as referring to time; i.e. "When the sun was shining early in my chamber."

[717] In the scene at the fountain we have heard Margaret's sin judged by others and condemned by herself. In this, is disclosed to us the fearful conflict between shame and apprehension, that is now ravaging her tortured heart, and that has driven her to seek comfort and consolation in the idolatrous worship of the "Mater dolorosa;" though it must be confessed that the fervid enthusiasm of the south has concentrated in this worship the

Nacht.

Straße vor Gretchens Thüre.

Valentin, Soldat, Gretchens Bruder.

Wenn ich so saß bei einem Gelag,
Wo mancher sich berühmen [718] mag,
Und die Gesellen mir den Flor
Der Mägdlein laut gepriesen vor,
Mit vollem Glas das Lob verschwemmt, [719]
Den Ellenbogen aufgestemmt: [720]
Saß ich in meiner sichern Ruh',

---

most heart-felt grief, the most ardent love, and the deepest compassion; yet this deification of a woman, is certainly one cause of the lax morality of a creed, which appeals to the senses rather than to the intellect, to imagination more than to reason.

The following scene is not found in the "fragment," and some commentators regret that Goethe by introducing it, disturbed the beautiful harmony of the first part of the tragedy. We must suppose that he inserted it with the intention of showing how Margaret's sin brought not only upon herself, but upon all the members of her family circle, misery, disgrace and death. The psychologically developed transition from repentance to despair, which is so powerfully traced in the three (originally) consecutive scenes, at the fountain, before the image, and in the cathedral, is, we admit, interrupted by the appearance of Valentine; but we consider this interruption rather as a favourable relief from the monotony, which would otherwise arise from their similarity, inasmuch as, without any material diminution of tragic effect, we are allowed a respite from the intense sympathy we are compelled to feel for the despairing victim of passion.

[718] Berühmen. This derivative of rühmen is no longer used reflectively.

[719] Verschwemmen in the sense of "to wash down."

[720] Den Ellenbogen aufgestemmt, does not refer to Valentine, but to the self-satisfied conceit of the company.

Hört' all dem Schwadroniren [721] zu.
Und ſtreiche lächelnd meinen Bart,
Und kriege das volle Glas zur Hand,
Und ſage: „Alles nach ſeiner Art!
Aber iſt eine im ganzen Land,
Die meiner trauten Gretel [722] gleicht,
Die meiner Schweſter das Waſſer reicht?“ [723]
Top! Top! Kling! Klang! das ging herum!
Die einen ſchrieen: „Er hat Recht;
Sie iſt die Zier vom ganzen Geſchlecht!“
Da ſaßen alle die Lober ſtumm.
Und nun! — ums Haar ſich auszuraufen
Und an den Wänden hinauf zu laufen! [724] —
Mit Stichelreden, Naſenrümpfen [725]
Soll jeder Schurke mich beſchimpfen!
Soll wie ein böſer Schuldner ſitzen,
Bei jedem Zufallswörtchen ſchwitzen!
Und möcht' ich ſie zuſammenſchmeißen [726] —
Könn' ich ſie doch nicht Lügner heißen.

---

[721] Schwadroniren from Schwadron, Fr.: "escadron," Eng.: "squadron." The peculiar signification given by the people of one country to words borrowed or derived from the language of another is frequently very characteristic, and full of deep meaning. For instance ſchwadroniren, which is a verb derived from a French word expressing simply a body of cavalry, is used by the Germans for "to brag, boast," denoting clearly enough the character of "Braggadocio" which the French soldiery, especially the cavalry, have earned for themselves throughout Europe. The *Italian* termination of the English word "Braggadocio" is equally significant.

[722] Gretel, diminutive of Margaret.

[723] Idiomatic expression "to hold a candle to any one."

[724] Run one's head against the wall, i.e. in despair: to be at a loss what to do, where to find help.

[725] Substantive formed from Naſe, "nose" and rümpfen, "to lift," or "turn up." He could not bear their sneering remarks and mocking faces.

[726] Zuſammenſchmeißen, "to dash to pieces." "Yet I could not

Was kommt heran? Was ſchleicht herbei?
Irr' ich nicht, es ſind ihrer zwei.
Iſt er's, gleich pack' ich ihn beim Felle;
Soll nicht lebendig von der Stelle![727]

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt

Wie von dem Fenſter dort der Sakriſtei
Aufwärts der Schein des ew'gen Lämpchens flämmert
Und ſchwach und ſchwächer ſeitwärts dämmert,
Und Finſterniß drängt ringsum bei!
So ſieht's in meinem Buſen nächtig.[728]

---

call them liars." In this straightforward blunt soldier we have a personification of rough honour. He has no regard for anything but his offended pride. Never again will he be able to boast of the beauty and virtue of his sister: he therefore thinks only of avenging the injury done, not so much to her as to his own pride, and falls a sacrifice to this impetuous sentiment. We thus find verified the words of Schiller „und Stolz war's durch den die Engel fielen,"

"'Twas pride by which the angels fell."

Valentine seems to have only one single thought; to revenge his insulted honour, he believes his sister's fate already known and spoken of in the whole town, and in this mistake becomes himself the herald of her shame.

[727] In spite of all his wrongs, his bloodthirsty and revengeful feelings prevent our having any sympathy for him.

[728] We again meet Faust beside the same church, near which he first saw Margaret. The concluding line of this passage, in which he describes by a beautiful simile, his unhappy state of mind, is very expressive:

„So ſieht's in meinem Buſen nächtig."

There even the light of hope, like the flame of the "Eternal Lamp" growing gradually fainter and fainter, is at length totally obscured by the surrounding darkness. The light burning day and night before the principal altar in Roman Catholic Churches is called the "Eternal Lamp."

Mephistopheles.

Und mir ist's wie dem Kätzlein schmächtig,
Das an den Feuerleitern schleicht,
Sich leis' dann um die Mauern streicht;
Mir ist's ganz tugendlich dabei,
Ein bißchen Diebsgelüst, ein bißchen Rammelei. [729]
So spukt [730] mir schon durch alle Glieder
Die herrliche Walpurgisnacht. [731]
Die kommt uns übermorgen wieder,
Da weiß man doch, warum man wacht. [732]

Faust.

Rückt wohl der Schatz indessen in die Höh',
Den ich dort hinten flimmern seh'?

Mephistopheles.

Du kannst die Freude bald erleben,
Das Kesselchen herauszuheben.
Ich schielte neulich so hinein;
Sind herrliche Löwenthaler drein. [733]

---

[729] Mephistopheles on the contrary feels like a kitten crawling on a fire-ladder, which generally is a fixture on each house-top. Rammelei, from rammeln, to romp, to make a noise; here used in the sense, to go caterwauling.

[730] "All my limbs are haunted," an idiomatic expression.

[731] See Note 457.

[732] In this speech Mephistopheles mockingly refers to Faust's passion, which drives him to see Margaret again.

[733] These lines allude to the belief commonly entertained in the Middle Ages, that the interior of the earth contained hidden treasures, which it was necessary for any one that wished to get possession of them, to raise from their concealment, and that these treasures were to be seen at certain times (generally once in seven, though often only once in a hundred years) when they rose of their own accord slowly towards the surface of the earth. At those times it was said der Schatz blüht, "the treasure is in bloom," and it was then necessary to accomplish the task of raising or lifting it up, commonly called, "its redemption." Unless, however, certain specified forms were observed in the mode of doing

Faust.

Nicht ein Geschmeide? Nicht ein Ring?
Meine liebe Buhle damit zu zieren?

Mephistopheles.

Ich sah dabei wohl so ein Ding,
Als wie eine Art von Perlenschnüren. [734]

Faust.

So ist es recht! Mir thut es weh,
Wenn ich ohne Geschenke zu ihr geh'.

Mephistopheles.

Es sollt' euch eben nicht verdrießen
Umsonst auch etwas zu genießen.
Jetzt, da der Himmel voller Sterne glüht,
Sollt ihr ein wahres Kunststück hören:
Ich sing' ihr ein moralisch Lied,
Um sie gewisser zu bethören. [735]

---

so, it again disappeared. According to the common belief it resembled glowing coals or a mass of red gold, and was contained in a cauldron or large iron vessel, the spot beneath which it lay being denoted by a dim flame. „Flämmern," which occurs in the second line of Faust's first speech, and „flimmern," in the second line of his second speech, are both derived from „Flamme": the latter is, however, more in use. „Löwenthaler" was a Dutch silver coin, with the impression of a lion, worth about 3/6. Drein, contraction of darein or more correct: darinnen.

[734] "A row or string of pearls." This is a sarcastic allusion to the tears, often figuratively called pearls in poetry, which Margaret is destined to shed in her despair.

[735] This song is a successful popular adaptation of the song of Ophelia (Hamlet Act IV. Sc. 5) of which we subjoin a classical translation by Schlegel. Instead of „Auf Morgen" in the first line, it should be „Heut' Morgen," as the song is supposed to be sung on the morning of St. Valentine's day:

Auf Morgen ist St. Valentins Tag
Wohl an der Zeit noch früh,
Und ich 'ne Maid, am Fensterschlag
Will sein nur Valentin.

Singt zur Zither.

Was machst du mir
Vor Liebchens Thür'
Kathrinchen hier
Bei frühem Tagesblicke?
Laß, laß es sein!
Er läßt dich ein
Als Mädchen ein,
Als Mädchen nicht zurücke.

Nehmt Euch in Acht!
Ist es vollbracht,
Dann gute Nacht
Ihr armen, armen Dinger!
Habt ihr euch lieb,
Thut keinem Dieb
Nur nichts zu Lieb',
Als mit dem Ring am Finger. [736]

Er war bereit, thät an sein Kleid,
Thät' auf die Kammerthür,
Ließ ein die Maid, die als 'ne Maid
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

Bei unsrer Frau und St. Kathrin (Charitas)
O pfui! was soll das sein?
Ein junger Mann, that was er kann—
Beim Himmel, das ist nicht fein.

Sie sprach: „Eh' ihr gescherzt mit mir,
Gelobt ihr mich zu frein;"
Ich bräch's auch nicht, beim Sonnenlicht!
Wärst Du nicht kommen herein.

[736] Such is the story which the devil calls "a moral song." So far indeed as it contains a warning against yielding to a moment of passion, and instils respect for the laws of society, it has some claims to that title.

In the lines: „Thut keinem Dieb
Nur nichts zu Lieb',"

the word Dieb, has the meaning of Bursche. With regard to the two negatives, see Note 601.

Valentin (tritt vor).

Wen lockst du hier? Beim Element!
Vermaledeiter Rattenfänger![737]
Zum Teufel erst das Instrument!
Zum Teufel hinterdrein den Sänger!

Mephistopheles.

Die Zither ist entzwei! an der ist nichts zu halten.

Valentin.

Nun soll es an ein Schädelspalten!

Mephistopheles (zu Faust).

Herr Doctor nicht gewichen! Frisch!
Hart an mich an, wie ich euch führe.
Heraus mit eurem Flederwisch!
Nur zugestoßen! Ich parire.

Valentin.

Parire den!

Mephistopheles.

Warum denn nicht?

---

[737] The legend of the ratcatcher of Hameln (a small town in the Duchy of Calenberg, in Hanover) is well-known in Germany. It relates that the ratcatcher in question, who lived A.D. 1284, played the pipe so beautifully, that all the rats that infested the town followed him into the river Weser and were drowned: and that, on the inhabitants refusing to give him the reward they had promised, he began to play another tune, which was so charming as to entice away all their children. He led them to a neighbouring mountain, which suddenly opened and swallowed up the whole generation of young people, with the exception of one child who (fortunately for posterity) escaped to tell the dreadful tale. According to Karl Sinrock's* beautiful ballad „Der Rattenfänger," two little ones returned — "one blind, the other dumb." The term Rattenfänger is equivalent here to "seducer."

* Karl Simrock born in Bonn, 1802, has acquired for himself the greatest merits in German literature for having translated the „Nibelungen," the works of Hartmann von der Aue, Walther von der Vogelweide &c. Not less interesting is his „Shakespeare als Vermittler zweier Nationen." His aim in all his writings was to excite in the German people a love for their ancient poets, as without a knowledge of their works the literary creations of our times are often incomprehensible.

Valentin.

Auch den!

Mephistopheles.

Gewiß!

Valentin.

Ich glaub' der Teufel ficht!
Was ist denn das? Schon wird die Hand mir lahm.

Mephistopheles (zu Faust).

Stoß' zu!

Valentin (fällt).

O weh![738]

Mephistopheles.

Nun ist der Lümmel zahm!
Nun aber fort! Wir müssen gleich verschwinden:
Denn schon entsteht ein mörderlich Geschrei.
Ich weiß mich trefflich mit der Polizei,
Doch mit dem Blutbann schlecht mich abzufinden.

Marthe (am Fenster).

Heraus! Heraus!

Gretchen (am Fenster).

Herbei ein Licht!

Marthe (wie oben).

Man schilt und rauft, man schreit und ficht.

Volk.

Da liegt schon einer todt!

Marthe (heraustretend).

Die Mörder sind sie denn entfloh'n?

---

[738] Mephistopheles has succeeded in dragging his victim still further on the path of crime, and has advanced another step towards the object he has in view. Faust, now branded with the bloody mark of *murder*, will be obliged to fly, leaving Margaret a prey to her despair. Valentine, who represents the idea of *family honour*, the basis on which alone can rest the virtue, happiness and prosperity of a household, is falling a sacrifice to his thirst for blood, without the satisfaction of having wiped out the stain upon his name.

Gretchen (heraustretend)

Wer liegt hier?

Volk.

Deiner Mutter Sohn.[739]

Gretchen.

Allmächtiger! welche Noth!

Valentin.

Ich sterbe! das ist bald gesagt
Und bälder noch gethan.
Was steht ihr Weiber, heult und klagt?
Kommt her und hört mich an!

Alle treten um ihn.

Mein Gretchen, sieh! du bist noch jung,
Bist gar noch nicht gescheidt genung,
Machst deine Sachen schlecht.
Ich sag' dir's im Vertrauen nur:
Du bist doch nun einmal eine —;
So sei's auch eben recht!

Gretchen.

Mein Bruder! Gott! Was soll mir das?

Valentin.

Laß unsern Herr Gott aus dem Spaß.
Geschehn ist leider nun geschehn,
Und wie es gehen kann, so wird's gehn.
Du fingst mit Einem heimlich an,
Bald kommen ihrer mehre dran,
Und wenn dich erst ein Dutzend hat,
So hat dich auch die ganze Stadt.

Wenn erst die Schande wird geboren,
Wird sie heimlich zur Welt gebracht,
Und man zieht den Schleier der Nacht

---

[739] The people, by calling Valentine Margaret's "mother's son" instead of her "brother," show their utter contempt and abhorrence of her conduct.

Ihr über Kopf und Ohren;
Ja, man möchte sie gern ermorden.
Wächst sie aber und macht sich groß,
Dann geht sie auch bei Tage bloß,
Und ist doch nicht schöner geworden.
Je häßlicher wird ihr Gesicht,
Je mehr sucht sie des Tages Licht.

Ich seh' wahrhaftig schon die Zeit,
Daß alle brave Bürgersleut',
Wie von einer angesteckten Leichen,
Von dir, du Metze! seitab weichen.
Dir soll das Herz im Leib verzagen,
Wenn sie dir in die Augen sehn!
Sollst keine goldne Kette mehr tragen!
In der Kirche nicht mehr am Altar stehn!
In einem schönen Spitzenkragen
Dich nicht beim Tanze wohlbehagen!
In eine finstre Jammerecken
Unter Bettler und Krüppel dich verstecken,
Und wann dir denn auch Gott verzeiht,
Auf Erden sein vermaledeit![740]

Marthe.

Befehlt eure Seele Gott zu Gnaden!
Wollt ihr noch Läst'rung auf euch laden?

Valentin.

Könnt' ich dir nur an den dürren Leib,
Du schändlich kupplerisches Weib!
Da hofft' ich aller meiner Sünden
Vergebung reiche Maß zu finden.

---

[740] Valentine sustains his bold and straightforward character to the last. Even on the brink of the grave he does not hesitate to declare the truth in the most uncompromising language, regardless alike of the anguish of Margaret and the rebukes of Martha, whom he denounces as the original cause of that succession of misfortunes ending in his death.

Gretchen.

Mein Bruder! Welche Höllenpein!

Valentin.

Ich sage, laß die Thränen seyn!
Da du dich sprachst der Ehre los,
Gabst mir den schwersten Herzensstoß.
Ich gehe durch den Todesschlaf
Zu Gott ein als Soldat und brav.

Stirbt.

Dom.

Amt, Orgel und Gesang.

Gretchen unter vielem Volke. Böser Geist hinter Gretchen.

Böser Geist.[741]

Wie anders, Gretchen, war dir's,
Als du noch voll Unschuld
Hier zum Altar trat'st,
Aus dem vergriffnen Büchelchen
Gebete lalltest,
Halb Kinderspiele,
Halb Gott im Herzen![742]
Gretchen!
Wo steht dein Kopf?
In deinem Herzen!
Welche Missethat?
Bet'st du für deiner Mutter Seele, die
Durch dich zur langen, langen Pein hinüberschlief?[743]
Auf deiner Schwelle wessen Blut?
Und unter deinem Herzen

---

[741] The personification of Margaret's bad conscience.

[742] What a touching allusion to the innocent prayer of childhood!

[743] Here for the first time we have mention made of the mother's death.

Regt sich's nicht quillend schon,
Und ängstigt dich und sich
Mit ahnungsvoller Gegenwart?

Gretchen.

Weh! Weh!
Wär' ich der Gedanken los,
Die mir herüber und hinüber gehen
Wider mich! [744]

Chor.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla. [745]

Orgelton.

---

[744] What a contrast between the happy and innocent Margaret, whom we first met coming from the cathedral, and the forsaken, self-accusing, fallen girl now before us, vainly endeavouring to lift up her heart in prayer to God.

[745] Of this song, written by *Celano* in the thirteenth century, we give the original Latin version, as well as a German translation by K. Simrock.

Dies iræ, dies illâ
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David et Sibyllâ:

Tag der Rache, Tag der Sünden,
Wird das Weltall sich entzünden,
Wie Sybill und David künden.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Welch' Entsetzen wird da walten,
Wenn der Richter kommt zu schalten,
Streng mit uns Gericht zu halten.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Die Posaun' im Wundertone
Sprengt die Gräber jeder Zone,
Fordert alle zu dem Throne.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Staunend sehen Tod und Leben
Sich die Kreatur erheben,
Rechenschaft dem Herrn zu geben.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
Inquo totum continetur,
Unde mundus indicetur.

Und ein Buch wird aufgeschlagen,
Da ist alles eingetragen,
Welt, daraus dich zu verklagen.

Böser Geist.

Grimm faßt dich!
Die Posaune tönt!
Die Gräber beben!
Und dein Herz,
Aus Aschenruh'
Zu Flammenqualen
Wieder aufgeschaffen,
Bebt auf! [746]

Gretchen.

Wär' ich hier weg!
Mir ist als ob die Orgel mir
Den Athem versetzte,
Gesang mein Herz
Im Tiefsten löste.

Chor.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Sitzt der Richter dann und richtet,
Wird, was dunkel ist, gelichtet,
Keine Schuld bleibt ungeschlichtet.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Ach! was werd' ich Armer sagen,
Welchen Schutz und Rath erfragen,
Da Gerechte selber zagen?

Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

König, furchtbar hoch erhaben,
Drei sind deiner Gnade Gaben,
Wolle, Gnadenborn, mich laben.

I have given the reader the power of judging for himself of the terrible impression, which must have been made on a guilty conscience by this song, so full of scriptural truth and awful majesty. There is an admirable English translation of it extant, written by Lord Roscommon in the time of Charles II. which in many parts is well worthy of the original.

[746] Referring to the third verse: "Tuba mirum spargens sonum" — "The graves tremble, and thy heart trembles too, awakened from its rest of dust to a doom of flames."

Gretchen.

Mir wird so eng'!
Die Mauernpfeiler [747]
Befangen mich!
Das Gewölbe
Drängt mich! — Luft!

Böser Geist.

Verbirg dich! Sünd' und Schande
Bleibt nicht verborgen.
Luft? Licht? [748]
Weh dir!

Chor.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Böser Geist.

Ihr Antlitz wenden
Verklärte von dir ab.
Die Hände dir zu reichen,
Schauert's den Reinen!
Weh! [759]

---

[747] Goethe imitates Voss in the use of this compound, „Mauernpfeiler." "The n is not here the termination of the plural, but is inserted merely for euphony.

[748] Referring to Margaret's last exclamation, "The organ stifles my breath; — the pillars of the wall close over me." What is it then she desires? Air? Light? No guilt, the spirit answers, no sin can remain concealed or hidden: yet air and light are just what will betray them to the world.

[759] In the reflections which the evil spirit makes, becoming gradually more and more gloomy, in order to drive her to despair, there is a truly poetical grandeur.

At the words, "Thou art lost for this world and the next; — *there* those pure and innocent spirits will refuse to receive thee," Margaret can bear no more, she falls senseless to the ground: — her heart is broken; not in the usual worldly acceptation of the

Chor.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Gretchen.

Nachbarin! Euer Fläschchen!—

Sie fällt in Ohnmacht.

Walpurgisnacht. [750]

Harzgebirg.

Gegend von Schierke und Elend.

---

word, but in a more spiritual meaning: it is "broken and contrite." Notwithstanding the enormity of her offence, from this moment repentance, the true repentance of a Christian, seems to have entered her soul. What she felt at the fountain arose merely from wounded pride; before the image of the Virgin, she gave way to a despairing remorse and shame at the loss of that honourable pride, in which she had hitherto trusted, and to anxious apprehensions of the consequences; but it is only when she hears, pealing from the choir, the awful words "Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?" that she becomes fully aware how deeply she has sinned *against God*, and that she breaks down under the consciousness of her guilt.

[750] However confused and meaningless the following scene may appear at first to the reader, he will find that it is by no means without its signification, whether he considers it an integral part of the poem, intended to give us an insight into the consequences produced on Faust's character by the crime he has committed, or again, looks on it merely as a satire on the poetical mediocrities, who then infested the literature of Germany, and offered strenuous opposition to more aspiring minds and to genius of a higher order than their own.

If we take the first view of the case, the poet has drawn a striking contrast between this scene and the last, a contrast full of psychological meaning. We have seen Margaret in three different stages of gradually increasing moral misery turn to *God*, and seek comfort and consolation from above, to soothe

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Mephiſtopheles.

Verlangſt Du nicht nach einem Beſenſtiele?
Ich wünſchte mir den allerderbſten Bock. [751]
Auf dieſem Weg' ſind wir noch weit vom Ziel.

---

the terror and despair under which she is labouring. Less successfully Faust endeavours to drown his feeling of restlessness and disquiet, and to stifle the voice of conscience, by abandoning himself to the empty and vague enjoyments of *Nature*, typified by the midnight orgies which are prepared for him by the devil. He is induced to hazard an ascent of the Broken or Blocksberg in the regions of "Schierke" and "Elend," the latter of which words means "*Misery*." On the Brocken, see note 368. He returns from it, however, as dissatisfied as he went; for even nature has no consolation to offer to a doubting, irreligious heart.

But the "Walpurgis-Night" scene, with the Intermezzo that follows, (which is an imitation of Shakspeare's "Midsummer-Night's dream") is also intended to satirise the literary efforts of those "half-clever" German writers, who, though desirous of reaching the summit of the Greek Parnassus, never succeeded in getting higher than the top of the German Brocken, where witches, cobolds, and other unclean spirits were superstitiously believed to hold their revels. The flickering "will-o'-the-wisp" of literary systems, the jays of lukewarm criticism, the pewits and owls of mysticism and the disorderly dancing of the witches, those Muses of falsehood, deformity and vulgar satire, each and all alluding to that spirit which infested poetry in Germany at the end of last century, though forming a confused whole, represent pretty faithfully the state of German literature in the times of Goethe. By the Proctophantasmist, the arch-enemy of all progress, is especially meant C. F. Nicolai, a wordy critic, who would have wished to introduce into literature a sort of "matter of fact" Radicalism, and who, disregarding the spirit of a work, cared merely for the letter, the outward form, and thought only how best he might gain the favour and applause of the vulgar by flattering and pandering to their wishes and passions.

In closely analysing this scene, with a reference to its double meaning, we shall find a twofold interest.

[751] In allusion to the popular superstition that witches rode on broomsticks and the devil on a goat.

Faust.

So lang ich mich noch frisch auf meinen Beinen fühle,
Genügt mir dieser Knotenstock.
Was hilft's daß man den Weg verkürzt!
Im Labyrinth der Thäler hinzuschleichen,
Dann diesen[752] Felsen zu ersteigen,
Von dem der Quell sich ewig sprudelnd stürzt,
Das ist die Lust, die solche Pfade würzt!
Der Frühling webt schon in den Birken,
Und selbst die Fichte fühlt ihn schon;[753]
Sollt' er nicht auch auf unsre Glieder wirken?[754]

Mephistopheles.

Fürwahr, ich spüre nichts davon!
Mir ist es winterlich im Leibe;
Ich wünschte Schnee und Frost auf meiner Bahn.
Wie traurig steigt die unvollkommne Scheibe
Des rothen Monds mit später Gluth heran,

---

[752] The demonstrative pronoun here does not refer to a peculiar rock, but means "to climb, this or *that* rock,"—the antithesis being elliptically understood.

[753] The pine (Fichte) is here referred to naturally enough, as being the last among the trees to put forth fresh shoots in spring; but the use of the word has given rise to a highly ridiculous and very far-fetched explanation of these two lines. According to some interpreters Goethe is made here to allude to Fichte, the great "I am I"—philosopher, who gave Nicolai a severe chastisement with the stinging lash of satire in a work published by the celebrated Schlegel, Tübingen (1801), entitled: „Friedrich Nicolai's Leben und sonderbare Meinungen, ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte des vergangenen und zur Pädagogik des angehenden Jahrhunderts."

In our opinion, although Nicolai is later introduced in the form of a "wild-fire," there is no warrant for such an interpretation of these lines, which have a natural and logical connection with the preceding description of spring.

[754] This line again refers simply to the recreating influence of spring; for we must remember that we are in this scene on the eve of the first of May.

Und leuchtet ſchlecht, daß man bei jedem Schritte
Vor einen Baum, vor einen Felſen rennt! [755]
Erlaub', daß ich ein Irrlicht [756] bitte!

---

[755] Mephistopheles, dissatisfied with everything that may serve as a proof of the infinite goodness and power of God, finds fault with the new life produced in nature by the genial influence of spring, and longs for the frost and snow of winter as more in accordance with his feelings.

[756] Irrlicht, Irrwiſch, "Jack-wi'-the-lantern," or "will-o'-the-wisp," scientifically known as Ignis fatuus, has been defined by Sir Isaac Newton as "a vapour shining without heat," and is a gaseous vapour, phosphoric in its nature, produced from decomposing animal or vegetable matter in damp situations, and of the same phosphorescent nature as the sparks that are seen dancing on the surface of the sea. It is more commonly observed in the countries of the south, such as Spain and Italy, than in the colder regions of the north, owing probably to the rapid process of putrefaction arising from the warmth of the climate combined with the quantity of stagnant water; but it is also visible in England and Germany especially in damp places, and in the neighbourhood of dung-hills, stagnant pools and burying grounds, anywhere in fact where putrescible matter abounds.

Flitting as it does mysteriously from place to place with a motion desultory as it is swift, now rising, now falling, now totally disappearing, now hovering at a height of six feet or more from the ground, ever varying in form and size, anon, flowing in the air with wave-like motion dropping sparks of fire, its hue alternating from red to yellow from yellow to red; growing more and more faint as the beholder approaches, till when he reaches the spot over which it hovered, it is gone; and finally re-appearing to his astonished eyes some distance further on the road; need we wonder that it should have been (nay, should still be in some parts) an object of awe to the illiterate, or that the superstitious should ascribe it to the supernatural agency of the evil spirit, or should hesitate to pass by night the places haunted by this ghost-like phenomenon, deeming it a departed spirit of another world! But we may hope that the wide-spread instruction of the present day has dispelled these superstitious ideas. "It 'is one of the noblest purposes of philosophy to release the mind 'from the bondage of imaginary terrors; and by explaining the

Dort ſeh' ich eins, das eben luſtig brennt.
He da! mein Freund! Darf ich Dich zu uns fordern?
Was willſt du ſo vergebens lodern?
Sey doch ſo gut und leucht' uns da hinauf!

Irrlicht.

Aus Ehrfurcht, hoff' ich, ſoll es mir gelingen,
Mein leichtes Naturell zu zwingen;
Nur Zickzack [757] geht gewöhnlich unſer Lauf.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ei! ei! Er denkt's den Menſchen nachzuahmen.

"mode in which the Divine Providence disposes the different "powers of nature, to elevate our thoughts to the *one first cause*, "to teach us to see God in all, and all in God!"

This Irrlicht, Irrwiſch, as we have already said, is intended to represent Nicolai, an author and bookseller at Berlin, but chiefly celebrated as the editor of a critical review, entitled „Neue allegemeine Bibliothek," in which he attacked the writings of Garve, Herder, Wieland, Fichte, Kant, Lavater, Goethe and Schiller—in a word all those authors, who are at once the pride and glory of the German nation. But we must not suppose him to have been a man of mere ordinary talent; he was one of those spirits in which the present age abounds, who criticise from shere love of criticism and oppose out of mere opposition. Mephistopheles asks him to be his guide and keep him from stumbling amongst the blocks and trees, which are symbolical of the difficulties which are to be met with in poetical compositions. After these explanations the reader will find the following song between Faust, Mephistopheles and the Will-o'-the-wisp, both intelligible and amusing. The satire is not open to the charge of bitterness and personality which has been advanced with good reason against Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the allusions being so general in their character, that they are interesting even apart from their polemical importance as directed against a man, who, in his blind eagerness to promote German literature, could find no better way of doing so, than by opposing without exception all those who have proved themselves the foundation-stones and pillars of its golden age.

[757] "Zigzag," alluding to the irregular motion of the "Will-o'-the-wisp."

Geh' Er nur g'rad', ins Teufels Namen!
Sonst blas' ich ihm sein Flackerleben[758] aus.

Irrlicht.

Ich merke wohl, ihr seid der Herr vom Haus,
Und will mich gern nach euch bequemen.
Allein bedenkt! der Berg ist heute zaubertoll,
Und wenn ein Irrlicht euch die Wege weisen soll,
So müßt ihr's so genau nicht nehmen.

Faust, Mephistopheles, Irrlicht (im Wechselgesang).

In die Traum- und Zaubersphäre[759]
Sind wir, scheint es, eingegangen.
Führ' uns gut und mach' dir Ehre,
Daß wir vorwärts bald gelangen,
In den weiten, öden Räumen!

Seh' die Bäume hinter Bäumen,
Wie sie schnell vorüberrücken,
Und die Klippen, die sich bücken,
Und die langen Felsennasen,
Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen![760]

---

[758] Like many men we meet with, who as soon as we ask them to do us a favour, endeavour to overrate its importance so much that we regret having ever requested it. It is not enough to do a favour; much depends on the manner and spirit in which it is done. As the Latins said "Est modus in rebus."

Flackerleben, derived from flackern, "to flicker," &c., leben, "to live," meaning "a flickering life": it is also used for a life with out aim or object.

[759] We can easily distinguish the respective parts of each of the dramatis personæ in this alternating song, although the several strophes are not expressly assigned to each.

The first is evidently sung by Mephistopheles, who introduces us into the sphere of "dreams and charms." We shall meet Goethe on the same ground, which Shakspeare has chosen in Midsummer-Night's Dream, when he reminds us that "we do but slumber while these visions appear."

[760] This description of the trees, cliffs and rocks rapidly flitting

Durch die Steine, durch den Rasen
Eilet Bach und Bächlein nieder.
Hör' ich Rauschen? hör' ich Lieder?
Hör' ich holde Liebesklage,
Stimmen jener Himmelstage?
Was wir hoffen, was wir lieben!
Und das Echo, wie die Sage
Alter Zeiten, hallet wieder. [761]

Uhu! Schuhu! tönt es näher,
Kauz und Kibitz und der Häher,
Sind sie alle wach geblieben? [762]

---

by, so impressive in its simplicity, must be attributed to the Ignis Fatuus.

"How they snore—how they blow!"

The name Schnarcher (i.e. Snorers) is given to two granite rocks, eighty-two feet in height, situated on the Barenberg to the east of Schierke; popular superstition considered that the earth's centre was at a certain point on one of them, owing to the fact that the magnetic needle there deviates considerably from its normal position. This name doubtless arose from the snoring or sighing of the wind, howling unceasingly through the woods by which the spot was formerly surrounded, and from the supposed resemblance these rocks bear to two noses.

[761] Faust hears in the rippling brooks and murmuring streamlets, the soft voice of heavenly days gone by, days of love, of happiness and hope; he experiences that feeling so incomprehensible and undefinable, which thrills through the bosom of us all when we stand on the summit of some lofty mountain, and which has found in Heinrich Heine an excellent interpreter in his „Die Harzreise." Ja, im höchsten Grade wunderbar erscheint uns Alles beim ersten Hinabschauen vom Brocken, alle Seiten unseres Geistes empfangen neue Eindrücke und diese, meistens verschiedenartig, sogar sich widersprechend, verbinden sich in unserer Seele zu einem großen, unentworrenen, unverstandenen Gefühl. (pag. 46.)

[762] Uhu, or Schuhu. In imitation of the owls hooting.

Uhu, "the owl" (Stryx passerina) is also used in diminutive forms, as Käuzchen and Käuzlein. In different parts of Germany it

Sind das Molche [763] durchs Gesträuche?
Lange Beine, dicke Bäuche!
Und die Wurzeln, wie die Schlangen,
Winden sich aus Fels und Sande,
Strecken wunderliche Bande,
Uns zu schrecken, uns zu fangen;
Aus belebten derben Masern
Strecken sie Polypenfasern
Nach dem Wand'rer. [764] Und die Mäuse
Tausendfärbig, schaarenweise,
Durch das Moos und durch die Heide!
Und die Funkenwürmer [765] fliegen,

---

goes by the names of Todtenvogel, "the dead or death bird," or Stockeule, Waldeule, Hauseule, Steineule, Steinkauz.

Kauz is also applied to a jester, or a man of curious or eccentric habits. (See Note 678.)

Kibitz, "peewit," (tringa vanellus L.) in many parts of Germany called der Feldpfau, die Himmelsziege, or Zweiel; in Osnabrück the name of „Kivitt" is applied to a man who meddles in everybody's matters, a busybody.

Häher or Heher, "a jay," (corvus glandarius L.), has many similar forms in use, as, Haher, Häger, Heger, Hieger, Heier.

[763] Molch, "a salamander," (Lacerta Salamander L.), an ugly spotted black and yellow reptile, which was vulgarly believed to possess the power of resisting the action of fire, an idea which has been refuted by experiment. This name was often applied to a fat man.

[764] The comparison of the tree-roots to snakes coiling along the ground as if to terrify them, is very powerful.

Masern "filaments;" Fasern, "fibres;" Polypenfasern, a compound of Polyp and Fasern.

Masern, is applied to all kinds of wood, whose fibres are so irregularly interwoven, that when polished they form distinct and visible figures or patterns. Flader, is used in the same sense.

[765] Funkenwurm, "the glow-worm," (Cantharis Noctiluca L.), or as it is also called Johanniswürmchen, Feuerwurm, Gleimchen. Kreuz has: Wie eines Glühwurms Schein, wie eines Irrlichts Glanz. Voss says: Der flimmernde Glühwurm.

Mit gedrängten Schwärme-Zügen,
Zum verwirrenden Geleite.

Aber ſag' mir,[766] ob wir ſtehen,
Oder ob wir weiter gehen?
Alles, alles ſcheint zu drehen,
Fels und Bäume, die Geſichter
Schneiden, und die irren Lichter,
Die ſich mehren, die ſich blähen.[767]

Mephiſtopheles.

Faſſe wacker meinen Zipfel!
Hier iſt ſo ein Mittelgipfel,
Wo man mit Erſtaunen ſieht,
Wie im Berg' der Mammon glüht.[768]

---

[766] This last strophe must be attributed to Faust, who, utterly bewildered by the confusion around him, begs Mephistopheles at last to give him some explanation of this turning, whirling, flying motion which seems to be affecting the whole face of nature.

[767] It has often been observed that Will-o'-the-wisps become more and more numerous, until frequently two or three of them seem to join and form a larger one. This is what is referred to by the word blähen, which means "to swell or puff out."

[768] Mammon, (mammon), Gr. μαμμωνας, derived from the Siriac or Hebrew, denoting riches. Bochart derives the word Mammon from the Arabic 'Maal,' meaning 'ditescere' (to grow rich), and 'Malon' 'opes' (wealth), that is, to grow rich in wealth; the derivation from the Gr. μαιμαω, vehementer cupere, as if it were μαιμὼν, valde cupere, can only be taken in a figurative sense, expressing, like the Arabic original, a fervid desire for money and riches in worldly people. In the words "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," Matthew VI. 24, God is clearly opposed to Mammon, which induced many commentators to personify Mammon as the ruler of Hell. Gold and silver being gained from the interior of earth are therefore looked upon as Mammon's gifts, figuratively by taking the part or the attribute for the whole or the object, Mammon may only refer to worldly matters as opposed to our duties towards God! —

Faust.

Wie seltsam glimmert durch die Gründe
Ein morgenröthlich trüber Schein!
Und selbst bis in die tiefen Schlünde
Des Abgrunds wittert er hinein.
Da steigt ein Dampf, dort ziehen Schwaden,
Hier leuchtet Gluth aus Dunst und Flor,
Dann schleicht sie wie ein zarter Faden,
Dann bricht sie wie ein Quell hervor.
Hier schlingt sie eine ganze Strecke,
Mit hundert Adern, sich durchs Thal,
Und hier in der gedrängten Ecke
Vereinzelt sie sich auf einmal.
Da sprühen Funken in der Nähe,
Wie ausgestreuter goldner Sand.
Doch schau'! in ihrer ganzen Höhe
Entzündet sich die Felsenwand.[769]

Mephistopheles.

Erleuchtet nicht zu diesem Feste

Milton represents Mammon as one of the *fallen angels.*

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
"From Heav'n: for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
"Were always downward bent, admiring more
"The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
"Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
"In vision beatific. By him first
"Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
"Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
"Rifled the bowls of their mother earth
"For treasure, better hid. Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

"Mammon is so proud a boaster that his clients which believe "in him, cannot choose but be confident of him: for what doth "he not brag to do? Yet, if we weigh his power aright, we "shall conclude of Mammon, as Paracelsus doth of the devil, "that he is a base and beggarly spirit."—Bishop Hall.

[769] This description of the metallic light shining in the depths of the abyss, is unequalled by anything in poetry known to us. Schwaden, means damp exhalations.

Herr Mammon prächtig den Palaſt? [770]
Ein Glück daß du's geſehen haſt;
Ich ſpüre ſchon die ungeſtümen Gäſte.

Fauſt.

Wie raſt die Windsbraut [771] durch die Luft!
Mit welchen Schlägen trifft ſie meinen Nacken!

---

[770] On a day when all evil spirits are gathering together, Mammon is sure to be feasting also. There is an old tradition among the lower classes that in the centre of the Blocksberg is concealed a castle rich in gold, silver and precious stones, belonging to a bewitched prince. This is, however, merely an allegorical expression of the idea, that gold and silver, which are hidden deep in the bowels of the earth, are the most powerful ministers in the devil's service.

[771] Windsbraut, Windbrut, Windbraut, Windbraus, Windwirbel, (lit. "the wind's bride") "the storm-blast, whirlwind, hurricane, tempest," in Gothic and old Saxon "Wintes-brut and Windisbrut." The expression Windsbraut may be taken from the following passage in Ovid's Met. Lib. VI.

"Hæc Boreas, aut his non inferiora locutus;
"Excussit pennas: quarum jactatibus omnis
"Adflata est tellus; latumque perhorruit æquor.
"Pulvereamque trahens per summa cacumina pallam,
"Verrit humum: pavidamque metu caligine tectus
"Orithyïan amans fulvis amplectitur alis.
"Dum volat; arserunt agitati fortius ignes.
"Nec prius aërii cursûs suppressit habenas,
"Quam Ciconum tenuit populos, sua moenia, raptor.
"Illic et gelidi conjux Actæa tyranni,
"Et genitrix facta est."

where Orithyia is expressly stated to have become the wife of Boreas. According to the German Mythology the Windsbraut or Wirlwind was caused by Frau Hilde or Frau Holda (i.e. a witch or an elf) flying through the air, whenever the fearful north-wind blew. The Sclaves also believe that a female demon rushes through the air at the approach of Boreas.

In other poets we have the following allusions to it:

— — Auf daß er nicht zürnend
Uns errege widrigen Sturm und heftige Windsbraut.
Fr. Stollberg.

Wolke is of opinion that the word is merely another form of Windsbraus, which means "the howling of the wind."

Mephistopheles.

Du mußt des Felsens alte Rippen packen ;
Sonst stürzt sie dich hinab in dieser Schlünde Gruft.
Ein Nebel verdichtet die Nacht.
Höre wie's durch die Wälder kracht !
Aufgescheucht fliegen die Eulen.
Hör' es splittern die Säulen
Ewig grüner Paläste.
Girren und Brechen der Aeste,
Der Stämme mächtiges Dröhnen,
Der Wurzeln Knarren und Gähnen !
Im fürchterlich verworrenen Falle
Ueber einander krachen sie alle,
Und durch die übertrümmerten Klüfte
Zischen und heulen die Lüfte.
Hörst du Stimmen in der Höhe?
In der Ferne, in der Nähe?
Ja, den ganzen Berg entlang
Strömt ein wüthender Zaubergesang! [772]

Hexen (im Chor).

Die Hexen zu dem Brocken ziehn ;
Die Stoppel ist gelb, die Saat ist grün.

---

[772] This description of the fierce crashing and moaning of the blast is of wonderful power. Now begins the real *Sabbath of the witches*. The witches' song, full as it is of nonsense and exaggerated vulgarity, is by contrast adapted to increase our admiration for the delightful and classical poetry contained in the preceding lines. This plan of drawing a striking contrast, has been adopted (though with bad results rather than good ones) by many modern German writers, who for the sake of introducing a kind of poetical idealism on the one side, followed immediately by a coarse materialism on the other, too often for the sake of showing their wit, subject to ridicule the very things they have deified the moment before. While acknowledging the undoubted talent of many of the disciples of this school, we cannot approve of their caustic, superficial mode of writing, and regret that powers of so splendid an order should have been perverted to a use so unworthy of them.

Dort sammelt sich der große Hauf,
Herr Urian [773] sitzt oben auf.
So geht es über Stein und Stock —

Stimme.

Die alte Baubo [774] kommt allein;
Sie reitet auf einem Mutterschwein.

Chor.

So Ehre dem, wem Ehre gebührt!
Frau Baubo vor! und angeführt!
Ein tüchtig Schwein und Mutter drauf,
Da folgt der ganze Hexenhauf.

Stimme.

Welchen Weg kommst du her?

Stimme.

Ueber'n Ilsenstein!
Da guckt' ich der Eule ins Nest hinein.
Die macht' ein Paar Augen! [775]

---

[773] Urian, according to Adelung is a proper name, usually preceded by Herr, that is: Mr. Urian; often used to designate a person you do not wish to name, but for whom you have not much respect. "What is Mr. Urian doing here?" &c. "We need not stand on ceremony with Mr. Urian," are polite phrases intended to inform any one without personality, that you neither expected nor wished to see him.

The word Urian is also frequently used for "the devil," as in the following passage from Wenzel Sternau: „Glaubte steif und fest, der leidige Urian habe dem Gründer der Burg hülfreiche Hand geleistet."

[774] Baubo, in the Greek Mythology the woman who gave some water to Demeter when in search of her daughter Proserpine, and by her coarse remarks made the goddess smile in spite of her grief. Goethe introduces her as the symbol of wanton impudence, and places her astride on a pig. As Frau Hilde or Holda or Holla in German Mythology leads the army of furious ghosts, so Baubo is put at the head of the band of witches.

[775] The voices we now hear belong to different witches, pursuing their journey by the aid of broomsticks, pitchforks and rakes, or, in the case of those specially favored by the evil spirit, on the

Stimme.

O fahre zur Hölle!
Was reit'ſt du ſo ſchnelle!

Stimme.

Mich hat ſie geſchunden, [776]
Da ſieh nur die Wunden!

Hexen. Chor.

Der Weg iſt breit, der Weg iſt lang,
Was iſt das für ein toller Drang?
Die Gabel ſticht, der Beſen kratzt,
Das Kind erſtickt, die Mutter platzt. [777]

Hexenmeiſter. [778] Halbes Chor.

Wir ſchleichen wie die Schneck' im Haus,
Die Weiber alle ſind voraus.
Denn, geht es zu des Böſen Haus,
Das Weib hat tauſend Schritt voraus. [779]

---

backs of he-goats, after having anointed their hands and feet with the witches' balm, der Hexenſalbe, a substance prepared from the fat of a murdered infant and some narcotic poisonous plants.

Ilſenſtein is the name of the high granite rocks, we have mentioned, on the Blocksberg, and so called from the brook Ilſe, the environs of which abounded in hawks, owls and eagles, and which, according to old traditions, was formerly a princess. Ein Paar Augen machen, an idiomatic phrase meaning "to be astonished," as our phrase "to open his eyes, to stare," is used.

[776] Geſchunden, from ſchinden, "to flay." (Akin to the Latin scindo, and the English skin.)

[777] From this mass of nonsense we can make out that it is the poet's object to point out the degradation as well as the wickedness of a belief in witchcraft.

[778] After the women ride the men; the wizards and sorcerers, who emblematically represent the critics of the „Allgemeine deutſche Bibliothek," (see Note 757.)

[779] Alluding to the old idea that a woman, when once on a path of vice, advances on it more quickly than a man, owing to her being more susceptible of exciting impressions, and evil influences.

Andre Hälfte.

Wir nehmen das nicht so genau:
Mit tausend Schritten macht's die Frau;
Doch, wie sie auch sich eilen kann,
Mit einem Sprunge macht's der Mann. [780]

Stimme (oben).

Kommt mit, kommt mit, vom Felsensee! [781]

Stimmen (von unten).

Wir möchten gerne mit in die Höh'.
Wir waschen und blank sind wir ganz und gar;
Aber auch ewig unfruchtbar. [782]

Beide Chöre.

Es schweigt der Wind, es flieht der Stern,
Der trübe Mond verbirgt sich gern,
Im Sausen sprüht das Zauberchor
Viel tausend Feuerfunken hervor. [783]

---

[780] The second half of the wizards' chorus, however, is not willing to confess this inferiority, and asserts that a man reaches a point at one bound, which it would take a woman a thousand steps to attain.

[781] As the Felsensee cannot refer to any lake or sea on the Blocksberg it must be an allusion to the "watery writings of the critics."

[782] Very characteristic of critics who are ever desirous of soaring higher, and yet confine themselves, as the German adage says, "to washing other men's linen."

Blank, must be taken in the sense of "clean" i. e. "though by continual washing we are always very clean, yet we are barren." The word is also used in the following phrases Blanker Wein, white wine, blankes Zinn, shining tin, das blanke Schwert, a drawn or naked sword, ein blankes Bein, a naked or bare leg. Compare Schel. interpretation of Juv. I. iii. "Pedibus qui venerat albis." Blank, French blanc is derived by Menage from albianus, thus: Albianus, albianicus, bianicus, blanicus, bianco, blanc. By others from blanc, which in Danish means shining; the Germans have also blinken to shine, Saxon blaecan, English bleach.

[783] The united chorus of wizards describes the effect produced

Stimme (von unten).

Halte! Halte!

Stimme (von oben).

Wer ruft da aus der Felsenspalte?

Stimme (unten).

Nehmt mich mit! Nehmt mich mit!
Ich steige schon dreihundert Jahr,
Und kann den Gipfel nicht erreichen.
Ich wäre gern bei meines Gleichen. [784]

Beide Chöre.

Es trägt der Besen, trägt der Stock,
Die Gabel trägt, es trägt der Bock;
Wer heute sich nicht heben kann,
Ist ewig ein verlor'ner Mann. [785]

---

on the whole face of nature by their bustle and confusion. The moon as one of God's creatures, hides herself in obscurity, that she may not participate, even by a look in the horrible deed of that night.

[784] It is not difficult to see that the voices from below, who are still desirous, after toiling and climbing for three centuries in vain, to be where the others are flying in air, are intended to represent those unfruitful exertions in philosophical speculations, "which are sticking to the rocky cleft of pedantry."

Roman Catholic commentators explain this passage as referring to Protestantism, and proving the author's opinion that that light, which by the blessing of God was shed upon Europe, has done but little towards improving the spiritual condition of Germany. There is however, not the slightest reason for supposing that Goethe, the child of Protestantism, would make so undutiful an attack on his religion: his sole object, here as elsewhere, was to make use of the powerful weapons his genius afforded him, against those metaphysicians and philosophers who pursued their theories or inquiries without religion.

[785] The general excitement on such a night is so great that every man with the least pretensions to talent can rise above the earth; whoever is still unable to take a flight into the higher regions of imagination is a lost man; there is no hope for him.

Halbhexe (unten).

Ich tripple nach, so lange Zeit;
Wie sind die andern schon so weit!
Ich hab' zu Hause keine Ruh',
Und komme hier doch nicht dazu.[786]

Chor der Hexen.

Die Salbe gibt den Hexen Muth,
Ein Lumpen ist zum Segel gut,
Ein gutes Schiff ist jeder Trog;
Der flieget nie, der heut nicht flog.[787]

Beide Chöre.

Und wenn wir um den Gipfel ziehn,
So streichet an dem Boden hin,
Und deckt die Heide weit und breit
Mit eurem Schwarm der Hexenheit![788]

Sie lassen sich nieder.

Mephistopheles.

Das drängt und stößt, das rauscht[789] und klappert

---

[786] The demiwitch from below represents that class of persons in the literary world, who though utterly devoid of all poetical talent, are always trying to produce something original. Nothing is more pitiful than these vain and futile attempts; at one time German literature was absolutely overrun by these "Illustrious Mediocrities." Goethe has written a very interesting essay on this "Period of forced Geniuses" as he called these "Dii minorum gentium."

[787] Die Salbe, "the ointment, salve, balm" (see note 775.) — Ein Lumpen, "a rag"—the rag of effrontery.—Jeder Trog, "ever trough"—the trough of shallowness.

[788] When once on the peak let us settle down. When we have once obtained, by our noise and restlessness a good position in life, und wenn wir um den Gipfel ziehn, then we can settle down quietly, with nothing more to care about or think of.

[789] Rauscht from rauschen, rauscheln, rauschlich, a derivative from rauschen. Rauschen, rauscheln only used colloquially. Campe has also rüschen, to make a noise.

Das ziſcht und quirlt, das zieht und plappert!
Das leuchtet, ſprüht und ſtinkt und brennt!
Ein wahres Hexenelement![790]
Nur feſt an mir! ſonſt ſind wir gleich getrennt.
Wo biſt du?

Fauſt (in der Ferne).

Hier!

Mephiſtopheles.

Was! dort ſchon hingeriſſen?
Da werd' ich Hausrecht brauchen müſſen.
Platz! Junker Voland[791] kommt. Platz! ſüßer Pöbel, Platz!
Hier, Doctor, faſſe mich! und nun, in Einem Satz,
Laß uns aus dem Gedräng' entweichen;
Es iſt zu toll, ſogar für meines Gleichen.[792]
Dort neben leuchtet was mit ganz beſonderm Schein,
Es zieht mich was nach jenen Sträuchen.
Komm', komm'! wir ſchlupfen da hinein.

Fauſt.

Du Geiſt des Widerſpruchs! Nur zu! du magſt mich führen.
Ich denke doch, das war recht klug gemacht:
Zum Brocken wandeln wir in der Walpurgisnacht,
Um uns beliebig nun hieſelbſt zu iſoliren.[793]

---

[790] Mephistopheles describes with humorous brevity, the very essence of witches.

[791] Junker Voland, Squire Voland. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the name Vâlant "the seducer" was often applied to the devil. The feminine form was Valantinne, Vâlandinne &c. In the Frankfort dialect the evil spirit is also called Fold or Fuld.

[792] "It is too bewildering even for *me!*" Mephistopheles, notwithstanding his diabolical nature feels disgusted at the prattling, buzzing, crowds of witches; he therefore persuades Faust to get clear of the crowd as quickly as possible.

[793] Iſoliren derivative from "insularis," insulated, of an island. Campe recommends the use of the literal translation „verinſeln."

Mephistopheles.

Da sieh nur welche bunten Flammen!
Es ist ein muntrer Klub beisammen.
Im Kleinen[794] ist man nicht allein.

Faust.

Doch droben möcht' ich lieber seyn!
Schon seh' ich Gluth und Wirbelrauch.
Dort strömt die Menge zu dem Bösen;
Da muß sich manches Räthsel lösen.[795]

Mephistopheles.

Doch manches Räthsel knüpft sich auch.
Laß du die große Welt nur sausen,
Wir wollen hier im stillen hausen.
Es ist doch lange hergebracht,
Daß in der großen Welt man kleine Welten macht.[796]
Da seh' ich junge Hexchen, nackt und bloß,
Und alte, die sich klug verhüllen.

---

[794] Im Kleinen used here for "in small company."

[795] Faust characteristically aspires still higher. He is not drawn towards the evil one for evil's sake, but only by his desire "to discover" what is beyond the reach of *mere human* conception. He wishes therefore to be conducted to the summit of the mountain, there to see solved many a problem that has puzzled his brain.

[796] In accordance with the philosophical system of the 'Monades,' which was developed principally by Leibnitz: his theory being that all that is existing in the great world is a produce of smaller worlds. „Die ganze Welt besteht aus Monaden, womit sie sich einmal vereinzelt und im Einzelnen das Ganze hat, indem jede Monade für sich ist,—Mikrokosmos—aber auch ebenso wieder verbindet,—indem die Monaden nicht bloß für sich sind, sondern alle zusammen gehören und—zusammenhängen—Makrokosmus. (Göschel, Berlin 1832. „Hegel und seine Zeit.") Goethe very significantly puts into the mouth of the evil spirit all those abstruse theories and hypotheses, which have never produced anything but doubt and infidelity. Apart from this allusion, however, Mephistopheles wishes to introduce Faust to the "little world," the world of coarse sensuality.

Seid freundlich, nur um meinetwillen;
Die Müh' ist klein, der Spaß ist groß.
Ich höre was von Instrumenten tönen!
Verflucht Geschnarr![797] man muß sich dran gewöhnen.
Komm' mit! komm' mit! es kann nicht anders seyn,
Ich tret' heran und führe dich herein,
Und ich verbinde dich aufs neue.[798] —
Was sagst du, Freund? das ist kein kleiner Raum.
Da sieh nur hin! du siehst das Ende kaum.
Ein Hundert Feuer brennen in der Reihe;
Man tanzt, man schwatzt, man kocht, man trinkt, man liebt;
Nun sage mir, wo es was Bessers giebt?

Faust.

Willst du dich nun, um uns hier einzuführen,
Als Zaub'rer oder Teufel produciren?[799]

Mephistopheles.

Zwar bin ich sehr gewohnt incognito zu gehn;
Doch läßt am Gallatag man seinen Orden sehn.
Ein Kniebund zeichnet mich nicht aus,[800]
Doch ist der Pferdefuß[801] hier ehrenvoll zu Haus.
Siehst du die Schnecke da?[802] Sie kommt herangekrochen;

---

[797] Geschnarr, from schnarren, to rattle, "that rattling noise. According to popular tradition the musician on these festive occasions was generally seated in a tree, with a horse's-head for his fiddle, or a thick stick, or a cat's tail for a flute.

[798] Satirical reminder of his having introduced him to Margaret.

[799] Faust asks, whether it will be necessary for the devil to appear as a devil or as a sorcerer, in order to gain admittance.

[800] In allusion to the order of the Garter, the oldest in Great Britain, which was founded by Edward III. in the year 1350. It may imply that Faust is about to mingle with distinguished society.

[801] The "horse's-foot," i.e. the cloven-foot; also Klumpfuß (see Note 436.)

[802] Die Schnecke, the snail. As Madame Baubo was the leader of the witches, so a snail (as the personification of slow relapse

Mit ihrem taſtenden Geſicht [803]
Hat ſie mir ſchon was abgerochen.
Wenn ich auch will, verläugn' ich hier mich nicht.
Komm nur! Von Feuer gehen wir zu Feuer,
Ich bin der Werber und du biſt der Freier. [804]

Zu einigen, die um verglimmende Kohlen ſitzen.

Ihr alten Herr'n, was macht ihr hier am Ende?
Ich lobt' euch, wenn ich euch hübſch in der Mitte fände,
Von Saus umzirkt und Jugendbraus;
Genug allein iſt jeder ja zu Haus.

General.

Wer mag auf Nationen trauen!
Man habe noch ſo viel für ſie gethan;
Denn bei dem Volk, wie bei den Frauen,
Steht immerfort die Jugend oben an. [805]

Miniſter.

Jetzt iſt man von dem Rechten allzuweit,
Ich lobe mir die guten Alten;
Denn freilich, da wir alles galten,
Da war die rechte goldne Zeit. [806]

Parvenü.

Wir waren wahrlich auch nicht dumm,

---

into old errors) is selected as the first to receive Faust and his companion into a company, where, owing to a universal feeling of egotistic self-satisfaction, everything is at a dead-stand.

[803] Das taſtende Geſicht, "with the feelers," as feeling is the most acute of the snail's senses.

[804] "I'll be the pander, and thou the lover, the wooer, the gallant."

[805] In this epigram Lafayette is introduced, complaining of the ingratitude of the French nation.

[806] The old Legitimiſt again of the years preceding 1789, grumbles at the loss of the good old times, when he and his party were all in all, and the state and the people a mere tool in their hands for the gratification of their whims and caprices.

Und thaten oft was wir nicht sollten
Doch jetzo kehrt sich alles um und um,
Und eben da wir's fest erhalten wollten. [807]

Autor.

Wer mag wohl überhaupt jetzt eine Schrift
Von mäßig klugem Inhalt lesen!
Und was das liebe junge Volk betrifft,
Das ist noch nie so naseweis gewesen. [808]

Mephistopheles

(der auf einmal sehr alt erscheint).

Zum jüngsten Tag fühl' ich das Volk gereift,
Da ich zum letztenmal den Hexenberg ersteige;
Und weil mein Fäßchen trübe läuft,
So ist die Welt auch auf der Neige. [809]

Trödelhexe. [810]

Ihr Herren geht nicht so vorbei!

---

[807] In the Parvenu, revolution in its beginning, reign and end is characteristically described; just at the moment when least expected, all turns again into the hands of the old legitimistic power!

[808] The literary world here comes in with the complaint that the rising generation are so precocious and forward, so wrapped up in an impudent conceit that they are above reading-books. Naseweis "impertinent, conceited, would-be-wise, inquisitive." Hilpert writes; „Naseweis," is one who desires to obtain knowledge, and asks questions with a view of showing that he has sufficient sense to speak on a subject that is above his comprehension. We apply the name especially to young people who express opinions on subjects they do not understand, and by their rash decisions offend those to whom they ought to show deference.

[809] Da ich zum letzten mal den Hexenberg ersteige, expresses the poet's hope and wish that this play will give the coup-de-grace to the superstitious belief in witchcraft. Weil mein Fäßchen trübe läuft, allegorically implying that the devil, as represented in old German traditions, is now quite out of date.

[810] Trödelhexe, from Trödel, old rubbish, old clothes and rags, is

Laßt die Gelegenheit nicht fahren!
Aufmerksam blickt nach meinen Waaren;
Es steht dahier gar mancherlei.
Und doch ist nichts in meinem Laden,
Dem keiner auf der Erde gleicht,
Das nicht einmal zum tücht'gen Schaden
Der Menschen und der Welt gereicht.
Kein Dolch ist hier, von dem nicht Blut geflossen,
Kein Kelch, aus dem sich nicht, in ganz gesunden Leib
Verzehrend heißes Gift ergossen,
Kein Schmuck, der nicht ein liebenswürdig Weib
Verführt, kein Schwert das nicht den Bund gebrochen,
Nicht etwa hinterrücks den Gegenmann durchstochen. [811]

Mephistopheles.

Frau Muhme! [812] sie versteht mir schlecht die Zeiten,
Gethan, geschehn! Geschehn, gethan!
Verleg' sie sich auf Neuigkeiten!
Nur Neuigkeiten ziehn uns an. [813]

---

a witch or a hag who sells such stuff. In the same sense the word Trödeljude is used, a jew dealing in old clothes.

[811] There is nothing in her store that has not contributed its aid to a deed of crime and death: no dagger that has not drawn the life-blood, no goblet that has not conveyed poison to unsuspecting lips, no jewel that has not seduced a maid or wife, no sword that has not been disgraced by a secret blow, given behind its victim's back. All these are enumerated as the instruments by which this cousin of the devil seeks to lead man to crime, and these are the recommendations which she gives to her customers.

[812] Claiming the same relationship with this witch as with the snail.

[813] Goethe now directs his sarcasm against the restless dissatisfied spirit of the day, when men were never contented with anything but what was novel: their pleasures after a time palled them, and they were obliged to seek out some new means of excitement. And so it was with their crimes; the very instruments

Faust.

Daß ich mich nur nicht selbst vergesse!
Heiß' ich mir das doch eine Messe![814]

Mephistopheles.

Der ganze Strudel[815] strebt nach oben;
Du glaubst zu schieben und du wirst geschoben.

Faust.

Wer ist denn das?

Mephistopheles.

Betrachte sie genau!

Lilith[816] ist das.

---

of crime—dagger, poison, or whatever it might be, excited no interest, nay, could not attract their notice unless they had the merit of novelty.

[814] Faust is now taken into the second circle.

Messe, literally "a fair," "a market:" as these fairs were the scene of amusements of every description, and generally of the lowest stamp, the word „Messe," is also used figuratively for "revelry." — Faust's exclamation therefore is, "what awful revelry!"

[815] Strudel, "a whirlpool"—and figuratively "a whirl of pleasures or dissipation:" the word is connected with the Swedish "strida" and the English "stride."

[816] Lilith, a Hebrew word meaning "the nightly," die Nächtige, and found in Isaiah XXXIV. 14, in which passage it has been rendered in the Vulgate by the word "Lamia," in Luther's translation by „Kobold," in the English version by "screech-owl," while other translations have "an ugly night-bird." According to an old tradition of the Rabbins, previous to the formation of Eve, God had created a woman, to whom the name Lilith was given. This idea no doubt took its origin from the words used in Genesis I. 27. "So God created man in his own image; male and *female* created he *them*"—whereas (it is argued) Eve was not formed till some short time after—(vide Gen. II. 21.) The tradition goes on to state that this Lilith was forsaken by Adam, and while Eve became the mother of humanity, Lilith, who had turned into a huge she-devil, daily brought forth a very

Faust.

Wer?

Mephistopheles.

Adams erste Frau.

Nimm dich in Acht vor ihren schönen Haaren,
Vor diesem Schmuck, mit dem sie einzig prangt,
Wenn sie damit den jungen Mann erlangt,
So läßt sie ihn sobald nicht wieder fahren. [817]

Faust.

Da sitzen zwei, die Alte mit der Jungen; [818]
Die haben schon was Rechts [819] gesprungen!

Mephistopheles.

Das hat nun heute keine Ruh'.

---

legion of imps, hundreds of which, however, luckily for mankind, she herself destroyed as soon as born; her enmity was not confined to her own offspring, for she had deadly power over infants, and could destroy boys under three days old, and girls less than twenty days, unless protected by some counteracting power—from this arose the Jewish custom of hanging round the necks of their children amulets, bearing the names of the three angels, Senoi, Sansenoi, and Sanmangeloph.

This fiend had also the most beautiful hair, which was a snare to be particularly guarded against by young men; she may be compared with the old heathen myth of the Gorgons—indeed she may perhaps be identified with Medusa, with her serpent-hairs, and power to kill by a look.

[817] Mephisto warns Faust against the Siren beauty of her locks, as it is no easy matter for a man once ensnared by them, to free himself from her power. Mephisto's aim is to raise Faust's curiosity as to her seductive beauty, rather than to warn him against her.

[818] The pair pointed out by Faust are an old and a young witch, thus exhausted by dancing as to attract the philosopher's peculiar attention.

[819] Was rechts gesprungen, an idiomatic expression for "they must have enjoyed a great deal, or had great fun already."

Es geht zum neuen Tanz! Nun komm! wir greifen zu.[820]

Faust. (mit der Jungen tanzend).

Einst hatt ich einen schönen Traum;
Da sah ich einen Apfelbaum,
Zwei schöne Aepfel glänzten dran;
Sie reizten mich, ich stieg hinan.

Die Schöne.

Der Aepfelchen begehrt ihr sehr,
Und schon vom Paradiese her.
Von Freuden fühl' ich mich bewegt,
Daß auch mein Garten solche trägt.[821]

Mephistopheles (mit der Alten).

Einst hatt' ich einen wüsten Traum;
Da sah ich einen gespaltnen Baum,

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Die Alte.

Ich biete meinen besten Gruß
Dem Ritter mit dem Pferdefuß!

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Proktophantasmist[822]

Verfluchtes Volk! was unterfteht ihr euch?
Hat man euch lange nicht bewiesen,

---

[820] On the "witches' Sabbath," according to popular superstition, the dancing commenced immediately after feasting, and was kept up incessantly till morning light dispersed them. There is on the Blocksberg, near the witches' well, a parched, barren place, still known as the "witches' dancing place."

[821] The apple is doubtlessly selected here, as being *the* forbidden fruit.

[822] This word is one of Goethe's own coining, and is introduced to give vent to his spite against Nicolai, who has already appeared as a "will-o'-the wisp." He is now brought forward in the different character, of a Proctophantasmist, i.e. a "Back-ghost-seer" (from the Greek *πρωκτός* and *φάνταςμα*) and is

Ein Geist steht nie auf ordentlichen Füßen?
Nun tanzt ihr gar, uns andern Menschen gleich!

Die Schöne (tanzend.)

Was will denn der auf unserm Ball?

Faust (tanzend).

Ei! der ist eben überall. [823]
Was andre tanzen, muß er schätzen.
Kann er nicht jeden Schritt beschwätzen.
So ist der Schritt so gut als nicht geschehn.
Am meisten ärgert ihn, sobald wir vorwärts gehn.
Wenn ihr euch so im Kreise drehen wolltet,
Wie er's in seiner alten Mühle thut, [824]
Das hieß' er allenfalls noch gut;
Besonders wenn ihr ihn darum begrüßen solltet.

Proktophantasmist.

Ihr seyd noch immer da! Nein, das ist unerhört.
Verschwindet doch! wir haben ja aufgeklärt! [825]
Das Teufelspack, [826] es fragt nach keiner Regel.

---

held up to farther ridicule, because, after all his preaching, writing and thundering against the belief in witches and ghosts, he himself fell into the absurd delusion that he was haunted by evil spirits, of whom he at last only got rid by the ingenious device of applying leeches to his spine! Not content with keeping his troubles to himself, he lectured on the subject, and actually published a long weary essay on his affliction and its cure, in his „Philosophische Abhandlungen."—(I. 53.)

[823] Alluding to Nicolai's character of meddling and finding fault with everything and everybody.

[824] Referring to horses or other animals employed in turning the wheels of a mill; like them, the poor critic Nicolai is blindfolded, and keeps going over the same weary ground, over and over again.

[825] Having enlightened the world with his writings, and refutations, Nicolai is perfectly astonished to find witches, who have also the audacity to dance.

[826] Teufelspack are the clever literary men who were above taking notice of good Nicolai's grumbling.

Wir ſind ſo klug, und dennoch ſpukt's in Tegel.[827]
Wie lange hab' ich nicht am Wahn hinausgekehrt[828]
Und nie wird's rein, das iſt doch unerhört!

Die Schöne.

So hört doch auf uns hier zu enühiren!

Proktophantasmiſt.

Ich ſag's euch Geiſtern ins Geſicht,
Den Geiſtesdeſpotismus leid' ich nicht;
Mein Geiſt kann ihn nicht exerciren.[829]

Es wird fortgetanzt.

Heut, ſeh' ich, will mir nichts gelingen;

---

[827] In „Tegel." This word has been the subject of an immense number of the most absurd notes: amongst other explanations it was taken for Egel (a leech) with the diobolical T prefixed, and was therefore said to mean the devil. There seems however little doubt that the allusion is to Tegel, a little village near Berlin, which belongs to the Humboldt family, and was formerly a hunting seat of the great Elector: for in the year 1797, a ghost is said to have appeared there, and notwithstanding all Nicolai's protests against its truth or possibility, the story gained very general belief in the neighbourhood (vide Berliner Blätter, 6. Nov. 1797.) Filmore has compared the whole affair to the celebrated "Cock-lane ghost."

[828] He has long tried to perform the duties of Hercules in sweeping the Augean stable of German literature—but all in vain!

[829] These lines refer to the period of which Carlyle says: "a war "of all the few good heads in the nation, with all the many bad "ones, began in Schiller's „Muſenalmanach," 1793. The Xenien, "a series of philosophic epigrams jointly by Schiller and Goethe, "descended then unexpectedly, like a flood of ethereal light, on "the German literary world, quickening all that was noble into "life, but visiting the ancient empire of dullness with astonish-"ment and unknown pangs."

Nicolai in his narrowmindedness cannot bear these fiery spirits, and he openly declares he will never submit to their despotism, as his own spirit (observe the double sense of the word) is unable to exercise similar sway.

Doch eine Reiſe nehm' ich immer mit [830]
Und hoffe noch, vor meinem letzten Schritt,
Die Teufel und die Dichter zu bezwingen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Er wird ſich gleich in eine Pfütze ſetzen,
Das iſt die Art wie er ſich ſulagirt. [831]

Zu Fauſt, der aus dem Tanz getreten iſt.

Was läſſeſt du das ſchöne Mädchen fahren?
Das dir zum Tanz ſo lieblich ſang.

Fauſt.

Ach! mitten im Geſange ſprang
Ein rothes Mäuschen ihr aus dem Munde. [832]

Mephiſtopheles.

Das iſt was Rechts! Das nimmt man nicht genau;
Genug die Maus war doch nicht grau. [833]
Wer fragt darnach in einer Schäferſtunde?

Fauſt.

Dann ſah ich —

Mephiſtopheles.

Was?

Fauſt.

Mephiſto, ſiehſt du dort
Ein blaſſes, ſchönes Kind allein und ferne ſtehen?
Sie ſchiebt ſich langſam nur vom Ort,
Sie ſcheint mit geſchloßnen Füßen zu gehen.

---

[830] Alluding to Nicolai's huge volume of travels, into which he crammed an immense quantity of dry uninteresting matter, apparently for the mere purpose of increasing the bulk of his book: Goethe therefore sarcastically hints that his exploits on the Blocksberg will be too great temptation for his pen, and are sure to be published before long.

[831] Sulagirt, from the French "soulager."

[832] According to a superstitious belief that a *red* mouse or cat sprang from the mouths of witches as soon as they fell asleep.

[833] The *grey* mouse is another emblem for death.

Ich muß bekennen, daß mir däucht,
Daß sie dem guten Gretchen gleicht. [834]

Mephistopheles.

Laß das nur stehn! Dabei wird's niemand wohl.
Es ist ein Zauberbild, ist leblos, ein Idol. [835]
Ihm zu begegnen ist nicht gut;
Vom starren Blick erstarrt des Menschen Blut,
Und er wird fast in Stein verkehrt,
Von der Meduse hast du ja gehört. [836]

Faust.

Fürwahr, es sind die Augen einer Todten,
Die eine liebende Hand nicht schloß.
Das ist die Brust, die Gretchen mir geboten,
Das ist der süße Leib, den ich genoß.

Mephistopheles.

Das ist die Zauberei, du leicht verführter Thor! [837]
Denn jedem kommt sie wie sein Liebchen vor.

Faust.

Welch eine Wonne! welch ein Leiden!
Ich kann von diesem Blick nicht scheiden.
Wie sonderbar muß diesen schönen Hals
Ein einzig rothes Schnürchen schmücken,
Nicht breiter als ein Messerrücken! [838]

---

[834] In the midst of this revelry Faust's conscience awakes, and he sees in the distance the victim of his passions standing alone and deserted, with fettered feet, „mit geschloßnen Füßen."

[835] "Idol" is taken here in the sense of Homer's εἴδωλον i.e. a shadowy apparition, and not as now used to signify an object of worship or affection. The exact meaning here is "a lifeless ghastly phantom!"

[836] Mephistopheles tries to persuade Faust that the apparition is only Medusa (vide note 818.)

[837] This is just the charm—the phantom appears to every one in the form of his own bride.

[838] What a horrible sight; round her neck he sees a single

Mephistopheles.

Ganz recht! ich seh' es ebenfalls.
Sie kann das Haupt auch unter'm Arme tragen; [839]
Denn Perseus hat's ihr abgeschlagen. —
Nur immer diese Lust zum Wahn!
Komm' doch das Hügelchen heran!
Hier ist's so lustig wie im Prater; [840]
Und hat man mir's nicht angethan,
So seh' ich wahrlich ein Theater.
Was gibt's denn da?

Servibilis.

Gleich fängt man wieder an.
Ein neues Stück, das letzte Stück von sieben; [841]
So viel zu geben ist allhier der Brauch.
Ein Dilettant [842] hat es geschrieben,

---

narrow crimson string, not broader than the back of a knife, alluding to Margaret's doom to die through the executioner.

[839] Alluding to the story of St. Dionysius, who, according to the Roman Catholic legend, walked two miles with his head under his arm, after his execution.

[840] The Prater is a popular place of resort at Vienna, especially for the lower classes on Sunday. At one time it was not less famous for popular dramatic performances and its Wurstel, (Punch) than now for the reckless merriment of the people.

[841] Alluding to the great difficulty of satisfying the public by private theatrical performances.

[842] Johnson defines a Dilettante as "one who delights in cultivating or promoting science," but in German its meaning is much more confined, and signifies one who takes a delight in cultivating or promoting science, or more generally the fine arts, though he *does not make it his profession:* In this sense it nearly corresponds with the English conventional use of the word "Amateur." It afterwards came to mean a mere dabbler, a "smatterer," if we may be allowed the word—as one who was not professionally acquainted with a science was pretty sure not to excel in it. We may mention that from the Greek ἰδιωτης

Und Dilettanten ſpielen's auch.
Verzeiht, ihr Herrn, wenn ich verſchwinde;
Mich dilettirt's,[843] den Vorhang aufzuziehn.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wenn ich euch auf dem Blocksberg finde,[844]
Das find' ich gut; denn da gehört ihr hin.[845]

---

lit. an unprofessional man, we have our word *idiot*, by exactly the same argument.

These dilettanti at one time regularly overwhelmed Germany's literature and fine arts: there was not a village, nay, scarcely could a family be found, in which there was not a dramatic author, whose compositions were performed by such dilettante companies. Goethe had justly the greatest aversion to these authors and their staffs, as they were never able to accomplish properly what they took in hand, more especially as they were too conceited to undertake some simple or easy pieces which were within their reach, but always selected the most difficult and complicated works.

[843] Dilettiren instead of delectiren, to be delighted.

[844] A sarcastic wish, meaning "may I find you far away from here." „Geh auf den Brocken" or „wenn Du auf dem Brocken wärſt," is as usual to say in the Hartz mountains as it is in Southern Germany, daß Du doch dort wär'ſt, wo der Pfeffer wächſt, or Geh hin wo der Pfeffer wächſt"—go where the pepper grows, that is, if you were only miles and miles away.

[845] "As that is the fit place for you."

Walpurgisnachtstraum

oder

Oberons und Titanias goldne Hochzeit.

Intermezzo.

Intermezzo.[846]

Theatermeiſter.

Heute ruhen wir einmal

---

[846] Amid the tumult of criticism that now follows in this "Intermezzo" we must, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, "consider ourselves as a ship in a poetical tempest, impelled at the same time by opposite winds and dashed by the waves from every quarter, but held upright by the genius of the great poet."

This Intermezzo, written entirely in short epigrams, may be looked on as an experiment on Schiller's suggestion, that a whole comedy might be written with success in this form. The title of it is borrowed from Shakespeare's immortal poetical fiction, the Midsummer-Night's Dream. Of Shakespeare we may say, as regards the personification of the fairy world, what Herodotus said of Homer with respect to his creation of the old Greek Mythology, that he has peopled heaven. Shakespeare by the power of his genius was the first to give forms to the various elfs and cobolds, and to represent the numerous fictions of bygone times as actual living characters. The principal source from which Shakespeare derived his ideas of the realm of elfs, was the popular fairy tale known as "The merry pranks and jests of Robin Goodfellow," which was first published in 1595. Four years, however, before the publication of this tale we find the same character introduced by the same name, in a comedy entitled "The two Italian Gentlemen," though he is frequently spoken of there by his other familiar title of "Hobgoblin." This Robin Goodfellow seems to be identical with the German elf or cobold „Knecht Ruppert, Ruprecht, Rupert or Ruppert." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Germans used to introduce a jester or fool in their comedies commonly called Ruprecht or Rüppel. In Svabia this Ruprecht appears as Hollepeter or Holepopel (Hobgoblin), and is in his doings and sayings identical with Shakespeare's Puck, in whom we find the dramatical prototype of all the Rupprechts and Rupperts. This Puck may be traced to the Latin "Lar familiaris," for the

Miedings wack're Söhne.
Alter Berg und feuchtes Thal,

German translation of this expression was "ingoumen," meaning "keeper of the inner house," which keepers were called in many parts of Germany selke, selle, wherefrom we may derive "feller," fellow, as well as gut gesell, good fellow. That under Puck, Good fellow, the son of Oberon or Obreon was meant is clear, from the analogous description of this character both in Germany and England. Puck was thought of as a little, shrewd cobold in a leather dress, with very brown face, able to change his person, and very clever in playing amusing but harmless tricks on men. Throughout the whole of Goethe's Intermezzo we may trace this mischievous spirit of Puck. Puck was the son or servant of Oberon, Auberon, Alberon, Alberich, Elberich, Alban, Alb, Alp, Elb, from the last of which we have the Gothic Albs and the Anglo-Saxon Elf, according to Grimm the real meaning of which word was genius, i.e. "an embodied protecting power;" he connected the word Alb, Elf, also with the Latin albus, and the Greek *αλφος* (white, shining) meaning therefore a white, good spirit. Titania, the queen of the Elfs, has received her name from Ovid's Circe, who was the daughter of the Sun-God Titan, and called Titania. In imitation of Shakespeare, who assigned to his fairies India as a dwelling place, night as the period of their terrestrial existence, and the empire of dreams as their field for fantastic exploits, Goethe brings in Oberon and Titania as presiding gods on the Walpurgis night to connect thus the world of Sagas and fairy tales with the superstitions of the Middle Ages. Like Shakespeare, who has peopled in his "Midsummer-Night's Dream" this world with so wonderful an incorporation of the most fantastic fictions, giving a charming life to pea-blossoms, cobwebs, moths and mustard-seeds, that we know not how to describe it except in the poets' own words:

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name—"

Thus has Goethe peopled his "Walpurgis-Night's Dream," this ghostly world of satire and medieval superstition, with beings of reality who appear in the form of spirits. Whilst Shakespeare has selected affairs of jealousy and love as the principal amuse-

Das iſt die ganze Scene![847]

Herold.

Daß die Hochzeit golden ſey
Soll'n fünfzig Jahr ſeyn vorüber;
Aber iſt der Streit vorbei,
Das golden iſt mir lieber.[848]

Oberon.

Seyd ihr Geiſter wo ich bin,
So zeigt's in dieſen Stunden;
König und die Königin,
Sie ſind aufs neu verbunden.[849]

---

ment of his sprites, Goethe's aim was to avenge the offended queens of beauty, truth and poetry.

[847] Mieding, mentioned in this first epigram, was machinist to the court-theatre at Weimar and celebrated for his ability. Goethe has written a beautiful poem on "Mieding's death," in which we find the following impressive lines:

„Wie die Natur manch widerwärt'ge Kraft
Verbindend zwingt, und ſtreitend Körper ſchafft;
So zwang er jedes Handwerk, jeden Fleiß,
Des Dichters Welt entſtand auf ſein Geheiß;
Und, ſo verdient, gewährt die Muſe nur
Den Namen ihm — Director der Natur,

In his „Der Triumph der Einſamkeit" which has been called by him a dramatical "caprice" in six acts, Merculo mentions Mieding in the following words:

„Unſer Hof-Etat iſt mit einem ſehr geſchickten Manne vermehrt worden, dem wir den Titel als Naturmeiſter, Directeur de la nature, gegeben haben."

[848] Fifty years of married life are required to constitute a golden wedding, but the Herald insinuates that to him the end of the strife seems golden, in allusion to Oberon's and Titania's known quarrels, which formed the subject of so many comedies, poems and romances.

[849] By these lines we are reminded of Wieland's Oberon, a charming composition full of descriptive beauty, in which the novel "Huon de Bordeaux," Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's

Puck.

Kommt der Puck, und dreht sich quer
Und schleift den Fuß im Reihen;
Hundert kommen hinterher
Sich auch mit ihm zu freuen. [850]

Ariel.

Ariel bewegt den Sang
In himmlisch reinen Tönen;
Viele Fratzen lockt sein Klang,
Doch lockt er auch die Schönen. [851]

Dream," and Chaucer's "Merchant's Tale" are alternately used, and in which Oberon takes an oath not to see his queen again,

Bis ein getreues Paar, vom Schicksal selbst erkoren
Durch keusche Lieb' in eins zusammenfließt,
Und probefest in Leiden, wie in Freuden,
Die Herzen ungetrennt wenn auch die Leiber scheiden,
Der Ungetreuen Schuld durch seine Unschuld büßt.

Oberon's and Titania's reconciliation is also the subject of Weber's celebrated opera "Oberon."

[850] Puck. (See Note 846.) "Whenever this spirit of mischief stirs, he is followed by hundreds of knavish sprites."

[851] Ariel, in the original Hebrew means: "lion of the Lord." (II. Sam. XXIII, 15., 20. Isai. XXIX, 1, 2.*) Agrippa, in his "Occult Philosophy," Book III. Ch. XXIV. entitled:

"Of the names of spirits and their various imposition; and of the spirits that are set over the stars, signs, corners of the heaven, and the elements"—says:

"There are also four princes of the angels, which are set over the four winds, and over the four parts of the world, whereof *Michael* is set over the eastern wind; *Raphael* over the western; *Gabriel* over the northern; *Nariel*, who by some is called *Uriel*, over the southern."

Different spirits also were assigned to the elements, "for instance to the air *Cherub;* to the water *Thersis;* to the earth *Ariel;* to the fire *Seraph*, or according to Philon, *Nathaniel.*

Gervinus in his classical book on Shakespeare (Leipzig, Wilhelm

* In Luther's translation of the Bible we find "Ariel" mentioned also in Ez. XLIII, 15.—but this must be a misprint for "Altar.".

Oberon.

Gatten die sich vertragen wollen,
Lernen's von uns beiden!
Wenn sich zweie lieben sollen,
Braucht man sie nur zu scheiden.

Titania.

Schmollt der Mann und grillt die Frau,
So faßt sie nur behende,
Führt mir nach dem Mittag Sie,
Und Ihn an Nordens Ende! [852]

Orchester Tutti.

Fortissimo.

Fliegenschnauz' und Mückennas'
Mit ihren Anverwandten,
Frosch im Laub' und Grill' im Gras,
Das sind die Musikanten! [853]

Solo.

Seht, da kommt der Dudelsack!
Es ist die Seifenblase,
Hört den Schneckeschnickeschnack [854]
Durch seine stumpfe Nase!

Engelmann 1849. 4. Bände.) in speaking of the "Tempest" gives the following description of Ariel:

„Es sind die Geister, die im Volksglauben den vier Elementen vorstehen; die der Dichter in Prospero's Gewalt gegeben hat, mit deren Hülfe er die Sonne verfinstert, die See aufstürmt, Gewitter erregt und die Gräber eröffnen kann ..... ihrem Meister, Prospero's geliebten Geisterboten, dem Ariel, scheint er die vereinte Kraft dieser Elementargeister verliehen zu haben. Er erscheint einmal als Seenymphe, als Feuergeist, als Erdgeist; seine vorherrschende Natur aber, wie es sein Name ausdrückt, ist die des Sylphen, des Luftgeistes."

[852] Oberon and Titania state that the surest way of curing quarrelsome people is to separate them.

[853] The music of the elfs is here performed by flies, gnats, and crickets, to ridicule the confused harmonies invented by those who wish to be considered as original composers.

[854] Schnikschnak, like Zickzak, Klingklang, is a word used to express

Geist der sich erst bildet.

Spinnenfuß und Krötenbauch
Und Flügelchen dem Wichtchen!
Zwar ein Thierchen giebt es nicht,
Doch gibt es ein Gedichtchen. [855]

Ein Pärchen.

Kleiner Schritt und hoher Sprung
Durch Honigthau und Düfte;
Zwar du trippelst mir genug,
Doch geht's nicht in die Lüfte. [856]

Neugieriger Reisender.

Ist das nicht Maskeradenspott?
Soll ich den Augen trauen?
Oberon den schönen Gott
Auch heute hier zu schauen! [857]

Orthodox.

Keine Klauen, keinen Schwanz!
Doch bleibt es außer Zweifel,
So wie die Götter Griechenlands,

---

confused nonsense. Schneckeschnickeschnack is a coined word, to express confusion that lasts a considerable time.

[855] A cutting satire against those poets who think that rhymes constitute poetry, who seem to be ignorant that even the shortest poem should be a coherent expression of thoughts.

[856] This little pair represent music and poetry. Poetry is described as walking with small steps, music as making lofty bounds, which do not, however, enable either to rise into the air; the meaning is, that where there is no inspiration from above all attempts in poetry as well as in music are in vain. This and the three preceding strophes seem to have been added at a later date, as they are in no way connected with Oberon's last words.

[857] In the curious traveller, who will not believe in the existence of so airy and spiritual a God as Oberon, we find an allusion to the bookseller Nicolai. (See Note 756.)

So iſt auch er ein Teufel. [858]

Nordiſcher Künſtler.

Was ich ergreife das iſt heut
Fürwahr nur ſkizzenweiſe;
Doch ich bereite mich bei Zeit
Zur italiän'ſchen Reiſe. [859]

Puriſt.

Ach! mein Unglück führt mich her:
Wie wird nicht hier geludert!
Und von dem ganzen Hexenheer
Sind zweie nur gepudert. [860]

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[858] The orthodox is undoubtedly Frederic Leopold Stollberg,* a fanatical Romanist, who made himself notorious by his attacks upon Schiller's „Götter Griechenlands," in which the poet (though in a mere objective manner) paints with glowing colours the grief of an old Helenic Polytheist over the loss of his Olympus. That the translator of Homer's "Iliad," Plato's dialogues, and the tragedies of Æschylus, should have attacked Schiller for a panegyric on the poetical heaven of Greece justly provoked Goethe's scorn, for nothing is so contemptible in an author as contradiction and inconsistency.

[859] In contrast with the Orthodox who wishes art and science to be viewed with the dim eye of sectarianism, stands the northern artist who feels himself driven to Italy, the land of forms. Some commentators found in these lines an allusion to the celebrated Danish painter, Asmus Jacob Carstens, who died at Rome in 1798, and who was famous for his paintings in the "*Kantian*" style, the aim of which was to represent by colours the abstract ideas of time and space. That such attempts should have incurred Goethe's sharpest satire is probable enough.

[860] This epigram in the mouth of the Purist (the renowned grammarian, Joachim Henry Campe, who in the Xenien appears as a washerwoman cleansing the language of Teut with sand and stone) is in vindication of Greek statuary.

* Born November 7th, 1750, at Bramsted in the Duchy of Holstein, ambassador at Copenhagen and subsequently Danish Ambassador at Berlin; he and his whole family embraced Roman Catholicism in 1800, and from that time he attacked with all the enthusiasm of a convert the most eminent protestant writers of Germany.

Junge Hexe.

Der Puder ist so wie der Rock
Für alt' und graue Weibchen;
Drum sitz' ich nackt auf meinem Bock
Und zeig' ein derbes Leibchen.

Matrone.

Wir haben zu viel Lebensart
Um hier mit euch zu maulen;
Doch hoff' ich, sollt ihr jung und zart,
So wie ihr seid, verfaulen. [861]

Capellmeister.

Fliegenschnauz' und Mückennas',
Umschwärmt mir nicht die Nackte!
Frosch im Laub und Grill' im Gras,
So bleibt doch auch im Tacte! [862]

Windfahne (nach der einen Seite).

Gesellschaft wie man wünschen kann.
Wahrhaftig lauter Bräute!
Und Junggesellen, Mann für Mann,
Die hoffnungsvollsten Leute.

Windfahne (nach der anderen Seite).

Und thut sich nicht der Boden auf
Sie alle zu verschlingen,
So will ich mit behendem Lauf
Gleich in die Hölle springen. [863]

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[861] The old witch refuses to enter into a controversy on so delicate a subject, but tells her that young and beautiful though she be, a time will come when her beauty too will fade away and wither—mortalia cuncta peribunt!

[862] The conductor admonishes his band to keep time and not to be confused by the presence of the younger witch.

[863] In the weathercocks turning from side to side we find represented that school of undecided critics who seem unable to

Xenien.

Als Insekten sind wir da,
Mit kleinen scharfen Scheeren,
Satan, unsern Herrn Papa,
Nach Würden zu verehren.[861]

Hennings.

Seht! wie sie in gedrängter Schaar
Naiv zusammen scherzen!
Am Ende sagen sie noch gar
Sie hätten gute Herzen.

Musaget.

Ich mag in diesem Hexenheer
Mich gar zu gern verlieren;
Denn freilich diese wüßt' ich eh'r,
Als Musen anzuführen.

Ci-devant Genius der Zeit.

Mit rechten Leuten wird man was.

---

make up their mind whether greater influence should be assigned to nature or to art, and who are consequently apt to turn from an unbounded worship of nature to a false, superficial morality. Goethe is again alluding to the Counts Stollberg (two brothers), who were renowned in their youth for their gross disregard for decency and who in after life became the greatest enthusiasts in religion.

[864] Xenien (Greek *χένοιν*) were called those presents which the Greeks were in the habit of making to their visitors and guests. The Roman epigrammatist, Martial, was the first to employ this word as a title for the sarcastic little couplets, which form the XIIIth Book of his epigrams, and which he dedicated to his friends and patrons. Under the same title there appeared in Schiller's renowned „Musenalmanach für 1797" above 400 distichs referring to the literary condition of Germany. The authors of these, Goethe and Schiller, had one common aim, viz. to correct by well-directed satire and plain-spoken truth the coarse tendency in German literature. The Xenien caused great sensation throughout the literary world, and on account of their cutting irony are here defined as the children of Satan.

Komm, faſſe meinen Zipfel!
Der Blocksberg, wie der deutſche Parnaß,
Hat gar einen breiten Gipfel. [865]

Neugieriger Reiſender.

Sagt wie heißt der ſteife Mann?
Er geht mit ſtolzen Schritten;
Er ſchnobert was er ſchnobern kann.
„Er ſpürt nach Jeſuiten." [866]

Kranich.

In dem Klaren mag ich gern
Und auch im Trüben fiſchen;
Darum ſeht ihr den frommen Herrn
Sich auch mit Teufeln miſchen. [867]

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[865] Hennings appears three several times; once in his own name, and then as "Musaget*" and "Ci-devant genius of the age," the titles of two newspapers edited by him. He set himself up as supreme judge in criticism, but displayed such partiality and party spirit by favouring those who flattered him, and condemning his antagonists without any regard for their real merits, that Goethe makes him here assert, that he is an abler leader of witches than of muses.

[866] In the curious traveller we again recognize Nicolai, though now as the antagonist of Lavater, whom he had accused of Roman Catholicism and Jesuitism.

On ſchnoppern see Note 176.

[867] By the Crane Lavater is to be understood, as Goethe himself writing to Eckermann says: "His (Lavater's) gait was that

* We may refer the reader to a beautitul poem by Goethe under the title „Muſageten" in his collection of poems, headed „Vermiſchte Gedichte," comparing the „Muſageten" with busy early flies—thanking them ironically that they wake him, and make him run into the nearest beech-grove to save himself from their impudence:

Und den leidigen Inſekten
Dank' ich manche goldne Stunde,
Seyd mir doch, ihr Unbequemen,
Von dem Dichter hochgeprieſen
Als die wahren Muſageten.

Weltkind.

Ja für die Frommen, glaubet mir,
Ist alles ein Vehikel;
Sie bilden auf dem Blocksberg hier
Gar manches Conventikel. [868]

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of a crane, for which reason he has to appear on the Blocksberg as a crane." Lavater, certainly one of the most remarkable men of his age, was born at Zürich, November 15th, 1741. In his early youth he was distinguished for a devotion to God and religion most unusual at his age; but it was as a lyric poet that he first drew the public attention on himself by a collection of poems entiled, „Schweizer Lieder" (1767.) A keen observation, a gift which he enjoyed from childhood, and his consequent knowledge of men, enabled him to form a true sketch of any one's nature and character simply from his outward appearance, and so skilful did he become in this that he soon convinced himself that the physiognomy is nothing but an outward delineation of the inward character. This theory he attempted in his later writings to form into a regular and scientific system. So much mysticism, however, was mixed up with his doctrine that he met with a violent opposition from all sides, and at last he himself began to doubt in the truth of his system. Goethe was once a great admirer of Lavater: he said of him after a visit to Zürich (1799): „Die Trefflichkeit dieses Menschen spricht kein Mund aus; wenn durch Abwesenheit sich die Idee von ihm verschwächt hat, wird man auf's neue von seinem Wesen überrascht. Er ist der Beste, Größte, Weiseste, Jüngste aller sterblichen und unsterblichen Menschen, die ich kenne." But when Lavater assumed the part of a prophet and set himself up as an unquestionable authority in matters of faith, attacking with the greatest intolerance all those who were not of his own religious opinions, and when he compromised himself in defending an impostor like Cagliostro, he provoked both the disgust and the opposition of Goethe, who was unable to bear such narrow-mindedness and partiality; and hence we find the scholar and quondam-friend ranked among the evil spirits and witches on the Blocksberg, and ridiculed for his intolerance, presumption, and superstitious belief in visions and supernatural appearances.

[868] In the child of the world we probably see the poet himself as he once contrasted himself with Lavater and Basedow.

Tänzer.

Da kommt ja wohl ein neues Chor?
Ich höre ferne Trommeln.
„Nur ungestört! Es sind im Rohr
Die unisonen Dommeln.“ [879]

Tanzmeister.

Wie jeder doch die Beine lupft,
Sich wie er kann herauszieht!
Der Krumme springt, der Plumpe hupft
Und fragt nicht wie es aussieht. [880]

„Prophete rechts, Prophete links,
Das Weltkind in der Mitten.“

The child of the world laughs at the assumed infallibility of the crane, thus indicating that what passes with the world as piety is too often mixed with worldly purposes. Goethe in his „Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilern“ makes the following analogous remark against intolerance, party-spirit and proselytism in matters of faith:

„Ich gehe aber im Land auf und nieder,
Kaper*) immer neue Schwestern neue Brüder
Und gläubige†) sie all zusammen
Mit Hämmleins-Lämmleins-Liebesflammen.

[869] A whole crowd of philosophers now appears. The title „Tänzer“ does not mean that only one dancer speaks, but the epigram is a description of the appearing dancers. With respect to the word Chor, see Note 450. Rohrdommeln, bittern; the monotonous bittern. Alluding to the noisy and hackneyed disputes between the different schools of philosophy, which he says, might resemble the din of battle when at a distance, but when near were more like the monotonous chattering of the bittern.

[870] The dancing master sneers at everyone of them; he laughs at their awkward attitudes and clumsy antics (gambols,) wondering all the while at the philosopher's conceit, which is above caring for appearances.

* To seize by force and stratagem.

† Gläubige turn them into believers; the adjective is used here as a verb.

Fidler.

Das haßt ſich ſchwer das Lumpenpack
Und gäb' ſich gern das Neſtchen;
Es eint ſie hier der Dudelſack,
Wie Orpheus' Leier die Beſtien. [871]

Dogmatiker.

Ich laſſe mich nicht irre ſchrein,
Nicht durch Kritik noch Zweifel.
Der Teufel muß doch etwas ſeyn,
Wie gäb's denn ſonſt auch Teufel? [872]

Lupft from lüpfen, to lift, and hupft from hüpfen, to jump; verbs which are no longer used with the unmodified u.

[871] The fiddler represents the independent man, who with his own free and clear conceptions looks upon the quarrels, dissension and deadly hatred of these scholastics with unimpassioned eyes of a wise man. His satire is very striking. These philosophers, he says, remind him of the lyre of Orpheus whose strains the wildest beasts of the forests would hasten to hear, for they are contented to assemble on the Blocksberg at the sounds of a bagpipe.

[872] Dogmatism in its strict philosophical sense, is that method of reasoning, which deduces special conclusions from certain established general principles or axioms, which latter are accepted and granted without proof. Mathematic is the essence of dogmatism. As this synthetic method is only practicable when we are perfectly sure that our first principles are indisputable laws, and as in philosophy such principles are impossible, the name dogmatism was given especially to such a method as built up a system upon principles, the truth of which was taken for granted without sufficient or perhaps without any proof. Kant however, goes beyond, and defines dogmatism "as any doctrine which allows the possibility of a systematic cognition of the nature of things." To this dogmatism is opposed on the one side scepticism, which denies the possibility of such a systematic knowledge of general truth, and therefore rejects the possibility of *any* philosophical system; and on the other side criticism, which, according to Kant, proceeds to a systematic theory of

Idealist.

Die Phantasie in meinem Sinn
Ist dießmal gar zu herrisch:
Fürwahr, wenn ich das alles bin,
So bin ich heute närrisch. [873]

Realist.

Das Wesen ist mir recht zur Qual
Und muß mich baß verdrießen;
Ich stehe hier zum erstenmal
Nicht fest auf meinen Füßen. [874]

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knowledge by an examination of the powers of our faculties and intellect; this examination shows, he maintains, that we are able to recognize objects only as they appear and not as they really are; our knowledge therefore has only subjective cogency of evidence, and will never enable us to fathom with certainty the real nature of things.

[873] Idealism was brought to its highest perfection by Fichte, though Bishop Berkeley must be regarded as the real author of it, as he was the first to attempt to prove, for the sake of exposing the sophistry of materialism, that extension and figure, hardness and softness, and all other sensible qualities are mere ideas of the mind, which cannot possibly exist in an insentient substance; a theory which, it has been justly remarked, tends to unhinge the whole frame of human understanding, by shaking our confidence in those principles of belief which form an essential part of its constitution. In Fichte the idealism appears in its most exalted form, for regardless of nature, he accepts our pure subjectivity as the only truth; asserting that all appearances of the outward world are nothing but mere creations of our mental perceptions. The spirit of this philosophical system consists in a reduction of everything to the "Ego," which is thus made the origine of all existing matter: and it is this tendency, this "I-am-I-philosophy" that Goethe now ridicules with the same power of mind with which he attacks the dry dogmatist in the above lines.

[874] Opposed to the Idealist is the Realist, who accepts that things actually and really exist quite independently of our conceptions, and that all our knowledge depends entirely on the reality and

Supernaturaliſt.

Mit viel Vergnügen bin ich da,
Und freue mich mit dieſen;
Denn von den Teufeln kann ich ja
Auf gute Geiſter ſchließen. [875]

Skeptiker.

Sie gehn den Flämmchen auf der Spur,
Und glaub'n ſich nah dem Schatze.
Auf Teufel reimt der Zweifel nur;
Da bin ich recht am Platze. [876]

Capellmeiſter.

Froſch im Laub und Grill' im Gras,
Verfluchte Dilettanten!
Fliegenſchnauz' und Mückennaſ'
Ihr ſeyd doch Muſikanten! [877]

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actual existence of matter. Goethe shows us the Idealist refuted on the Blocksberg by his own system, for if all he sees around him be "Ego" he owns he must be mad. The Realist on the contrary feels himself equally in a dilemma; his reason tells him there are things around him which are not material, yet in spite of his firm and solid matter he feels the ground shaking under his feet.

The word „daß" in the second line is equivalent to „gar ſehr."

[875] The supernaturalist confesses himself delighted with such company, as the existence of evil spirits convinces him of the reality of his own benevolent phantoms.

[876] The sceptic compares the supernaturalist to a man digging for hidden treasures, as he often thinks himself nearest to truth when really he is the farthest from it. By introducing the word „Zweifel" (doubt) the only rhyme to „Teufel" the sceptic acknowledges that it is this diabolical element in which he feels himself most at home.

[877] The conductor is in a rage because his band loses time in consequence of the confusion caused by quarrelling philosophers. Goethe, in ridiculing the different philosophical systems, does not wish to condemn all philosophical research, but insinuates that even in this science the practical should take the lead of the theoretical.

Die Gewandten.

Sanssouci so heißt das Heer
Von lustigen Geschöpfen;
Auf den Füßen geht's nicht mehr,
Drum gehn wir auf den Köpfen. [878]

Die Unbehülflichen.

Sonst haben wir manchen Bissen erschranzt,
Nun aber Gott befohlen!
Unsere Schuhe sind durchgetanzt,
Wir laufen auf nackten Sohlen. [879]

Irrlichter.

Von dem Sumpfe kommen wir,
Woraus wir erst erstanden;
Doch sind wir gleich im Reihen hier
Die glänzenden Galanten. [880]

Sternschnuppe.

Aus der Höhe schoß ich her

We may refer here to Goethe's remark in his aphorisms on Natural Philosophy: „Die Wissenschaft wird dadurch sehr zurückgehalten, daß man sich abgibt mit dem, was nicht wissenswerth, und mit dem, was nicht wißbar ist."

[878] After the philosophers come the politicians in spectral procession. The diplomatists whirl on, dancing as it were on their heads; alluding to the headlong recklessness of their class of men, who will bend, bow, scrape and smile for the sake of popularity and power.

[879] In this helpless and clumsy crowd we find personified the thousands of idlers who had been at one time allowed to bask in the sunshine, to monopolize court favour, but have now lost their places and themselves miserable for having been taken out of their element (flattery and idleness.)

[880] In the Wildfire we see the parvenu, who having risen by means of a revolution to the highest dignities, forgets all his old democratical tendencies and becomes the most flattering of gallants, one of the humblest of courtiers and the most obliging of servants.

Im Stern- und Feuerſcheine,
Liege nun im Graſe quer,
Wer hilft mir auf die Beine? [881]

Die Maſſiven.

Platz und Platz! und ringsherum!
So gehn die Gräschen nieder,
Geiſter kommen, Geiſter auch
Sie haben plumpe Glieder. [882]

Puck.

Tretet nicht ſo maſtig auf,
Wie Elephantenkälber,
Und der Plumſt' an dieſem Tag
Sey Puck der derbe ſelber! [883]

Ariel.

Gab die liebende Natur,
Gab der Geiſt euch Flügel,

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[881] As the exact opposite of the Wildfire we find in the Falling Star one of those helpless creatures who have been placed by chance of birth, without any merits of their own, amongst the highest dignitaries of a state; but thrown upon the world at large by a change of circumstances have found themselves useless members of society. Goethe aims at those grand titled counts, barons, chevaliers, who after the French revolution crowded into Germany.

[882] The "solid ones" represent that sturdy but unfortunate destructive element of revolutionists, who, regardless of everything in their way, plod on towards their aim; — they have good tendencies but their limbs are so heavy and unwieldy that they often destroy and ruin everything in their course.

[883] Puck admonishes the procession of ghosts and airy phantoms to be gentle. Maſtig from maſten, fattened; hence heavy, thick. Puck (see Note 846) wishes himself to be the clumsy elf, that is one who is allowed to act in the least elfish way; the others he wishes to act in accordance with the general belief that wherever elfs danced, grass and flowers bloomed brighter the next day.

Folget meiner Mächten Spur,
Auf zum Rosenhügel! [884]

Orchester.
Pianissimo.

Wolkenzug und Nebelflor
Erhellen sich von oben.
Luft im Laub und Wind im Rohr,
Und alles ist zerstoben. [885]

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[884] Ariel, still airier than Puck, orders the whole chorus to withdraw to a hill of roses, the usual seat of elfs.

[885] The orchestra which begun fortissimo to announce the coming revelry — leaves off pianissimo— as if tired of so much nonsense. Philosophers, politicians, satire, irony, elfs and sprites, spectres and phantoms, vanish as the music dies gradually away.

Trüber Tag.[836]

Feld.

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.

Im Elend! Verzweifelnd! Erbärmlich auf der Erde lange verirrt und nun gefangen! Als Miſſethäterin im Kerker zu

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[836] In the „Paralipomena zu Fauſt," Goethe has given us a few interesting glimpses at the mode in which he intended to represent the evil spirit in all his infernal glory on the Blocksberg: and it is a matter of deep regret that of this intention we possess only these few bold touches, which merely serve to shew the gigantic ideas and wonderful descriptive power which the poet could have brought to bear on this dramatical picture of Satan's dealings with crime. The outward scenery of the higher regions is thus described: "Desolation and solitude. Flourish of trumpets. Thunder and lightning from on high. Smoke and jets of fire. Projecting rock. 'Tis Satan. Great crowd all around. Delay. The very thought confusion. Screaming. Song. They (probably Faust and Mephisto,) stand nearest in the centre. The heat scarcely endurable. Those next in the circle. Satan's speech. Presentation. Investiture. Midnight. The scene fades away. Volcano. Disorderly dispersion. Eruption and storm." What a field for an imagination such as Goethe possessed! On the Brocken we should have beheld Satan seated on a throne; according to the old superstitions he used to appear on such occasions in the form of a goat with a black human face enthroned in solemn silence on a lofty seat or on the middle of a stone table, while around him crowded all the adversaries of reason, virtue and love. We should have seen him distributing rewards to his faithful followers. Unlike Milton, who surrounded his Satan with the gorgeous wealth, the pearls and gold of the east, Goethe makes his appear in the midst of desolation and solitude, confusion and screams—the natural fruits of his kingdom. In this scene all and everything would with Goethe have been figurative

entſetzlichen Qualen eingeſperrt, das holde, unſelige Geſchöpf!

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and symbolical of the effects of Satan's dominion, as we may conclude from the following lines uttered by one of the voices:

„Ich ſtehe von ferne
Und ſpitze die Ohren,
Doch hab' ich ſchon manches
Der Worte verloren.
Wer ſagt mir es deutlich,
Wer zeigt mir die Spur
Des vorigen Lebens,
Der tiefſten Natur!"

In this spectre we find the same insatiable thirst after the secrets of nature which drove Faust into the arms of Satan. By the hypocritical democrat, who next appears to pay his humble respects to his infernal majesty, the principle of destruction is symbolically represented as highly agreeable to Satan, who, delighted at the meanness of his democratical flatterer, cries out in rapture:

„Vaſall, du biſt erprobt!
Hierdurch beleih' ich dich mit Millionen Seelen;
Und wer des Teufels — ſo gut wie du gelobt,
Dem ſoll es nie an Schmeichelphraſen fehlen."

Goethe's object in introducing this character was to show how easy it is to mislead and to seduce the short-sighted masses who are only too ready to believe in the pompous phrases of those, who, like this democrat, try to excite their passions for the attainment of some selfish object.

In other parts of the Brocken called by the poet „Tiefere Region" we should have witnessed one of those awful executions which were the offspring of a diabolical misinterpretation of the holiest doctrine of Christianity. The words of our Saviour, who came into this world "not to judge but to save," have been turned by those who professed to be the arch-keepers of his precepts into so many death-warrants against men whose only wish was to put in practice that love and forbearance, that toleration and self-denial, which form the very essence of Christianity. The word „die grau und ſchwarze Brüderſchaft" refer to those blood-thirsty monks—"wolves in sheep's clothing," who chanted "Hosannas" during the dying agonies of a victim, sacrificed to their Christian love. Goethe says of them:

„Was deut't auf Blut iſt uns genehm,
Was Blut vergießt iſt uns bequem.

Bis dahin! dahin! — Verrätherischer, nichtswürdiger Geist,

Um Gut und Blut umkreist den Reih'n,
In Gluth soll Gut vergossen sein."

and to enhance this description of them he adds:

„Ein Blutquell rieselt nie allein,
Es laufen andre Bächlein drein;
Sie wälzen sich von Ort zu Ort,
Es reißt der Strom die Ströme fort."

When we notice in Dante's "Inferno" a striking resemblance to the ancient Greek Mythology, and recognise Charon and Minos, Plutus and Cerberus in spite of the garb of medieval Christianity in which they are clothed; when we find that Virgil is Dante's leader through Hell and Cato his guide through Purgatory, even if we accept Virgil as the symbolical representative of pure human reason unaided by the knowledge of the true God; or again take Cato as the personification of *stoic virtue* ending in suicide because left without the true light which cometh from above; still in all this we see only allegorical allusions to particular individuals. It is not so however in Goethe's writings; there everything, even the minutest details of each dramatic character, represent some *general* truth: whole centuries with their ignorance, superstitious and philosophical systems; generations, and even classes with their peculiarities and prejudices are, each and all, personified and brought vividly before us. Both in, Dante and Milton demons as well as angels are of a very equivocal nature without any well-defined character. Milton's Satan with his indomitable pride, and haughty challenge to the Almighty, surpasses everything of this description in poetry. No less grand is Dante in his "esthetically hideous demons" as Mr. Rosenkranz styles them. "But though there is a peculiar grandeur in the ungovernable fury of Dante's fiends, the deaf, blind, unspeakable rage, fierce as the lightning, but erring from its mark or turning senseless against itself, and still further debased by foulness of form and action" (see Ruskin's "Stones of Venice,") there is nowhere in all these conceptions that lifelike reality which makes Goethe's creations so dear to us, and in which lies the greatest charm of his immortal compositions. It is this strict adherence to nature which surprises us everywhere, even in his mysterious allegories, in the treatment of his very phantoms and ghosts, and perhaps most strikingly in the characters of Margaret and Faust.

und das hast du mir verheimlicht![887] — Steh' nur, steh'! Wälze die teuflischen Augen ingrimmend im Kopf herum! Steh und trutze mir durch deine unerträgliche Gegenwart! Gefangen! Im unwiederbringlichen Elend! Bösen Geistern übergeben und der richtenden gefühllosen Menschheit! Und mich wiegst du indeß in abgeschmackten Zerstreuungen, verbirgst mir ihren wachsenden Jammer, und lässest sie hülflos verderben![888]

Mephistopheles.

Sie ist die erste nicht.[889]

Faust.

Hund! abscheuliches Unthier! — Wandle ihn, du unendlicher Geist! wandle den Wurm wieder in seine Hundsgestalt, wie er sich oft nächtlicher Weise gefiel, vor mir herzutrotten, dem harmlosen Wanderer vor die Füße zu kollern und sich dem niederstürzenden auf die Schultern zu hängen! Wandl' ihn wieder in seine Lieblingsbildung, daß er vor mir im Sand auf

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[887] We meet our hero again on a gloomy day on a desolate or open plain. The grief to which he now gives vent accords well with the state of mind into which he has just been thrown by the news of poor Margaret's fate. This short scene is the only one written in prose, for the introduction of which into dramatic poetry we are principally indebted to Shakespeare. The free, unfettered flow of prose is here certainly more in harmony with Faust's broken spirit than verse—Faust's soul is racked with conflicting emotions which create in it one great discord; his brain still reels with the wild scenes of the preceding night, and his heart, conscious of guilt, still harbours some love for the victim of a moment's lust; such recollections, such feelings of remorse and grief, could ill brook the restraints of rhyme and metre.

[888] He reproaches the evil spirit for what he himself has done. It is one of the foibles of our nature to charge others with crimes of which we ourselves are guilty

[889] What a fiendlike consolation! „Sie ist die erste nicht!"—does not refer to Faust, but is only a general assertion that crimes of this sort have been frequently committed.

dem Bauch krieche, ich ihn mit Füßen trete, den Verworfnen! [890] — Die erste nicht! — Jammer! Jammer! von keiner Menschenseele zu fassen, daß mehr als ein Geschöpf in die Tiefe dieses Elendes versank, daß nicht das erste genug that für die Schuld aller übrigen, in seiner windenden Todesnoth vor den Augen des ewig Verzeihenden! Mir wühlt es Mark und Leben durch, das Elend dieser einzigen, du grinsest gelassen über das Schicksal von Tausenden hin! [891]

Mephistopheles.

Nun sind wir schon wieder an der Grenze unseres Witzes, da wo euch Menschen der Sinn überschnappt. Warum machst du Gemeinschaft mit uns, wenn du sie nicht durchführen kannst? Willst fliegen und bist vorm Schwindel nicht sicher? Drangen wir uns dir auf, oder du dich uns?

Faust.

Fletsche deine gefräßigen Zähne mir nicht so entgegen! Mir ekelt's! [893] — Großer, herrlicher Geist, der du mir zu erscheinen würdigtest, der du mein Herz kennest und meine Seele,

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[890] Addressing the spirit of earth—praying him to change the evil spirit into a dog and to make him creep before him in the dust; it seems as if Goethe had tried to unite in the fiend the attributes both of the dog and the serpent.

[891] I am overwhelmed by rage and despair at the misery of this simple creature, and thou art coldly grinning over the fate of thousands!

[892] Every man who gives himself up to the evil spirit, and under his guidance treads the paths of crime, seems at certain moments surprised and horrified at the terrors which in consequence surround him; this feeling is generally augmented by that bitterest of all reflections, that the misery is self-imposed. The sooner therefore we master any bad habit or inclination, the better shall we be able to resist the devil in the hour of temptation.

[893] „Gefräßige Zähne." An allegorical allusion to the fiend's insatiable voracity in matters of evil.

warum an den Schandgesellen mich schmieden, der sich am Schaden weidet und an Verderben sich letzt? [894]

Mephistopheles.

Endigst du?

Faust.

Rette sie! oder weh dir! Den gräßlichsten Fluch über dich auf Jahrtausende!

Mephistopheles.

Ich kann die Bande des Rächers nicht lösen, seine Riegel nicht öffnen. — Rette sie! — Wer war's, der sie ins Verderben stürzte? Ich oder du? [895]

Faust blickt wild umher.

Greifst du nach dem Donner? Wohl, daß er euch elenden Sterblichen nicht gegeben ward! Den unschuldig Entgegnenden zu zerschmettern, das ist so Tyrannenart, sich in Verlegenheiten Luft zu machen. [896]

Faust.

Bringe mich hin! Sie soll frei seyn

Mephistopheles.

Und die Gefahr, der du dich aussetzest? Wisse, noch liegt

---

[894] Faust at once becomes conscious of the fiendish destructiveness of Satan's nature.

[895] The devil by his cold reproaches seems to enjoy Faust's useless storming and rage. Again he answers with that annihilating question: "Who gave her up to destruction? I or thou?" — Why should he be asked so imperiously to save that guilty and condemned girl, who is now suffering in a dungeon for the murder of her mother and child; what has he to do with all that?

[896] Faust, struck by the truth of this reasoning, though still conscious that it was the evil spirit who excited his passions, and that therefore the greater share in the crime is to be attributed to him, can only gaze wildly around him in silence. Mephisto on the other hand amuses himself with some general reflections on the tyranny of human nature, which in order to get out of any difficulty is always willing to destroy the pure and innocent.

auf der Stadt Blutschuld von deiner Hand. Ueber des Erschlagenen Stätte schweben rächende Geister und lauern auf den wiederkehrenden Mörder.[897]

Faust.

Noch das von dir? Mord und Tod einer Welt über dich Ungeheuer! Führe mich hin, sag' ich, und befrei' sie!

Mephistopheles.

Ich führe dich, und was ich thun kann, höre! Habe ich alle Macht im Himmel und auf Erden? Des Thürners Sinn will ich umnebeln; bemächtige dich der Schlüssel, und führe sie heraus mit Menschenhand! Ich wache! die Zauberpferde sind bereit, ich entführe euch. Das vermag ich.[898]

Faust.

Auf und davon!

Nacht.

Offen Feld.

Faust, Mephistopheles auf schwarzen Pferden daher brausend.

Faust.

Was weben die dort um den Rabenstein?

Mephistopheles.

Weiß nicht was sie kochen und schaffen.

---

[897] "The avenging spirits" refer to the servants of justice, who are still on the watch for Valentine's murderer.

[898] By proposing a new crime—the murder of the gaoler. Mephistopheles at last consents to give his help! We must not forget that though Faust and Mephisto are two distinct and separate dramatic persons, they represent one single being—that is the two natures of one individual man, and therefore whenever we hear Mephisto speaking it is only Faust's own rebellious nature urging his on. Herein lies the great symbolical secret of this poetical conception.

Thürner stands for Thürmer; as Thurn is also used instead of Thurm. Thürner means gaoler; for the prison, which was generally a round tower-like building, was called der Thurn.

Fauſt.

Schweben auf, ſchweben ab, neigen ſich, beugen ſich.

Mephiſtopheles.

Eine Hexenzunft.

Fauſt.

Sie ſtreuen und weihen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Vorbei! vorbei! [899]

---

[899] In the silence of night on black enchanted horses we see Faust and Mephisto hastening on past the place of execution. The places called „Rabenſteine" (the Raven's stone) were round tower-like buildings on which convicts were executed by the sword, a privilege which women shared with the nobility, citizens and peasants having to undergo the more ignominious death on the gallows. The gallows stood generally close by the Rabenſteine, and German superstition surrounded both places with innumerable spectres and apparitions. It was under the gallows that the enchanting "Alraune" grew. The "Alraune" was originally a female ghost endued with prophectic power; but the name was afterwards given to a root generally found growing under the gallows, from which little house-spirits were prepared; these were able, it was supposed, to foretell future events, and always spread riches and happiness around them. (See Grimm.)

Here, too, at midnight witches were believed to assemble, as also the ghosts of those who had met their death on this ill-fated spot. The witches seen by Faust, whom the devil intentionally leads close by the gallows, seem to be cooking and broiling something. When Faust exclaims: „Sie ſtreuen und weihen," he seems to refer not so much to the old superstition that witches could create thunder and storm by scattering the dust of corpses into the air, as to the concoction of some such infernal broth as that which Shakespeare most minutely describes in his Macbeth

In the poison'd entrails throw
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
.....
Fillet of a fenny snake,
.....
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Kerker.[900]

Faust.

(mit einem Bund Schlüssel und einer Lampe, vor einem eisernen Thürchen.)

Mich faßt ein längst entwohnter Schauer,
Der Menschheit ganzer Jammer faßt mich an.
Hier wohnt sie hinter dieser feuchten Mauer,
Und ihr Verbrechen war ein guter Wahn!
Du zauderst zu ihr zu gehen!
Du fürchtest sie wiederzusehen!
Fort! dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran.

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
.....
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
.....
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Such were the ingredients in which the dark superstition of the Middle Ages seemed able to bestow supernatural power!

The sight of the place of execution excites in Faust's breast the most painful emotions, as he pictures to himself the youthful Margaret ending her short life by the hand of the executioner; the similar forebodings thrilled through his heart called up by the vision on the Blocksberg (See Note 839.)

[900] This last scene of the first part is certainly the most perfect, impressive, and finished that Goethe ever wrote; we must look upon it as the acme of tragical conception and achievement. Düntzer says of it: "The problem which the poet undertook has been "most admirably solved. This was nothing less than to represent "in the midst of her terrifying torments the crushed mind of one, "who has murdered a mother and a child: to depict that calm

Er ergreift das Schloß. Es singt inwendig. [901]
Meine Mutter, die —,
Die mich umgebracht hat!
Mein Vater, der Schelm,
Der mich gessen hat!
Mein Schwesterlein klein
Hub auf die Bein'
An einem kühlen Ort;
Da ward ich ein schönes Waldvöglein;
Fliege fort, fliege fort!

"moral purity of mind, scarcely even for a moment disturbed, "freeing and ennobling itself by feelings of the most heartfelt "repentance in spite of the overhanging clouds that threaten to "confound all her senses." How sad must it be for one so young to part with life! Hard must be the bloody separation from one infinitely and eternally beloved! Terrible the visions of her guilt, that are ever recurring to her mind! But mightier than all the horrors, there glows in her heart a pious faith in God, a pure heavenly love, that bears her victoriously through all her trials. In the gentle, weak, yet purified soul of the loving girl as contrasted with her faded and tortured body, we see represented the close combat between what is immortal in us and what is mere dust and ashes. In Faust this combat ends in sensualism, submission to the body; in Margaret this very sensualism leads the soul to the source of light and purity.

[901] This slight allusion to the scenery by which the stage is supposed to be so divided as to enable us to see at once the interior of the dungeon and the entrance hall without, has given an ample opportunity to the speculative minds of some commentators for exhibiting their ingenuity. Some pretend that this „Es singt inwendig" refers to the secret voice of conscience in Margaret's bosom; others explain it to be the song of a little bird into which her murdered child has been transformed, and that she herself screams out — „fliege fort, fliege fort!" The song itself is a strophe of a nursery ballad well-known throughout Germany under the title „das Mährchen von Wachholder (Machandelboom)," in which a wicked stepmother kills a child and dishes it up for the father, who, suspecting nothing, eats it and throws the bones under

Faust (aufschließend).
Sie ahnet nicht, daß der Geliebte lauscht,
Die Ketten klirren hört, das Stroh das rauscht.
Er tritt ein.
Margarete (sich auf dem Lager verbergend).
Weh! Weh! Sie kommen. Bittrer Tod!
Faust (leise).
Still! Still! ich komme dich zu befreien.
Margarete (sich vor ihn hinwälzend).
Bist du ein Mensch, so fühle meine Noth.
Faust.
Du wirst die Wächter aus dem Schlafe schreien!
Er faßt die Ketten, sie aufzuschließen.
Margarete (auf den Knieen).
Wer hat dir Henker diese Macht
Ueber mich gegeben!
Du holst mich schon um Mitternacht.
Erbarme dich und laß mich leben!

---

the table. These the little sister collects in a silk handkerchief and buries them under a juniper-tree. The tree shakes, and out flies the little murdered boy in the form of a bird, alluding to the common superstition that the soul flies up to heaven like a winged bird. (See Grimm, page 778.) The bird sings a sweet song, and when the stepmother approaches, drops a stone upon her, which kills her. Goethe's song is an adaptation of the words sung by the bird, and which we give in their original form:

Meine Mutter, die mich schlacht,
Mein Vater, der mich aß,
Mein Schwester, der Marlenichen,
Sucht alle meine Beinichen
Und bind't sie in ein seiden Tuch,
Legt's unter den Machandelboom.
Kywitt! Kywitt!
Wat vör'n schöön Vogel bün ick!

Nothing could be more natural than that Margaret in der desolate position should remember one of the rhymes of her childhood, and one which in its awful simplicity bore so striking

Ist's morgen früh nicht zeitig genung? [902]
Sie steht auf.
Bin ich doch noch so jung, so jung!
Und soll schon sterben!
Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben.
Nah war der Freund, nun ist er weit;
Zerrissen liegt der Kranz, die Blumen zerstreut.
Fasse mich nicht so gewaltsam an!
Schone mich! Was hab' ich dir gethan?
Laß mich nicht vergebens flehen,
Hab' ich dich doch mein Tag nicht gesehen! [903]

Faust.

Werd' ich den Jammer überstehen!

Margarete.

Ich bin nun ganz in deiner Macht.
Laß mich nur erst das Kind noch tränken.
Ich herzt' es diese ganze Nacht;
Sie nahmen mir's um mich zu kränken,

---

an analogy to her own case; at the same time she reveals the full consciousness of her guilt. It is a mistake to suppose that the poet intended to show us Margaret reduced by her grief to a totally idiotic, unconscious state of mind, as Shakespeare has treated Ophelia. No! Margaret is perfectly sane. Anticipations of a dreadful death, despair, remorse, and repentance, all, the horrors of a guilty conscience harrow her heart. This may *seem* madness, but it is reality—reality in its truest, most faithful and most natural shape. It is that eternal justice which often concentrates the terrors of an eternity into a few moments, in order to save eventually a repentant soul, which overwhelms Margaret with all its awe! The sufferings of such a soul in such a moment must be terrible indeed, but justice, dramatical no less than moral, requires this.

[902] Prostrated by fright at the thought that it is the executioner who is entering her dungeon she is unable to recognise Faust.

[903] Mein Tage, instead of meine Tage, in the sense "in my life," in meinem Leben.

Und sagen nun, ich hätt' es umgebracht.[904]
Und niemals werd' ich wieder froh.
Sie singen Lieder auf mich! es ist bös von den Leuten!
Ein altes Mährchen endigt so,
Wer heißt sie's deuten?[905]

Faust (wirft sich nieder).

Ein Liebender liegt dir zu Füßen
Die Jammerknechtschaft aufzuschließen.[906]

Margarete (wirft sich zu ihm).

O laß uns knien die Heil'gen anzurufen!
Sieh! unter diesen Stufen,
Unter der Schwelle
Siedet die Hölle!
Der Böse,
Mit furchtbarem Grimme,
Macht ein Getöse![907]

Faust (laut).

Gretchen! Gretchen![908]

---

[904] This is the only delusion under which she labours. The crime she has committed appears to her from its very enormity so much like a dream that she looks upon it as a false accusation, she thinks that others have separated her from her child at the moment when she was about to nurse it. Although she has actually murdered her child, the possibility of her having done so never enters her mind.

[905] Referring to the nursery tale mentioned note 903. According to other commentators it may be a bitter allusion to the custom of ballad-singing about the life and execution of every condemned criminal.

[906] Faust in order to arouse her from her delusion throws himself at her feet declaring that he is her old lover.

[907] The torturing pangs of conscience disclose to her horrified imagination, beneath the steps at the very threshold of her dungeon, the flames of hell and the evil one in all his rage and fury.

[908] From the brink of that hell she hears Faust's voice

Margarete (aufmerksam).

Das war des Freundes Stimme!

Sie springt auf; die Ketten fallen ab.

Wo ist er? Ich hab' ihn rufen hören.
Ich bin frei! mir soll niemand wehren.
An seinen Hals will ich fliegen,
An seinem Busen liegen!
Er rief Gretchen! er stand auf der Schwelle.
Mitten durchs Heulen und Klappen der Hölle,
Durch den grimmigen, teuflischen Hohn,
Erkannt' ich den süßen, den liebenden Ton. [909]

Faust.

Ich bin's!

Margarete.

Du bist's! O, sag' es noch einmal!

Ihn fassend.

Er ist's! Er ist's! Wohin ist alle Qual?
Wohin die Angst des Kerkers? der Ketten?
Du bist's! Kommst mich zu retten!
Ich bin gerettet! —
Schon ist die Straße wieder da,
Auf der ich dich zum erstenmale sah.
Und der heitere Garten,
Wo ich und Martha deiner warten. [910]

---

recalling her to a new life. It is the voice of love: the endearing diminutive of her name restores her to reality.

[909] She has recognised him. "It was the voice of a friend!" In feverish excitement she throws herself into his arms, she hangs upon his neck; through all the howls and shrieks of hell, through all its devilish mockery she hears the sweet and well-known voice of love!

[910] The whole charming dream of by-gone days of love passes through her soul.

Faust (fortstrebend).

Komm mit! Komm mit![911]

Margarete.

O weile!

Weil' ich doch so gern, wo du weilest.[912]

Liebkosend.

Faust.

Eile!
Wenn du nicht eilest,
Werden wir's theuer büßen müssen.[913]

Margarete.

Wie? du kannst nicht mehr küssen?
Mein Freund, so kurz von mir entfernt,
Und hast's Küssen verlernt?
Warum wird mir an deinem Halse so bang?
Wenn sonst von deinen Worten, deinen Blicken
Ein ganzer Himmel mich überdrang,
Und du mich küßtest als wolltest du mich ersticken —!
Küsse mich!
Sonst küss' ich dich![914]

Sie umfaßt ihn.

O weh! deine Lippen sind kalt,
Sind stumm.

---

[911] Faust, fully aware of their critical situation, presses her to come away.

[912] It is with all the fervour of real love, rendered only the more powerful by her many sufferings, that Margaret bids him stay; "she likes to stay wherever he stays!"

[913] Faust, overwhelmed by feelings of wretchedness and self-reproach at having blighted the happiness of so sweet a being, is unable to return her caresses, but urges her again to fly.

[914] This outburst of love, in which death-warrant, executioner, eternity, Satan, and hell itself, are all forgotten the chilling sense of disappointment which she feels at her lover's coldness, and the child-like innocence of her manner cannot be too highly admired.

Wo ist dein Lieben
Geblieben?
Wer brachte mich drum? [915]

Sie wendet sich von ihm.

Faust.

Komm! Folge mir! Liebchen, fasse Muth!
Ich herze dich mit tausendfacher Gluth;
Nur folge mir! Ich bitte dich nur dieß!

Margarete (zu ihm gewendet).

Und bist du's denn? Und bist du's auch gewiß?

Faust.

Ich bin's! Komm mit!

Margarete.

Du machst die Fesseln los,
Nimmst wieder mich in deinen Schooß.
Wie kommt es, daß du dich vor mir nicht scheust? —
Und weißt du denn, mein Freund, wen du befreist?

Faust.

Komm'! komm'! Schon weicht die tiefe Nacht.

Margarete.

Meine Mutter hab' ich umgebracht,
Mein Kind hab ich ertränkt.
War es nicht dir und mir geschenkt?
Dir auch — Du bist's! ich glaub' es kaum.
Gib deine Hand! — Ach aber sie ist feucht!
Wische sie ab! Wie mich däucht
Ist Blut dran.
Ach Gott! was hast du gethan!
Stecke den Degen ein!
Ich bitte dich drum! [916]

---

[915] She feels jealousy rising in her heart! She is unable to feel or to think of anything but love, and again complains of his silence, and his coolness.

[916] Faust's continued pressing her to flight at length awakens in her a full consciousness of her position. She confesses with

Faust.

Laß das Vergangne vergangen seyn,
Du bringst mich um.

Margarete.

Nein, du mußt übrig bleiben!
Ich will dir die Gräber beschreiben,
Für die mußt du sorgen
Gleich morgen;
Der Mutter den besten Platz geben,
Meinen Bruder sogleich daneben,
Mich ein wenig bei Seit',
Nur nicht gar zu weit!
Und das Kleine mir an die rechte Brust.
Niemand wird sonst bei mir liegen! — [917]
Mich an deine Seite zu schmiegen
Das war ein süßes, ein holdes Glück!
Aber es will mir nicht mehr gelingen;
Mir ist's als müßt' ich mich zu dir zwingen,
Als stießest du mich von dir zurück:
Und doch bist du's, und blickst so gut, so fromm. [918]

Faust.

Fühlst du daß ich es bin, so komm!

Margarete.

Dahinaus?

---

childish naïveté all the crimes she has committed, but at the same time remembers that he also is a murderer; in the last lines, where she entreats him to put away his sword, she refers to her brother's death.

[917] Margaret concentrates into these lines all the consequences of an ill-guided passion; she begs for a grave for her mother and her brother, for herself and child. She feels that after all she will be very lonely, and that this punishment for having loved one who betrayed her will extend even beyond the grave.

[918] This contrast with happier days increases the effect of her heart-rending complaints.

Faust.

Ins Freie.

Margarete.

Ist das Grab draußen,
Lauert der Tod, so komm!
Von hier ins ewige Ruhebett
Und weiter keinen Schritt! — [919]
Du gehst nun fort? O Heinrich, könnt' ich mit! [920]

Faust.

Du kannst! So wolle nur! Die Thür' steht offen.

Margarete.

Ich darf nicht fort; für mich ist nichts zu hoffen.
Was hilft es fliehn? sie lauern doch mir auf.
Es ist so elend betteln zu müssen,
Und noch dazu mit bösem Gewissen!
Es ist so elend in der Fremde schweifen,
Und sie werden mich doch ergreifen! [921]

Faust.

Ich bleibe bei dir.

Margarete.

Geschwind! Geschwind!
Rette dein armes Kind.
Fort! Immer den Weg
Am Bach hinauf,
Ueber den Steg

---

[919] With real tragical grandeur she refuses to take refuge in flight; from her dungeon she will step into her grave—the bed of eternal rest; she feels that this life has lost all its charms, and is resolved to meet her death unflinchingly.

[920] In this line is expressed the whole grief of a parting, loving soul.

[921] She cannot go—there is no hope for her on this earth; all she has to look for is mercy in another, a better world. This description of the life that awaits those with an evil conscience is most touching.

In den Wald hinein,
Links wo die Planke steht,
Im Teich!
Faß es nur gleich!
Es will sich heben,
Es zappelt noch!
Rette! rette![922]

Faust.

Besinne dich doch!
Nur Einen Schritt, so bist du frei!

Margarete.

Wären wir nur den Berg vorbei!
Da sitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein,
Es faßt mich kalt beim Schopfe!
Da sitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein,
Und wackelt mit dem Kopfe;
Sie winkt nicht, sie nickt nicht, der Kopf ist ihr schwer.
Sie schlief so lange, sie wacht nicht mehr.
Sie schlief damit wir uns freuten.
Es waren glückliche Zeiten![923]

Faust.

Hilft hier kein Flehen, hilft kein Sagen;
So wag' ich's, dich hinwegzutragen.

Margarete.

Laß mich! Nein, ich leide keine Gewalt!

---

[922] Faust's determination to stay with her, troubles her mind so much, that, confounding the past with the present, she entreats him to hasten to save her child, which in her excitement she sees rising before her and struggling in the pool.

[923] From Faust's remark "take one single step and be *free*" she believes herself in the open air, but there again her mother's ghastly figure appears to her disordered senses sitting on her tomb-stone; the graphic description of her murdered mother's apparition and the recollection of the love that caused her death, bring Margaret's self-accusations to their climax!

Faſſe mich nicht ſo mörderiſch an![924]
Sonſt hab' ich dir ja alles zu Lieb' gethan.[925]

Fauſt.

Der Tag graut! Liebchen! Liebchen!

Margarete.

Tag! Ja, es wird Tag! Der letzte Tag bringt herein,
Mein Hochzeittag ſollt' es ſein![926]
Sag niemand, daß du ſchon bei Gretchen warſt.
Weh meinem Kranze!
Es iſt eben geſchehn![927]
Wir werden uns wiederſehn;
Aber nicht beim Tanze.[928]
Die Menge drängt ſich, man hört ſie nicht.[929]
Der Platz, die Gaſſen
Können ſie nicht faſſen.
Die Glocke ruft,[930] das Stäbchen bricht.[931]

---

[924] Faust has seized her—but the hand which once caressed her seems to her now to be that of a murderer.

[925] In the touching appeal, "to remember that in other times she has done all that love itself could ask," she implores him now, to allow her to expiate the crimes caused by her unbounded love.

[926] Again she misunderstands Faust's remark "that the day is dawning," only remembering that this very day, which is to be the last of her life, was to have been her wedding day.

[927] Woe to my wreath, that is, "alas, my chastity is gone!"

[928] From this exclamation

"We shall see each other again
But not at the dance!"

which must peal like a terrible discord through every heart, she turns to a description of her execution.

[929] Alluding to the solemn silence in which the people gather round the scaffold.

[930] The tolling of the sinner's bell.

[931] It is the custom at executions in Germany for the sentence

Wie ſie mich binden und packen!
Zum Blutſtuhl [931] bin ich ſchon entrückt.
Schon zuckt nach jedem Nacken
Die Schärfe, die nach meinem zückt. [933]
Stumm liegt die Welt wie das Grab!

Fauſt.

O wär' ich nie geboren!

Mephiſtopheles (erſcheint draußen).

Auf! oder ihr ſeyd verloren.
Unnützes Zagen! Zaudern und Plaudern!
Meine Pferde ſchaudern,
Der Morgen dämmert auf.

Margarete.

Was ſteigt aus dem Boden herauf?
Der! der! Schick' ihn fort!
Was will der an dem heiligen Ort?
Er will mich! [934]

---

to be read over again by the clerk to the culprit on the place where he is to undergo the last penalty of the law, after which the judge breaks a little white staff, saying the words: „Bei Gott iſt Gnade, bei Menſchen nicht!" and throws the broken pieces at the feet of the culprit, thus symbolically declaring that he has forfeited his life.

[932] Blutſtuhl, a high chair, to which the culprit was bound to be decapitated. The word is formed like Blutgerüſt, scaffold, Blutgericht, trial for life.

[933] Describing the horrible suspense which generally overawes those who are present, making each feel as if the stroke aimed at the culprit's neck were directed against his own.

Goethe generally uses zucken, but here the u is softened for the sake of the rhyme.

[934] Terrified at the apparition of the tempter Margaret shudders; the place where she is about to expiate her sin is holy to her; what does the evil one want there—her soul! as is implied in the exclamation „Er will mich!"

Faust.

Du sollst leben!

Margarete.

Gericht Gottes! dir hab' ich mich übergeben! [935]

Mephistopheles (zu Faust).

Komm! komm! Ich lasse dich mit ihr im Stich.

Margarete.

Dein bin ich, Vater! rette mich!
Ihr Engel! ihr heiligen Schaaren,
Lagert euch umher, mich zu bewahren! [936]
Heinrich! mir graut's vor dir. [937]

Mephistopheles.

Sie ist gerichtet! [938]

Stimme (von oben).

Ist gerettet! [939]

Mephistopheles (zu Faust).

Her zu mir! [940]

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[935] "Thou shalt live!" cries Faust, that is, thou shalt be saved and live by me with the help of the devil! Margaret at once sees clearly and cries with all the fervour of a penitent and contrite heart—"I give myself up to God's judgment."

[936] The last fervent prayer to the Father of all good and to all his angels to guard her against the tempter. Here the door flies open; a few steps and she is saved, but saved by the fiend for eternal misery—she refuses, and rushes into the arms of death and through it to everlasting life.

[937] Purified by her last earnest prayer she shudders with horror as she gazes for the last time on her guilty lover!

[938] The fiend concentrating all his venom exclaims "she is judged," with which words he insinuates that it is now too late to save her *soul* from damnation.

[939] But hark! A voice from above thunders in answer to the evil one, "She is saved;"—saved by a pure confiding trust in God, to whom her soul ascends.

[940] These words of Mephisto have generally been taken as a command on his part, and as proving without a doubt that Faust

Verſchwindet mit Fauſt.[941]

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is now irrevocably abandoned to Satan's power. But there is nothing to warrant our accepting them in this sense. On the contrary, we should conclude that Faust also is from this moment saved; that through all his wanderings the memory of Margaret will never forsake him, and that she, though dead, still lives to watch over him as a guardian angel, in the end to save him. His heart is shaken to its core; his faith is overpowered by doubts; his spirits abandoned to despair; his flesh given up to mere earthly pleasures. But in his love's misfortune, in the indescribable misery he has brought upon a being, so devoted to him as to commit for his sake crimes, which at length have brought her to die on the scaffold, he recognises the hideous gulf into which sensuality has dragged him; he begins to feel that the laws which God in his eternal justice has laid down, are not to be broken with impunity, either as regards this world or the next; finally he has seen how, in spite of all her offences and the misery into which they plunged her, Margaret has been supported in all her trials by a strong faith in that God who has deigned to pronounce her "SAVED!"

Nourished by these recollections, there will grow up in his heart a new and a purer love than that which he felt for Margaret, a love for God, which though he be subjected for a time to the tortures and temptation of the evil one, may gradually awaken new hopes and give new powers, enabling him at last to seek and obtain forgiveness and eternal life. Thus may we be sure, that at the very moment that the demon exclaims, triumphantly, "Come hither to me!" he has lost him for ever.

[941] Critics neither acquainted with the allegorical meaning of Goethe's Faust, nor the second part, have often taken the above stage direction in a *literal* sense. It is supposed, that Faust in disappearing with Mephistopheles, is carried away for ever to the infernal regions. Goethe's Faust was never intended for the stage in its present form. To justify our explanation, that the evil spirit has lost his prey at the moment, when he bids him follow, we refer our readers to the Second Part of the poem. Faust there often seems to refer to Margaret's fate; keeps her constantly in mind; and the remembrance of the wrong done to her, separates him more

Stimme (von innen, verhallend).
Heinrich! Heinrich![942]

---

and more from his seducer, so that, in fact, from the moment Mephistopheles thinks himself sure of Faust's soul, Faust begins to nourish an intense disgust for the demon, which, continually increasing, ends in Faust's salvation.

[942] There cannot be the slightest doubt that this "*Henry! Henry!*" is Margaret's warning voice. It is a dying angel's last adieu!

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